TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

VOLUME XVII

1890-91

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1890

CHIEF.

Ian Murray Grant of Glenmoriston.

CHIEFTAINS.

Bailie Alex. Mackenzie.
Roderick Maclean.
Provost Ross.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

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John Macdonald.
William Gunn.
D. H. Chisholm.
H. V. Macallum.

LIBRARIAN.

William Fraser.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1891

CHIEF.

J. Douglas Fletcher of Rosehaugh.

CHIEFTAINS.

Bailie Alex. Mackenzie.
Alexander Macbain, M.A.
Councillor Wm. Gunn.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

Duncan Campbell.
Colin Chisholm.
John Macdonald.
D. H. Chisholm.
Alexander M. Ross.

LIBRARIAN.

William Fraser.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Neil Macleod, Edinburgh

COMUNN GAELIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "Comunn Gaelig Inbhir-Nis."

2. 'S e tha an run a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 's a' Ghailig : cinneas Canaine, Bardachd agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd : Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad : Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh ann an canain sam bith a bhuineas do Chailcachd, Iomrasachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd : còir agus cliunan Gaidheal a dhion : agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do ruintaibh a' Chomuinn : agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh :— Fairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneimh, na roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le cranchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt : cuirear crann le ponair dhubh agus ghead, ach gu so bhi dligheach, feumadh tri buill dheug an crann a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlaimte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de.	7	7	0

5. 'S a' chend-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothaichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language: the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands: the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic Poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts: the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people: the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of

Cheann, tri lar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh uithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear eosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh somaichte a dheanmanh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o 'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha tlrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll: but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

The regularity of the appearance of our Annual Volumes of Transactions for the past few years has been broken on this occasion, and this, the 17th Volume, appears over half a year behind its usual time. The Publishing Committee of the Council regret that delay, but various circumstances mastered their good intentions. The Volume includes the Society's work for a year, beginning with the Annual Assembly of 10th July, 1890, and ending with the last literary meeting of the Society, on the 29th of April, 1891. The generosity of good friends has put an end to any fear hitherto expressed of financial difficulties in the publishing of these large Annual Volumes by a Society with a subscription so small. Mr Fletcher of Rosehangh contributed £50 to the publishing fund; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, £5; Mr John Mackay, Hereford, £2 2s; and Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole, £1.

The contents of the Volume will, it is believed, bear comparison with our other Volumes of the past dozen years; but there are two novelties that require a few words of explanation. The prize of £10 given by The Mackintosh for the best essay on the "Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800," was won by Mr Polson, Dunbeath, and it is published after the regular literary work of the Society in the present Volume. Then follows Mrs Grant's translation of "William Tell" into Gaelic. This appeared originally in the columns of the *North in Chronicle*. The Council of the Society, moved by the excellence of the translation and by the representations of members, who offered to pay any extra cost, sanctioned its publication, and the Publishing Committee have with pleasure carried out its behest.

The death of the Rev. J. G. Campbell, of Tiree, removes from the list one of our most valued contributors. The folk-tale

which he contributed to the present volume, will therefore be read with much melancholy interest. He was eminent as a folk-lorist, and had contributed largely to various periodical publications, like the *Celtic Magazine*, *Highland Monthly*, and the *Scottish Celtic Review*. Folk tales were his *forte*; and only within a few months of his death appeared his book on the *Fians*, published by Mr Nutt as the 4th Volume of the "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition." Mr Campbell, who was ordained in 1861, was long an invalid, and in his later years was confined to his bed. We do not go outside our province in recording, with much regret, the death of Dr W. F. Skene, one of our greatest Celtic scholars in all senses of the term. Celtic Scotland owes him a debt of deepest gratitude; for it was he who first and completely reversed the aspect in which Scotch and English historians, following Pinkerton and Burton, looked upon the place which the Celt holds in British history. The tangled skein of early Scottish history was, it may be said, fairly unravelled by him for the first time.

In taking our customary glance at Gaelic and general Celtic literature and antiquities, we have to record that a satisfactory amount of work—and good work, too—has been done in matters Celtic. In the summer of last year the 3rd and 4th Volumes of Mr Nutt's series of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition" appeared; the 3d Volume, entitled *Folk and Hero Tales*, was by the Rev. Mr Macdougall, of Duror, and continues the excellent series initiated in the 2nd Volume by Mr Macinnes. The 4th Volume is the late Mr Campbell's, on the *Fians*, where he has gathered together all his lore about Fionn and his men. Rev. Mr Maclean Sinclair is still continuing his Gaelic publications, and has issued the first two volumes of a collection, under the title of "Gaelic Bards." Many pieces appear in these books for the first time, and the annotations are extremely good. The most important work of the present year has been the first volume of *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, the literary remains of the late Dr Cameron of Brolick, edited by Mr A. Macbain and Rev. J. Kennedy. This volume contains a life of Dr Cameron, and all his work upon the Ossianic literature. The second volume, which will be by far the

most important, will contain the Fernaig MS., an important unpublished collection of Turner's, a glossary of Gaelic etymology, and a concise exposition of Gaelic philology and grammar (this last by Mr Macbain). The veteran scholar, Mr Hector Maclean, of Islay, has published a work upon the *Ultonian Ballads*, where he edits and translates the ballads that deal with Cuchulinn and his story. Rev. Dr Nigel Macneill has at last produced his work on the *Literature of the Highlanders*, and it does not belie the high expectations formed of it. *Tales of the Heather* is a collection of legends and romances by Mrs Mackenzie (*Scottish Highlander*), and they have met with a great, but deserved, success. Mr Macdonald's *Place Names of Strathbogie* is an excellent contribution to topography, and contrasts strongly with Rev. Mr Johnston's *Place Names of Scotland*, published this year. In addition to the *Highland Monthly*, and the good work done by some of the weekly northern press, we have to welcome a new venture in the case of the *Celtic Monthly*, a smartly got up little magazine lately started. It is with a brotherly pleasure that we record that the Gaelic Society of Glasgow has published its first volume, which forms an excellent collection of varied work.

In general Celtic matter, the *furore* over Professor Zimmer's heresies on the Ossianic question has died down, but Celtic myths and heroic tales are left still on their trial as to their origins. Mr Alfred Nutt has a suggestive article on the progress of the last two years in this subject in September's *Folklore*. The Professor himself has devoted his energies lately rather to linguistic matters. Dr Whitley Stokes is as vigorous as ever; articles on the Picts, Cormac's and the metrical glossaries, &c., flow from his pen. Ascoli has a third instalment of his Old Irish Vocabulary (Glossarium Palaeo-Hibernicum), and Holder of his Old Celtic *Sprach Schatz*, through the press. Professor Strachan, of Manchester, has appeared as a new Gaelic philologist of great promise, his latest being an important paper on "Compensatory Lengthenings of Vowels in Irish." M. Loth has published the words in the Brittonic tongues (Breton, Welsh, and Cornish), borrowed from Latin, and D'Arbois de Jubainville has given to the world the "Place Names in Caesar," and edited "L'Epopee

Celtique," where he gathers together in French the Irish legends. It is an excellent book, and the pity of it is that we have no corresponding work in English. He refers to Macpherson and to the Deirdre story published in our Volume XIII., which he translates into French. Professor Rhys has published his Rhind Lectures on Scottish Ethnology in book form, and been actively engaged on folklore matters lately. A third series of Windisch's *Irische Texte* has appeared, but there is nothing of Scottish interest in it. Mr Jacobs has edited for Mr Nutt a volume of *Celtic Fairy Tales*, wherein again our Society's stores have been drawn upon. Dr Kuno Meyer has published a curious gourmandising romance of Irish mediæval literature, entitled "MacConglinne's Vision," ending with a valuable vocabulary. In regard to Ireland particularly, besides two histories of the early Irish Church (Olden and Healy), several interesting works have appeared, such as Dr Hyde's *Fireside Tales*, Wakeman's *Antiquities*, Standish O'Grady's *Finn and His Companions*, Kennedy's *Legendary Fictions* (second edition), and others. In regard to periodicals, the *Revue Celtique* still takes the lead, and the *Gaelic Journal* still flourishes under Professor O'Growney's charge.

In regard to educational matters little has to be recorded, save that it is hoped the Grants in Aid given to the County Councils will be exclusively applied to the furtherance of higher education, technical as well as literary and scientific. The projected railways, with grants of public money, are in abeyance just now; save that the Highland Railway has been granted a subsidy of £15,000 towards the extension of their line from Stromeferry to Kyleakin. A Commission to inquire into the agricultural suitability of land now under deer forests has been appointed. The revival of the feeling of Celtic—or rather Gaelic—brotherhood, as evidenced by Clan Societies, shows no signs of a reaction; and it is with sincere pleasure we record the success of the great Gaelic gathering at Oban, *alias* the Welsh Eisteddfod. Our only regret is that it should be called by the very Saxon and objectionable name of *Mòd* (that is, Moot), when the good Gaelic word *Coinne* or an equivalent was at hand.

Inverness, *December, 1892.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Office-bearers for 1890 and 1891	v.
Constitution	vi.
Introduction	xi.
Eighteenth Annual Assembly	1
Amhaim Spe.—Rev. Mr Macgregor, Farr	7
Mearnalachd, or Weather Wisdom—Rev. John Macrury, Snizort	17
Minor Highland Families.—No. 4. The Camerons of Letterfinlay, styled "Macmartins".—Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.	31
Annual Dinner—Speeches by Provost Ross; Mr Alex. Mackenzie; Mr William Mackay; Mr Colin Chisholm; Rev. Dr Norman Macleod; Mr Alex. Maclain, M.A.; Bailie Alex. Mackenzie	45
The School of Birds: A Western Island Tale—Rev. John Campbell, Tiree	58
Observations on Highland Ethnology, with special reference to Inverness and District—Mr Alexander Macdonald	68
The Macdonells of Antrim—Mr Hector Maclean, Islay	85
Sutherland Place Names—Farr and Tongue—Mr John Mackay, Hereford	101
The Gaelic Songs of Perthshire and their Composers.—Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole	126
Highland Forests, Ancient and Modern.—Mr David Nairne	170
Gaelic Incantations.—Mr A. Maclain, M.A.	222
Dairness from the Earliest Times—Rev. Adam Gunn, Dairness	266
The Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800: Prize Essay—Mr A. Polson, Dunbeath	282
Gaelic Translation of William Tell—By Mrs Grant	302

PAGE.
Honorary Chieftains 353
Life Members 353
Honorary Members 354
Ordinary Members 355
Deceased Members 363
List of Books in Society's Library 365

TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Eighteenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on 10th July, 1890. The platform was tastefully decorated, clan tartans gracefully depended from either side, surrounded by handsome stags heads and crossed swords which added to the Highland character of the decoration, and two eagles looked proudly down from their perches as if surveying a scene from their native wilds. Mr Ian M. Grant of Glenmoriston, Chief of the Society, was accompanied to the platform by the following gentlemen, a number of whom, as well as the Chief, did honour to the occasion by appearing in Highland dress:—Mr Cameron, Moniack Castle; Provost Ross; Major Baynes; Major Kemble; Mr Fraser of Millburn; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Rev. Mr Bentinck, Kirkhill; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Steele, Bank of Scotland; Bailie Stuart; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr Douglas Campbell, Kilmartin; Bailie Alex. Mackenzie; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, *Scottish Highlander*; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardgour; Mr William Gunn; Mr Mackintosh, secretary of the Society, and others. There was a large attendance of the members of the Society and their friends, as well as the general public.

While the company were assembling, the pipers of the Rifle Volunteers, under Pipe-Major Ferguson, perambulated the principal streets, the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, at the same time playing a selection of Highland airs in the entrance lobby. Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by Mr Duncan Mackintosh, the secretary, intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen:—Sir K. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch; Cluny Macpherson; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Sir H. C. Macandrew; Sheriff Blair; Mr Baillie of Dochfour; Major

Jackson, Swordale; Major Rose, Kilravock; Dr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber; Mr J. Mackay, Hereford; Professor Mackinnon; Capt. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr W. Mackenzie, secretary, Crofters Commission; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr A. Macpherson, Kingussie; Dr Aitken; Mr P. Burgess, Drumnadrochit; Rev. A. Bisset, Fort-Augustus, and others.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said he desired to tell the meeting how much he appreciated the honour which had been conferred upon him by the Gaelic Society of Inverness in selecting him as their Chief for the year 1890, and how proud he felt in occupying the position of Chairman there that night. It afforded him personally a great deal of pleasure to see such a large audience present, which was a proof of the great interest manifested by the inhabitants of the Capital of the Highlands and others in the work of the Inverness Gaelic Society, whose object, as they all knew, was to gather together all the different relics and historic fragments belonging to their country, and also to propagate the study of the Gaelic language. He had heard it stated lately by different people that they would soon see the Gaelic language dying out in Scotland. He hoped this was quite an erroneous idea. Those people assigned as a reason the great influx of English-speaking people—tourists and sportsmen—into their remote glens, and also the way in which their children were taught in the schools now entirely in English, Gaelic being a secondary matter. He did not wish to enter into the vexed question of whether the children should be taught to read or write in Gaelic or English. He thought himself if they were taught in one subject it was almost as much as they had time for, but he believed there was a good deal in the idea that there was a danger of the Gaelic language dying out in the remote Highlands. Therefore he thought it was their duty to strive to do their best in the interests of this Society. He had himself attempted to pick up as much of the language as he could—(applause). In knowing the language they could speak to the people when they met them in private, and then they would get a much better insight into the Highland character—(applause). They would also make the people feel that they should be proud of having a language which was so honourably connected with all the deeds of their ancestors. He knew personally several Englishmen, who yearly visit the Highlands, who had taken the trouble of mastering a great part of the language, and who are able to talk to their keepers and gillies in Gaelic. He trusted a good many Scotchmen would follow their example. The Gaelic, as they all knew, was the principal cause

of the well-known patriotism of the Highlanders, and he thought it would be a national calamity if it ever died out—(hear, hear). But he was sure that as long as the members of this Society took an interest in everything that related to the historic associations of the Highlands, there was not much fear of such a state of matters occurring.

The following is Mr Sinton's address as it was delivered in Gaelic :—

'Thighearn a Ghlinne-Moireastainn, agus sibhse a chuideachd uasal, Ghaidhealach, tha cruinn an so an nochd bho iomadh gleann, agus srath, agus eilean, 's an Taobh Tuath, cha bheag an toileachadh agus an t-urram dhomhsa gun d'fhuair mi cuireadh fialaidh—cuireadh nach gabhadh diultadh—bho luchd-riaghlaidh Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, thighinn agus 'labhairt ribh ann an cànan aosmhor nan Gaidheal far an do sheas daoine a b'urramaich, agus na b'iomsuichte na mise anns na bliadhnaichean a dh' fhalbh. Chaidh iarraidh ormsa oraid thabhairt duibh, agus cha'n e sin a mhain, ach chaidh chuir romham gu'm bu choir domh chuir an ceil anns an oraid cheudna cia blasmhor binn's tha na h-oranan Gaidhealach. Nis, cha'n aithne dhomh ciamar ni mi so, mar seinn mi fear na dha dhiubh—agus tha fhios agaibh fein nach bitheadh so freagrach—nach cluinnim a dheireadh bho na chleir nan deamainn a ! ithid. Ach an nochd, cha'n 'eil feum air oraid air bi uamsa chum so leigeadh ris. Is tiamhaidh, druighteach an oraid na bheil sibh a faicinn agus a cluinntinn aig a choinneamh mhoir-sa, dol air aghaidh. Is taitneach bhi 'g eisdeachd ri fuaim nam feadan mailbreach bu cheol deireanach ann an cluasaibh cho liuthad ògshaighdeir Ghaidhealaich air blaraibh na Roinn-Eorpa—mar bha Cirneal Iain an Fhasfhearna a thuit air La Quatre Bras. Is taitneach bhi cluinntinn nan duanag milis o bhilibh ceolmhor, grinn—na duanagan agus na fuinn tha togail cuimhne air laithean ar n-òige, agus dhisgeadh sealladh, 'nath 'dh' fheuchd, ora-san tha, o cheann iomadh bliadhna, 'cnamh anns an uaigh—dhisgeadh sealladh mar an ceudna air aitreabh gaolach air an d' thainig atharrachadh mòr. 'S iad sin na fuinn tha na Gaidhil bhlath-chridheach 'seinn air machraichean Australia, agus air feadh coilltean gruamach America mu Thuath, a chleachd iad 'nuair bhitheadh iad buain an corna, agus an arair, togal a bhuntàta, no 'cuallach na spreidhe ann an tir nam beann. Ge bu co dh' innsaidh aite an do thog an Gaidheal air, faodaidh e le firinn a rà ann am briathraibh a bhaird—

> " Mar ghath sholuis do 'm anam fein
> Tha sgeula na h-ainsir a dh' fhalbh."

Gu cinnteach cha'n 'eil an diugh ach beag cearna de 'n t-saoghal far nach 'eil clanna nan Gaidheal air an sgapadh. O na cheud dol a mach anns na linntean fada o chian, dh' fhaodadh iad briathra an fhàidh ghabhail mar fhocail-shuaicheantais, "Eiribh agus imichib ', or cha'n i so bhur n-aite-comhnuidh." Ach a dhainean gach caochladh thainig orra, agus air an duthaich far am bu dual doibh a bhi, tha iad mar aon fhathasd ann an gradh bratharai ri guailibh a cheile, cumail cuimhne air na daoine bho 'n d' thainig iad, agus air na laithean bha ann; cumail cuimhne air gach fonn, agus oran, a dh' iunnsaich iad an tus bho 'n athair, bho 'm mathair, no bho 'n leanan. Gun teagamh, thainig atharrachadh air a Ghaidhealtachd agus air na Gaidhil, ach saoil sibh am bheil an t-atharrachadh so, cho mòr agus tha an t-ainme? Nach 'eil beanntan siorruidh an airde Tuath ag eirigh le am mullaichean colgarra fo cheo, agus le an leacainnean boidheach fraoich; nach 'eil gach tobar dhe fior uisge fionnar a mhonaidh, as an d' ol an sealgair a leoir, a boilsgeadh mar dhoimean ann an dearrsaibh na greine maidne; nach 'eil na h-uillt bheaga ri mireig sios air feadh sgairnich chloiche, agus a tuirling a dh' ionnsuidh an t-srath, foluichte fo bharaich uaine; nach 'eil na lochan ainmeil agus na h-aimhnichean iasgaich mar a bha; agus ioma dachaidh, eadar chaisteal agus bhothan, far a bheil clanna nan Gaidheal a' chomhnuidh 's an Taobh Tuath—am mac an ionaid athar? 'S lionar ceann-cinnidh agus ceann-tighe Gaidhealach aig a bheil coir air fearainn a shinnsearachd—tha Mac Shimi 's an Airde, tha Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh 's an Tir Abraich, tha Tighearna Chluainidh am Baideanach, tha An Toiseach 's a Mhaigh, agus tha Mac Phadruig an Gleann-a-Moireastaim, "Dhainean co Theireadh e." Agus air feadh ghleannta na Gaidhealtachd tha da na tri ceudan mile dhe fior Ghaidhil a tha labhairt an canan matharail, agus tha gabhail tlachd anns gach oran, agus fonn, agus ann an caochladh deadh chleachda, bu mhiann le seann luchd-aiteachaidh na dutheha anns an tim o chian. Agus mar an ceudna gach saoghradh agus foghar, tha na ciadan agus na miltean tighinn air chuairt o bhailtean an Taobh Deise, agus as na talmhuinnean a mach, a shealltuinn air a ghleann 's an robh iad og. Agus tha Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, agus tha an cruinneachadh so, a dearbhadh gu soilleir ged tha na h-uile gnothuch mar a tha, gu bheil Gaidhil anns an duthaich fhathasd a ghabhas tlachd ann am fearas-chuideachd ghrinn—Agus a nis, cleas nam bard sguiridh mi mar thoisich mi. Is taitneach a bhi an so 'g eisdeachd fuaim nam piob. Is taitneach bhi cluinntinn fonn nan oran. Ach is baileach taitneach sinn bhi ann an cuideachd a cheile. A dheadh Mhic Phadruig agus a chuideachd uasal. Slan leibh.

An interesting and thoroughly Highland musical programme was gone through by a large company of performers, who were, each and all, the recipients of flattering honours from the audience, which, it is no exaggeration to say, was quite delighted with the rendering of the songs and pieces generally, and emphatically pronounced the Assembly one of the best that the Society has had. Mr Alexander Ross opened the programme with a Gaelic marching song, "Theid Sinn," which was very well rendered. Miss Clara Fraser followed with "The Maclean's Gathering," of which, with her fine voice, she made the most, and was deservedly recalled. Miss Fraser then sang "Annie Laurie" with much taste, and, at a later stage, rendered "Farewell to Fuinary" with a fullness of tone and effect that were quickly appreciated by the audience. "Mary of Argyle" was sung by Mr D. Miller with delightful expression and vocal sweetness, and, in the second part, the same cultured singer gave "Macgregor's Gathering." A couple of vocal quartets—"The tocherless lass" and "My faithful fair one"—were executed by Misses Robertson and Fraser, and Messrs Ross and Fraser. The enthusiasm of the audience was raised to a high pitch by the ably played Scotch selections—one of which was the overture to "Rob Roy"—contributed by Mrs Mackenzie of Ord (piano) and Mr W. D. Davis (violin), who were loudly recalled after each appearance. The "Nut-brown maiden" was expressively rendered by Miss Gertrude Cowan. Two stirring songs, "A man's a man for a' that" and "Blue bonnets over the border" were spiritedly sung by Mr J. A. Mackenzie, who was rewarded with loud applause. "The crooked bawbee," an old ballad arranged as a duet, was treated with such taste and sweetness of voices by Miss Kate Fraser and Mr Æneas Fraser, that it was one of the most pleasing items in the programme. "Cam' ye by Athole?" and "Maighdean Mhuile," in Gaelic, were rendered by Miss Jessie Forbes with vocal power. "Ae fond kiss," contributed by Miss Kate Fraser, displayed genuine feeling and taste on the part of the singer, who was received as a well-known favourite only is. Excellent pipe music was played during the interval between the parts by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie. Master Sutton Clark smartly danced the "Seann trubhais" and "Highland Fling." Four stalwart Gaels also gave an exhibition dance of the "Reel of Tulloch" in admirable style. The pianoforte accompaniments were played with much taste by Miss C. Fraser, Church Street.

At the close, Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had entertained them

that evening, especially mentioning Mrs Mackenzie of Ord and Mr Davis, who had come long distances.

On the motion of Provost Ross, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Glenmoriston for presiding. "Auld Lang Syne" appropriately concluded a most successful gathering.

The following is a copy of the programme :—

PART I.

Address.....CHAIRMAN.
Song (Gaelic)—"Theid Sinn".....Mr ALEX. ROSS.
Song—"The Maclean's Gathering".....Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song—"Mary of Argyle".....Mr D. MILLER.
Quartette—{"The Tocherless Lass" / ("Gun Chrodh gun Aighean")} Misses ROBERSON and FRASER, and Messrs FRASER and ROSS.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch and Highland Airs...Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord and Mr DAVIS.
Song—{"Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach" / ("My nut brown maiden")} Miss GERTRUDE COWAN.
Song—"A man's a man for a' that".....Mr JOHN A. MACKENZIE.
Duet—"The Crookit Bawbee" *(Old Ballad)*.....Miss KATE FRASER and Mr ÆNEAS FRASER.
Song—"Cam' ye by Athole".....Miss JESSIE FORBES.

PART II.

Address (Gaelic).....Rev. Mr SINTON.
Song—"Macgregor's Gathering".....Mr D. MILLER.
Song—"A Gaelic Kiss" *(Ancient Gaelic Air)*.....Miss KATE FRASER.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch Airs.....Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord and Mr DAVIS.
Song—"Blue Bonnets over the Border".....Mr JOHN A MACKENZIE.
Dance—"Reel of Tulloch".....OGANAICH GHAIDHEALACH.
Song (Gaelic)—{"Maighdean Mhuile" / ("Maiden of Mull")}.....Miss JESSIE FORBES.
Quartette—{"Mo run geal dilcas" / ("My faithful fair one")} Misses ROBERTSON and FRASER, and Messrs FRASER and ROSS.
Song—"Farewell to Finnary".....Miss CLARA FRASER.
"Auld Langsyne."

15th NOVEMBER, 1890.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, when Sir Henry C. Macandrew delivered the inaugural address for session 1890-91, the subject being "The Brehon Laws." Owing to pressure of business, Sir Henry was not able to prepare his paper for publication this year, but it will be printed in next volume of the Society's Transactions. Mr William Mackay, solicitor, moved, and Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., seconded, and it was cordially agreed to, "That the Society resolve to record its deep sense of the loss sustained by the Society in the lamented death of Mrs Mary

Mackellar, who has acted as the Society's Bard for the past fifteen years, and whose intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and her unwearied interest in all that tended to the benefit of her fellow-countrymen, caused her name to be well known and deeply revered among Highlanders in all parts of the world." The Secretary was instructed to forward an extract of this minute, with an expression of the sincere condolence of the Society, to Mrs Mackellar's friends in Lochaber.

26th NOVEMBER, 1890.

The following gentlemen were elected members at this meeting, viz. :—Life member, Mr W. D. Mackenzie of Farr, Inverness-shire; honorary members, the Hon. Lord Kyllachy, Edinburgh, and Mr Æneas Macdonell of Morar; ordinary members, Mr R. M. Birbeck, Lochournhead, Glenelg; Mr Alexander Fraser, solicitor, Inverness; Mr W. M. Lindsay, Jesus College, Oxford; Mr R. A. Neil, Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge; and Mr Ewen Macdonald, Plockton.

Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by the Rev. John Macgregor, Farr, entitled *Amhainn Spe*. Mr Macgregor's paper was as follows :—

AMHAINN SPE.

B' fhearr leam gun robh fear do na seann Bhaird a fathair, air son cliu Spe a chur ann an rann. Nam biodh agamsa an comas labhairt a bh' aig fain Lom, no aig Alastair MacMhaighistir Alastair, rachainn an greim air dan a dheanadh air an amhainn so, a bhiodh iomchuidh air son a leithid do chuis. Nam biodh eachdraidhean Bhaideineach agus Shrath Spe air an sgriobhadh air fad, cha bhiodh sgeul a chaidh aithris riamh anns am biodh tlachd co mor. Ach tha na laithean air dol seachad, agus na bliadhnachan air ruith. Theirig na seann daoine, 's cha 'n e'il cuimhne a nis air neart do na nithean a thachair anns na linntean fad air falbh. Seadh, agus is teare an dream aig am bheil suim air eachdraidhean nan laithean a dh' fhalbh. Nam faigheadh daoine an diugh a bhi a deanadh air an son fein, bu choma leo ciod a bhiodh ri innseadh m' an dream a bh' ann roimhe so. Is fearr le muinntir an t-Saoghail, nithean an t-Saoghail fein. Cha 'n 'eil durachd ach air son airgid, agus cumhachd, agus gloir an t-saoghail. Nam biodh na nithean sin aca, leigeadh iad leis gach ni eile dol seachad. Is math gum bheil Comunn Gaidhlig

Inbhirnis a'gabhail tlachd ann an eachdraidhean na Gaidhealtachd, agus gur fiach do dhuine sealltuinn an comhair a chuil, air son naigheachd a tharruinn as na creagan, 's as a cheo. Uime sin, tha mi a nis a dol a thoirt sul' air bruthaichean Spe, air son sgeil a dheanadh air na daoine a fhuair an arach nam measg, agus air na gniomharan a rinneadh leo, 'nuair a bha na fineachan fo riaghailt nan ceann cinnidh.

Rachamaid a suas gu mullach na Creige Duibhe. 'S i so Creag Dhubh Chleinn Chatain, a ta a seasadh mar thur faire, ag amharc a sios air na glinn far am b' abhaist do na ceatharnaich a bhi a' gabhail tamh 'nuair a bhiodh an cogadh seachad, 'sa bhiodh na fineachan aig sith. Falbhaidh na daoine, 's thig iad gu crich, ach seasaidh na sleibhtean, nam fianuisean air gach ni a thachair m'an cuairt orra, o 'n cheud latha san do ghabh daoine comhnuidh air an talamh. Togaidh sinn am bruthach o'n Bhiallaid, lamh ri Calldair, a ta a ruith a sios o Ghleann na Beannachair gu ruig uisgeachan Spe. Is cas an t-slighe a ta air thoiseach oirnn. Tha creagan, 's cnuic, 's sluichd san rathad, 's cha b' fhuilear 'do'n bhoc earb e fein aire a thoirt, air cagal 's gun tugadh e ceum cli, 's gun rachadh e le creig. Ach is boidheach am fraoch a ta a sgeadachadh an t-sleibh. Tha an dearg, 'san concur a ruthadh an so mar a rinn iad, theagamh o cheann mhilltean do bhliadhnachan. Am bheil thu sgith leis an direadh? 'S tu gum bheil, agus d' anail 'nad uchd. Dean foighidinn, 's dean air do shocair. Chan ann a ruith reise a ta sinn, ach ag iarraidh seallaidh air an talamh iosal. 'S goirid gus an ruig sinn am mullach, far am feud sinn anail a tharruinn, am feadh 's a dh amhaireas sinn air gach taobh m 'an cuairt oirnn.

Innsidh mi naigheachd dhut, mu righ mor a bh'annsan Aird' an Ear, a bha co uaibhreach 's gun do chuir e roimhe tur a thogail co ard 's gun amhaireadh e sios air gach neach a bha a' gabhail comhnuidh air an talamh. Chaidh an tur a thogail, agus air do 'n righ seasadh air a bhinnein a b' airde dheth, chunnaic e an sluagh gu h iosal mar nach biodh annta ach na cuileagan. Thug e fanear gun robh e a nis air ardachadh co mor 'sa bu mhath leis os ceann an t-saoghail gu leir. Ach an uair a thog e a shuilean an aird os a cheann, ciod a chunnaic e ach gun robh na speuran gorma co fad uaith 's a bha iad 'nuair a bha e 'na sheasadh air an talamh. Uime sin, cha ruig sinn a leas saoilsinn gun teid againn air an talamh fhagail air chul, ged a sheasas sinn air na sgorran is airde air mullach na Creige Duibhe.

Amhaireamaid sios, co dhuibh, agus togamaid do bhi ag ionradh air righrean faoine na h-Aird' an Ear.

Seall air leathad a nis agus faic. Sin agad Spe, a ruith anns a chlais a bha aice 'nuair a bha na Cuimeinich nan uachdarain air Baideineach, le coir o fhear do sheann righrean na h-Alba. Anns na laithean sin bha ceann fine nan Cuimeineach a riaghladh nan gaisgeach, anns a chaisteal a bha aige mu choinneamh Chinn a Ghiubhsaidh, air taobh thall na h-aimhne. Bha na Cuimeinich sin nan daoine ainmeil gus an do chuir iad fein agus Raibeart Brus a mach air a cheile. Cha bhi fios, fhad 'sa mhaireas an saoghal so, co aige 'bha a choire anns an iorghuill a dh' eirich eadar an righ agus an ceann fine. Feudar a bhi cinnteach gun robh roinn do'n choire aca le cheile, mar as tric a thachras, 'nuair a dh'eirich an righ air ann an eaglais Dhuin-Phris. Tharruinn Brus air leis a bhiodaig, agus dh fhag e triath Bhaideineach 'n luidhe an sin, a toirt suas an deo. 'S coltach gun tainig Clann Chatain gu cunnhachd na dheigh so, 's gun do shealbhaich iad an tir. 'Sann do Chlann a Phearsain a bhuineadh a chuid a b' fhear do Bhaideineach o na laithean sin. Co as a thainig iad? Theagamh gum b' ann o Phearsan eiginn a dh' eirich an sliochd. Chan urrainn mi a radh gum bheil cunntas sam bith againn air an fhear so gu sonruichte, ach 's coltach gum b'an do'n eaglais a bhuineadh e. Tha Clann a Phearsain g'an steidheachadh fein fo shuaicheantas Chloinn Chatain, 's tha iad fein agus Clann an Toisich a' giulan iomhaigh a chait air an targaid chatha. Is iomadh blar anns an do sheas na gaisgich sin riamh, o'n cheud latha 's an tainig iad gu taobh Spe, gu ruig an latha 'n diugh.

Thoir suil a null a dh'ionnsuidh na h airde Deas, agus chi thu Truidheam a sruthadh a nuas o chriochan Siorramachd Pheirt. Tha Truidheam a ruith a mach gu Spe, aig seann tigh Iomhair na h-Amhuinn. Sin aite a ta ainmeil ann an eachdraidh na dutheha. Ciod a dh' eirich a mach an sin? Ciod ach blar mor a chaidh a chur eadar Clann Chatain agus na Camshronaich a Loch Abar, o chionn cor 's cuig ceud bliadhna. Is math is fiach d'huinn iomradh a thoirt air an latha sin, am feadh 's a ta sinn 'n ar suidhe air an tulaich aird so. Is math gun tainig laithean siochail oirnn a nis co dhuibh. Feudar gu leoir do streupaid a bhi 's an tir, ach cha'n e an claidheamh mor a bhios sinn a tarruinn air son buaidh a thoirt a mach air a cheile. Is fearr leinn aig an latha 'n duigh an cath a chur leis an teangaidh 's leis a pheann. 'S iad sin na buill airm is freagarraiche leinn an traths', agus is cinnteach nach beis iad cnainnh, 's nach tarruinn iad fuil. So mar a dh' eirich a mach a chuis air an tug mi iomradh.

Ri linn Righ Raibeart a dha, bha sith eadar Albann 's Sasunn, air son na cuid a bhu mhotha. Cha robh an righ deidheil air

cogadh, agus bha an righ Sasunnach, Ruiseart a dha, rud eiginn coltach ris fein. Uinn sin cha robh na gaisgich air an gairm air falbh as a Ghaidhealtachd, gu bhi a seasadh air son saorsa na rioghachd, mar a b' abhaist, 'nuair a bhiodh Iomhar a h' aon a toirt oidhirp air Albann a chur fo smachd, Ach bha an uiread so do dhanarrachd anns an t-sluagh, 's gum feumadh iad a bhi ri streupaid nam measg fein, do bhrigh 's nach robh ni b' fhearr aca ri dheanadh. Dh' eirich aimhreit anns a bhliadhna 1386, eadar Baideineach agus Loch Abar, mu thimchioll a mhail a bha air na Camshronaich ann an fearann Mhic an Toisich, laimh ri uisge Speain. Bha e mor leis na h-Abraich a bhi fo chis sam bith do na Catanaich, agus cha phaigheadh iad am mal ach air an socair. 'Nuair a thachras a leithid sin an diugh, 's e an Siorram agus na maoir a reiticheas an gnothuch. Anns an am air am bheil mi a toirt iomraidh, cha robh meas air Siorram, no air fear sam bith eile, ach air an fhear a thogadh an sgiath, agus a tharruingeadh an claidheamh. 'S e bh' ann na ta, gun robh Mac an Toisich an eisimeil a bhi a triall do Loch Abar, air ceann a shluaigh, agus a bhi a' togail na criche. Bheireadh e air ais leis, do chrobh nan Camshronach, uiread 's a bhiodh iomchuidh 'na bheachd fein, air son na fiachan iochdadh, no theagamh beagan tuille, a chum 's gum biodh rud aige air son na rinn e do shaothair air son a chuid fein a thoirt a mach. Tha fhios a' ch do chord so ro mhath ris na h-Abraich. Bha iad nan daoine gaisgeil, treuna, mar a ta an sliochd gus an latha 'n diugh, 's cha robh deoin sam bith aca a bhi air an spainneadh mar sin. Rinn iad mo dheireadh ar a mach an aghaidh nan Catanach, agus thog iad feachd air son ruith chreachaidh a thoirt air na fearainn a bha ag aiteachadh nan raon air gach taobh do ape.

Cha b'e ruith ach leum le Clann Chatain air son cur nan aghaidh. Dh eirich Mac an Toisich gu fearail, agus thug e gairm do'n fhine gu leir, a bhi cruinn air son leantuinn 'na chois. Chan eil fios cia-dheit an doigh a ghabh e air son an armailt a thional. Theagamh gun do Chuir e a Chreis Taraidh a mach, mar a b'abhaist anns na laithean o shean. Chan eil e eu cosmhuil gur e so a rinn e, ach cia mar sam bith a fhuair an sluagh sanas, cha robh leisg sam bith orra dol an sas. Thainig iad an ceann a cheile, nan lan neart as gach cearn—Clann an Toisich, 's Clann a Phearsain, 's Clann Bheathain, 's Clann Daibhidh, 's chan eil fios co tuille—gach fear a bha a leantuinn bratach Chloinn Chatain. Nam b' urrainn dhuinn amhare air an da fheachd, a seasadh an aghaidh a cheile aig Iomhar na h-Anhuinn, mar a sheas iad air

an latha sin, nach ann oirnn a bhiodh an t-iongantas an diugh? Nach beag coltach ri cath a ta na raointean sin aig an am so, agus sinn ag amhare orra o mhullach na Creige Duibhe? Chan fhaic sinn a nis ach am feur gorm air bruaich na h aimhne, agus na caoirich ag itheadh an leoir dheth, gun churam, gun eagal, mur cuir fead an eich iaruinn eagal orra, 's e a ruith le fuaim an tairneinich eadar Dail Choinnidh 's an Sliabh. Chan ionann sin 's mar a bha coslas an aite air latha a bhlair. Theid mi an urras gun deachaidh saltairt a dheanadh air an talamh, agus nach robh neoinein geal ri fhaicinn, gus an do thog iad ceann air an ath Shamhradh. Bu chiatach an sealladh a bhiodh ann, an uair a bha na fineachan cruinn, air an sgeadachadh air son catha. Chan eil fios co mheud piobaire a bha a seideadh 's an fhaiche air gach taobh, ach is cinnteach gun tug a phiob mhor fuaim gu leoir air blar Iommhar na h Amhuinn.

Is coltach gum bu lionmhoire sluagh Mhic an Toisich no iadsan a thainig a Loch Abar gu cur nan aghaidh. Bu choir ma ta gun tugadh muinntir Bhaideineach a bhuaidh a mach air a cheud tarruinn. Ach m' an deachaidh iad an greim an toiseach, 's e bh' ann gun d' eirich comh stri am measg nan Catanach iad fein. Thainig Tighearna Chluainidh, le a chuideachd, 's tagrar coir air seasadh anns an sgeith dheis do'n fheachd. Thainig an sin Mac Dhaibhidh Iommhair na h Amhuinn, 's cha bhiodh beo dha ach gum faigheadh e fein 's a luchd leanmhuinn an t-aite urramach sin. Chaidh an ceol air feadh na fidhle, 's bha a choltas air na Catanaich nach tarruingeadh iad lann air an latha sin idir. Bha na Camshronaich a tarruinn dluth, 's cha robh moran nine ann air son a bhi a deasboireachd na cuise. Chaidh a cheist a chur ri Mac an Toisich e fein, co do'n da thriath air an tigeadh an t-urram. Thug esan a mach a bhinn gum b' ann aig Mac Dhaibhidh a bha a choir, 's gum feumadh Chuainidh agus na Pearsanaich seasadh air an lainh chli. Cha do thaitinn se gu ro mhath ri Chuainidh, agus air dha a bhi diombach 's ann a tharruinn e air falbh as a bhlar uile gu leir, le a shluagh ga leantuinn. Cha b' fhearrd an gnothuch so. Ach co dhiubh chaidh an cath a chur. Shin an da thaobh air a choile gu cruaidh. Chaidh neart do Chloinn an Toisich a mharbhadh, 's cha mhor gun d'fhagadh fear do Chloinn Daibhidh a lathair. Mo dheireadh thug cloinn a Phearsain fa near gum biodh an latha caillte, 's gum robh an duthaich aca fein an cunnart a bhi air a sgrios leis na h Abraich. Thainig Tighearna Chluainidh, agus feachd mor na chois. Chaidh iadsan an sas, agus b' eiginn do na Camshronaich toirt thairis. Thug na Catanaich buaidh gu h iomlan, agus shaor

iad Baideineach o na millteirean. Chan fhacas riamh a leithid do latha anns an duthaich gu ruig an latha 'n diugh, 's nar leigeadh an Freasdal gun tachair a leithid tuille.

Chan eil sinn a dol a dheanadh tair air na Camshronaich, air son gun do chaill iad an lath 'ud. Bu treun, gaisgeil na daoine iad, agus chan eil reiscamaid anns an arm Bhreatunnach is fearr a fhuaradh anns a chath, no an tri fichead 's an naoi deug, a chaidh a thogail le Ailein an Earrachd. Ach an uair a theid da bhuidheann dhaoine an carradh a cheile, 's eiginn gun toir aon taobh a mach a bhuaidh thairis air an taobh eile. 'S ann mar sin a dh eirich a mach aig Ionmhar na h Amhuinn. Chan urrainn duinn a radh gun tainig fear sam bith, air aon taobh no air an taobh eile gearr air a dhleasdanas, ann a bhi a' deanadh mar a b' fhearr a dh fheudadh e air son a chinnich fein. Bu mhor an gamhlas a bha eadar an da fhine ri iomadh linn na dheigh so. Cha robh iad riamh air an reiteachadh gus an tainig bliadhna Thearlaich. 'N uair a dh eirich fineachan na h airde Tuaith fo bhratach a Phrionnsa, chaidh farmad nan laithean o shean a leigeil air di chuinahne, agus sheas na Camshronaich agus na Pearsanaich guallaimn ri guallaimn, an aite a bhi aghaidh ri h aghaidh, mar a bha na h aithrichean aca o cheann beul ri ceithir cheud bliadhna.

Ach an nair a thoisicheas streupaid, cha 'n 'eil fhios aig duine eiod is crioch do'n ghnothnch. Cha bu luaithe a chaidh an namhaid fhogradh air falbh gu Spean 's Lochaidh, na thoisich iorghuill ann measg nan Catanach iad fein. Chaidh Clann a Phearsain agus Clann Dhaibhidh ann an amhaichean a cheile mu thimchioll coir na sgeithe deise anns a chath. Bha iomadh ainhreit eatorra, fad roimh an am air am bheil mi a' toirt iomraidh an traths'. Gu cinnteach cha b' ann ni 'b 'fhearr a thainig iad air a cheile an deigh na thachair aig Ionmhar na h-Amhuinn. 'Se bh' ann na ta, gun do chuir an da threibh so a mach air a cheile air a leithid do dhoigh, 's gun duraichdeadh iad a cheile a sgrios. Fad dheich bliadhna cha do sguir iad do fhoirneart 's do shreupaid, gus no dheireach an thaining fios a dh'ionnsuidh an righ, eiod a bha tachairt lainh ri uisge Spe. B' e Raibeart a tri, a bha a nis na shuidhe air righ chaithir na h-Alba, agus chuir esan dithis no triuir do na comhairlichean a b' urramaiche do na bha mu 'n cuairt air, a sios do Bhaideineach, a dh fheuchainn am rachadh aca air stad a chuir air an iorghuill. Thainig na teachdairean le farum, mar a chithear an diugh fein gun tig teachdairean o 'n Bhan-righ, gu reiteachadh a dheanadh eadar uachdarain agus tuath. Ach is coltach nach robh e co furasda reiteachadh a thoirt mu 'n cuairt anns a cheathramh linn deug. Dh' fhairtlich air na teachdairean

sith a dheanadh. Cha tugadh na Gaidhil feairt air na comhairlean a thainig o na morairean Gallda. B' fhearr leo sadadh air a cheile leis a bhogha 's leis a chlaidheamh, n 'a bhi a toirt geill do fhacal a thigeadh o Pharlamaid an Righ. Air do na teachdairean a bhi gun fhios aca ciod a dheanadh iad, 's e thubhairt iad ri cinn nan da chinneach, gum b' fhearr dhaibh a cheile fheuchainn an lathair an Righ, 's an lathair na cuirte aig baile Pheirt, lamh ri Tatha. Chan iarradh na fineachan comhairle a b' fhearr, agus dh' aontaich iad rithe gu h-aoibhneach. Bu dona a chomhairle a bha 'n so da rireadh, ach tha againn ri cuimhne a ghleidheadh gun robh daoine anns na laithean sin co cleachta ri cogadh, 's nach bu mhotha orra an claidheamh a tharruinn no togail do 'n mhonadh a mharbhadh a choilich ruaidh. Chunnacas iomchuidh gun rachadh deich fir fhichead do Chloinn a Phearsain, agus an t-aireamh ceudna do Chloinn Dhaibhidh a chur air leth gu seasadh anns a chath, gus am biodh e soilleir co taobh a bu treise, agus na dheigh sin nach biodh teagamh ann co do 'n da threubh aig an robh coir seasadh air an sgeith dheis anns an armailt

Air pilltinn do na teachdairean far an robh an righ, dh' aithris iad air beul na comhairle gach ni a chunnaic 's a chual 'iad. 'Nuair a dh innis iad m 'an chomhraig a bha ri bhi air a cur eadar aireamh taghta o 'n da thaoibh, bha righ Raibeart ro dhiombach. Bu duinn cneasda, siochail esan, agus dh' oilltich e ri smuaineachadh gun rachadh buidheann co mor do dhaoine foghainteach an carradh a cheile 'na lathair sa, air son a cheile a chur gu dith. Bu mhor a b' fhearr leis gum biodh iad uile air an tearnadh, beo, slan, a chum 's gun seasadh iad nam freiceadan m'an cuairt air, nan tuiteadh e mach eadar e fein agus an righ Sasunnach. Coma, cha b' ionann beachd na comhairle a bh' ann air cuirt an righ. Bu chiatach leosan gun rachadh an cath a chur. Dh' aithnich iad gu soilleir gun cuireadh e crioch air a chuid mhor do na fir a rachadh an sas ann. Bha iad conna co dhiubh co taobh a bheireadh a mach a bhuaidh, 's ann a b'fhearr leo gun tigeadh call orra le cheile. Nam biodh na h' uile fear dhuibh air a chur gu bas, dh fheudadh suil a bhi aca gum biodh an cor do na treubhan ni' b' fhasa a chumail fo smachd. Air an aobhar sin, chuir iad mar fhiachan air an righ, gun tugadh e a chead do 'n da cheann cinnidh an cath a chur air bonn.

Cha robh riamh dith treubhantas air na Gaidhil, ach bha iomadh uair ann, anns an do leig iad leo fein a bhi air an carradh, le daoine a bu mhotha aig an robh do ghliocas an t-saoghail so, n' a bha aca fein. Cha tug muinntir Bhaideineach an aire ciod an rioba' chaidh a chur rompa aig an am so. 'Nan tug iad aire ni

'b'fhearr dhaibh fein, cha b' urrainn nach faiceadh iad gum b' ann a chum uile a chaidh comhairle na catha 'thoirt dhaibh. Cha b' ionann so agus aon ni anns an do tharruinn iad an claidheamh roimhe. 'Nuair a dh' eireadh iad air a cheile am measg nan gleann, dh' fheudadh an stri' bhi dian gu leoir, seadh agus bhiodh fuil gu leoir air a dortadh. Ach an uair a bheireadh aon taobh buaidh, bhiodh doigh aig na daoine eile air an casan a thoirt as, agus a bhi deas air son an lann a tharruinn an ath uair a bhagraidh an namhaid. 'Nuair a rachadh iad do Pheirt 's ann a bha iad gu bhi air an dunadh a stigh, mar gum biodh annta eorich 's an fhaing. Bhiodh an comh-thional do fhianuisean aca air an aon taobh, agus amhainn Tatha air an taobh eile, air chor 's nach b' urrainn do neach dol as, fhad 's a bhiodh aon fhear beo gu seasadh 'na aghaidh. Cha 'n 'eil teaganh nach b' e so a bh'ann an beachd nan comhairleach a bh' aig an righ, an uair a dh' eignich iad e gu leigeil leis a chomhraig dol air a h-aghaidh. 'S e bh'ann co dhiubh gun tug Raibeart a chead do na cinn chinneach, 's gun deachaidh latha 'chur air leth, nu am na Feill Michoil, air son a ghnothuich a bhi air a thoirt gu crich.

Cheidh na fir a thaghadh, deich thar fhichead air gach taobh. Thi'all iad do Pheirt aig an am shuidhichte, 's bu mhor a b' fhearr dh'aibh gu'n d' fhan iad aig an tigh, 's nach deachaidh iad riamh thairis air Druim Uachdair. Chaidh an fhaiche' dheanadh deas, le duingnichean m' an cuairt, a chum 's nach b' urrainn do dhuine sam bith dol a stigh ach na gleachdairean iad fein, agus nach rachadh aig fear dhiubhsan air dol a mach gus am biodh an cleas buaidhor 's achad. Bha an righ chaithir air a h-ardachadh, air chor 's gum bu leir do 'n righ na h-uile car a rachadh a chur, 's a reir coltas gu 'n robh a bhan-righ i fein air a lainh dheis, ged a b' fhearr dhi' bhi anns an luchairt a' deanadh chumgaidhean leighees air son nan daoine a bhiodh air an lotadh. Cha robh duine do ard machdarain na rioghachd nach robh a lathair, a chum a bhi nam fianuisean air gniomh co mor, 's is cinnteach gu'n do thog iad iohach gle mhor an uair a thainig na gaisgich 's an t-seadhadh. Cha bhiodh iad co cridheil na'n biodh aca fein ri seasadh an aghaidh nan Gaidheal a bha a nis a dol a dh' iomsuidh a bheis. Thainig na gleachdairean na ta, leis na piobau a seid-adh air an ceann, 's na brataichean ag itealaich 's a ghaoith, mar na h-iolairean a' tional a dh' iomsuidh an air. Bu mhor am beud nach b' ann air son gnothuich a b' fhearr a thainig a leithid do chuideachd an ceann a cheile.

Ach air a cheud tarruinn, thainig cearb 's a ghnothuch, a theab stad a chur air obair an latha gu leir. 'S e 'bh'ann gu'n

robh fear do Chloinn a Phearsain air chall, 's nach robh ach naoidh thar fhichead deas aig tighearna Chluainidh. Ciamar sam bith a thachair so, cha'n 'eil fios an diugh ciod a bu choireach, Theagamh gu'n d' fhas fear gu tinn, no gu'n do bhuail an t-eagal e. B' eiginn amhare a mach air son fir a sheasadh an aite an fhir a chaidh as an t-sealladh. Bha gobhainn ann am baile Pheirt, fear ris an abairte an Gobha Crom, a bha cleachta re a laithean ri cogadh. Air dhasan a bhi 's an lathair, agus a bhi a' chuimntinn ciod a thachair, thainig e air aghaidh, agus tairgear e fein gu dol do 'n chath air son tuarasdail, gus gu'm biodh an t-aireamh air a dheanadh coimhlionta. Gheall tighearna Chluainidh a thuarasdal dha, agus an sin bha na h-uile ni deas.

Thoisich am blar, agus dh' eirich an da fhine air a cheile. Bu mhuladach da rireadh an sealladh. An aite do na Gaidhil a bhi an gnaillean a cheile, 's ann a bha iad an amhaichean a cheile. Mharbh an Gobha Crom fear do Chloinn Dhaibhidh, agus air dha sin a dheanadh, 's ann a rinn e suidhe, mar gu'm biodh e sgith. "Ciod is ciall dha so?" arsa Chuainidh ris. "Choisinn mi mo thuarasdal," arsa 'm fear eile. "Am fear nach cumtadh rium, cha chumtainn ris," arsa 'n triath. Chaidh an gobhainn an greim a ris, agus chog e gu duineil gus an tainig an cath gu crich. Thug na Pearsanaich buaidh, 's cha d' fhagadh do Chloinn Dhaibhidh ach aon fhear. 'Nuair a chunnaic esan gu'n robh an latha caillte, 's ann a thug e duibh leum a mach air Tatha, agus snamhar a null gu taobh thall na h-ainahne. Ciod a dh' eirich dha tuille cha'n 'eil fios. 'S coltach nach do leig an naire leis pilltinn do 'n Airde Tuaith, 's cha'n 'eil cunntas cinnteach againn tuille mu 'thimchioll. Ciod sam bith co fearail 's a bha na gaisgich air an latha so, tha e na aobhar duilichinn gu'm b' ann an aghaidh a cheile a chaidh na h-uman aca a tharruinn.

Sin agad an cachdraidh a thainig a nuas g' ar n-ionnsuidh mu aon do na streupaidean a bu mhotha 'bha riamh aig na Speich. Is ionadh gincalach a dh' eirich agus a theirig o an am sin gu so. Ach nan deigh uile tha a Chreag Dhubh na seasadh mar fhianuis air ionadh guiomh a thachair m' an cuairt oirre. Na'm biodh teanga anns na clachan cruaidhe air am bheil sinn ag amhare, rachadh aca air do naigheachdan innseadh, na chunnadh ri Cumum Gaidhlig Inbhirnis gus an tigeadh am ficheadamh linn.

Is mithich dhuinn tearnadh as a Chreig. Chuir sinn nine gu leoir seachad ag ionradh air na h-iorghuillean a bha am measg nan Catanach anns na laithean o shean. Cha tachair an leithidean tuille, 's is math gun thainig iad gu crich. Rachamaid beagan ni 's

faide sios taobh na h-aimhne. So agad Cinn-a-Ghiubhsaidh, far am bheil an t-Oifigeir Dubh a bh' ann am Baile 'Chrobhain na shineadh, ann an Clagh a Mhuilinn Chardaidh, a feitheadh na h-aiseirigh. Co nach cual' iomradh air Call Ghadhaig, air an Nollaig mu dheireadh do 'n cheud? 'Sin naigheachd nach gabh innseadh gu h-iomlan, do bhrigh 's nach thainig duine beo air ais as an fhridh. Ciamar sam bith a chaidh na sealgairean a mharbhadh, cha'n 'eil fios. Tha iad a nis 'nan luidhe, taobh ri taobh, far an cluinnear uisgeachan Ghoineag a ruith sios gu ruig Spe. Buinidh e do chliu Oifigeir Bhaile 'Chrobhain gu'n robh lamh aige ann an reiseamaid a thogail, an ceithir fichead 's a dha dheug, Reiseamaid nan Gordanach. Bha na Gordanaich gle chumhachdach 's an duthaich so aon uair, ach thainig iad gu crich, agus cha'n fhada gus an iomair an sgriobhadh so tighinn gu crich mar an ceudna. Ach na deanamaid di chuimhne air fear eile a bhuineadh do 'n aite so, Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain, na'n Rat. Cha mhor do na chaidh riamh arach anns a Ghaidhealtachd a b' ainmeile no esan. Ciamar sam bith a thainig leabhar Oisein 'na laimh, 's ann uaith 's an a chual' an saoghal iomradh air an toiseach. Cha ruig sinn a leas an traths' a bhi a' faraid m' an chuis, do bhrigh 's gun deachaidh gu leoir, agus tuille 's a choir a sgriobhadh mu Oisein a cheana. Rugadh Mac-a-Phearsain am fagus do Chinn-a-Ghiubhsaidh, anns a bhliadhna 1738, agus dh' eug e anns a bhliadhna 1796. Chaidh a chorp a ghiulan do Lunainn, 's a charadh ann an Eaglais Mhoir na h-airde 'n lar. 'S coltach nach bi nios cinnteach, co fad 's a mhaireas an saoghal, co as a thainig na dain aig Oisein, ach is math co dhiubh nach deachaidh iad air chall.

Air dol a sios dhuinn lamh ri bruaich na h-aimhne, chi sinn Tor Albhaidh agus Dun Rat-a-Mhurchuis, seadh agus Creag Ealachaidh, ag amhare a null a dh' iomsuidh na'n Garbh Bheann. 'Sin far am bheil da rireadh na beamtan arda, far am faiccar sneachd nam Faoilteach na luidhe anns na sluichd gu ruig an Lunasdal. Tha 'n Carn Gorm, agus Braidh Riabhach, agus Beinn Mhic Dhuibhe nan seasadh an sin, mar fhreiceadan air Srath Spe. Cha'n 'eil ann an Albann air fad, aon aite far am bheil ni 's motha r'a fhaicinn do mhaise na Gaidhealtachd n'a tha 'n so. Ach tha sinn a nis air tighinn gu crich Bhaideineach, 's leigidh sinn le feadhain eile, a bhi a' cur cliu Shrath Spe an ceill.

Thainig iomadh caochladh air an tir o cheann leth cheud bliadhna. Tha 'n rathad iaruinn a ruith re iomadh mile ri taobh na h-aimhne, 's nan tigeadh air Clann Chatain dol gu cath aig

Peirt a ris, cha b' ann d' an cois a rachadh iad troimh 'n mhonadh. Chithear na Sasunnaich agus na h-Americanaich, a tighinn gach Samhradh, cha'n ann mar a b'abhaist do na Camsbronaich tighinn, air son crich agus marbhaidh, ach air son a bhi air an lionadh le h-aoibhneas am measg nam beann. Tha triath na'm Pearsanach fathast 'na uachdaran air Cluainidh, agus do bhrigh 's gun tainig e o Chloinn Dhaibhidh air aon taobh an tighe, feudar a bhi cinnteach gun tainig aimhreit Pheirt gu crich. Gu ma fada 'shealbhaicheas e luchairt a shinnsirean. Thainig laithean siochail gu taobh Spe, 's cha chluinnear tuille eigheach na catha, agus gleangarsaich na luiriche aig Ionmhar na h-Amhuinn. Fagamaid beannachd aig na cnuic 's na bruthaich a ta ag eiridh os ceann ionadan comhnuidh nan gaisgeach ann am Baideineach. Bu taitneach leinn a bhi a beachd smuaineachadh orra, ach is mithich sgur.

B' e sud an sealladh eibhinn,
Bhi 'g iomachd air na sleibhtean,
'Nuair 'bhiodh a ghrian ag eiridh,
'S a bhiodh na feidh 's an langanaich.

3rd DECEMBER, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. Mr John Macrury, entitled, *Mairnealachd agus rud no dha eile.* Mr Macrury's paper was as follows:—

MAIRNEALACHD AGUS RUD NO DHA EILE.

Anns an aimsir a dh' fhalbh bha na Gàidheil mòran ni bu bheachdaidhe na tha iad 'n ar latha agus 'n ar linn-ne. Cha robh guth no iomradh 's an àm ud air na nithean a tha 'togail aire agus inntinn an t-sluaigh an diugh air falbh o bhith 'toirt fa near na nithean iongantach a tha ri 'n faicinn mu 'n cuairt dhaibh anns an t-saoghal. Cha robh paipeirean-naigheachd ann, 's an àm ud, a chum a bhith 'tarruinn an aire o 'n gnothaichean fhein a dh' ionnsuidh nithean a bha 'tachairt ann an cearnan eile dhe 'n t-saoghal, agus o nach robh, bha 'chuid bu ghlice agus bu tuigsiche de 'n t-sluagh a' gabhail beachd gu dlùth air gach ni a bha mu 'n cuairt dhaibh, araon air muir agus air tir. Bha iad gu sònraichte a' gabhail beachd air mar a bha 'n t-side ag atharrachadh o àm gu àm eadar da cheann na bliadhna. Ged nach robh iad fòghluimte anns an t-seadh anns am bheil am facal, *fòghlum*, air a thuigsinn

'n ar measg-ne air an latha 'n diugh, bha iad glé fhòghluimte 'nan dòigh fhein. Bha leabhar mòr nàdair fosgailte fa 'n comhair o latha gu latha, agus am feadh 's a bha iad gu glic, dìchiollach a' feuchainn ri 'm beò-shlaint' a thoirt á muir 's á tìr, bha iad aig a' cheart àm a' gabhail beachd air mar a bha aimsirean na bliadhna 'tighinn a steach, agus air na comharraidhean leis am faodadh iad a thuigsinn c' uin a dh' atharraicheadh an t-sìde. 'N ar latha-ne, tha iomadh dòigh aig àrd luchd-fòghlum air fios fhaotainn air mar a tha atharrachadh gu tighinn air an t-sìde air nach robh fios sam bith aig duine beò a bh' air ùr uachdar an t-saoghail o chionn ceud, no ceud gu leth bliadhna roimhe so. Ged a tha so fìor, tha e mar an ceudna fìor gu'm b' fhearr a b' aithne do 'n chuid mhòir de na seann daoine na comharraidhean leis am faoidte aithneachadh gu robh an t-sìde gu atharrachadh, na 's aithne do 'n chuid a 's mò de na bheil an diugh beò, a dh' aindeoin an cuid ghlaineachan.

Neo-ar-thàing nach 'eil spalpairean òga gu leòr ann an diugh a ni spòrs agus feala-dha gu tric mu na beachdan a bh' aig na seann daoine còire o 'n d' thàinig sinn. Tha iad an duil nach 'eil an leithidean fhein idir aan. Tha iad tuilleadh is glic nan barail fhein, agus tha fuios againn gur e comharra 'n dearg amadain duine 'bhith glic 'na bharail fhein. Air a toradh aithnichear a' chraobh. An uair a tha mi 'cumail a mach gu robh na Gaidheil a bh' ann o chionn cheudan bliadhna ni bu ghlice ann an iomadh dòigh na Gàidheil an latha 'n diugh, faodaidh cuid a bhith 'g iarraidh dearbhaidh orm. Cha 'n 'eil e idir duilich dhomh dearbhaidhean ann am pailteas a thoirt seachad. Thugamaid fa near na tha de sheann-fhacail ann am measg nan Gaidheal gus an latha 'n diugh. Dh' aisigeadh a nuas dhuinn iad o linn gu linn. Nach anabarrach mòr an gliocas a th' air fhilleadh a steach annta? C'àit am faighear spalpaire, òg, fòghluimte, cadar Taigh Iain Ghròt an Gallaobh, agus Caolas-na-Fràinge, a chuireas briathran an altaibh a chèile, aon chuid an Gàilig no 'n Beurla, cho math 's a th'againn anns an sean-fhacail? 'Nan d' rinn sinne a tha beò an diugh uibhir a dh' fheum de gach cothrom a shealbhaich sinn 's a rinn na seann Ghàidheil de na cothroman a bh' aca fhein, bhiodh gach aon dhinn mòran ni bu ghlice, agus ni b' fhòghluinte na tha sinn.

Feumaidh mi aimneachadh mu'n teid mi ni 's fhaide nach 'eil mi 'toirt iàn-chreideas do gach ni a dh' fhaodas mi chuir sios an so, ged a dh'aidich mi gu bheil beachd àrd agam air gliocas agus tuigse nan seann Ghaidheal. Is e th' anns an amhare agam cumutas a thoirt seachad air na beachdan a bh' aca, cho fad 's is fhiosrach mi.

Air eagal gu faod cuid a bhith ann nach tuig ciod a th' air a chiallachadh leis an fhacal, "MAIRNEALACHD," faodaidh mi ràdh gu bheil e 'ciallachadh, *An t-eòlas leis am bheil e comasach, ann an tomhas beag no mòr, air innseadh gu bheil an t-sìde gu atharrachadh no gu mairsinn mar tha i.*

Tòisichidh mi, ma ta, aig toiseach na bliadhna. Tha seanfhacal ann a tha 'g ràdh, "Bidh aithne na bliadhna gu léir aig fear na h-aon oidhche." A réir eachdraidh an t-sean-fhacail, tha so a' ciallachadh, gu faod am fear a thachras a bhith air chuid oidhche ann an taigh anns nach robh e eòlach, fios a bhith aige air an dòigh anns am bi muinntir an taighe 'caitheamh am beatha fad na bliadhna, ma ghabhas e beachd sònraichte air gach ni a chi 's a chluinneas e, agus air gach biadh a chuirear 'na làthair. Bha na seana Ghàidheil a' creidsinn gu faodadh iad mòran fiosrachaidh fhaotainn mu thimchioll co dhiu 'bhiodh aimsirean na bliadhna gu math no gu h-olc, le beachd cùramach a ghabhail air ciod i a' ghaoth a' dh' fhàgadh an t-seana bhliadhna aig a' bhliadhn' ùir. A chum fios fhaotainn air ciod i a' ghaoth a dh' fhàgadh a' Challaig cha ghabhadh iad mu thàmh gus an tigeadh a' bhliadhn' ùr a steach. So mar a chuala mi na briathran :—

"Ma 's gaoth a' deas,
Teas is toradh ;
Ma 's gaoth a' tuath,
Fuachd is feannadh ;
Ma 's gaoth an ear,
Meas air crannadh ;
Ma 's gaoth an iar,
Iasg gu caladh."

Ann an Uidhist 's e theireadh iad mar bu trice, "Ma 's gaoth an iar, iasg is arain," no "iasg is bainne." A réir choltais gu robh na seann daoine a labhair na briathran so an toiseach, agus na daoine a bha 'gan gnathachadh o chionn iomadh linn, a' creidsinn gur i a' ghaoth a dh' fhàgadh a' Challaig a' ghaoth bu trice a bhiodh a' séideadh fad na bliadhna. Cha 'n 'eil mi 'gabhail orm fhein a radh co dhiu tha gus nach 'eil am beachd so fìor, ach tha e comh-arraichte gur ann o 'n deas a bha a' gaoth a' séideadh an uiridh agus am bliadhna an uair a thàinig a' bhliadhn' ùr a steach, agus gu robh a' ghaoth ni bu trice o 'n deas am bliadhna 's an uiridh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd na 's cuimhne le bheag a tha beò. Tha e furasda gu leòr dhuinn a thuigsinn gu faodadh a leithid so 'tachairt gu math trie 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, agus o 'n a bha na daoine a bh' ann o shean an dùil gu'n biodh an aon ghaoth a'

séideadh aig an aon àm anns gach cearn de 'n t-saoghal, bha e nàdarra gu leòr dhaibh a bhith creidsinn gu faodadh "aithne na bliadhna gu leir a bhith aig fear na h-aon oidhche." Bha teas is toradh gu leòr anns a' Ghaidhealtachd an uiridh, ach cha 'n urrainn duinn so a ràdh am bliadhna.

Ach gabhamaid beachd beagan ni 's dlùithe air na briathran so. Tha, agus bha, agus bithidh a' ghaoth a' tuath fuar. Tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh—

> "Ged thigeadh a' ghaoth a' tuath 's an Iuchar
> Bidh am fuachd 'na fochar."

Mar is trice is ann leis a' ghaoith a' tuath a thig na sneachdannan is truime 's is buaine a chithear anns a' Ghaidhealtachd fad na bliadhna. Is iomadh uair a thig pailteas sneachda o 'n deas, ach cha mhair e ùine sam bith. Tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh :—

> "Cha tig uisge mòr o 'n tuath,
> 'S cha tig sneachda buan o 'n deas."

Tha sean-fhacal eile ann a tha 'g ràdh—"Aiteamh na gaoith a' tuath air an t-sneachda—tuilleadh a chur 'na cheann."

Chi sinn uaith so ma bhios a' ghaoth o 'n tuath ro thric fad a' gheamhraidh 's an carraich gu 'm bi mòran sneachda, agus reothaidh, agus fuachd ann. A' bhliadhna 'bhios so mar so faodar a bhith cinnteach gu'm bi am fodar gann ; agus air an aobhar sin, bidh crodh is eich is caoraich a' faotainn a' bhàis leis a' chaoile mu 'n tig a' Bhealltuinn.

Tha 'ghaoth a' deas an còmhnuidh blàth. Eadhon an teis meadhon fuachd a' gheamhraidh agus an earraich, tha a' ghaoth a' deas mòran ni 's blàithe na gaoth sam bith eile. An àm an fhàis tha 'ghaoth a' deas ro thlusar agus ro chaomhail ris na lusan maotha 'n uair a tha iad a' gobachadh troimh 'n talamh. Agus o 'n a tha toradh na bliadhna ann an tomhas mòr gu bhith a reir ceud fhàs a' bharra, tha e ro fheumail gu 'm biodh gaoth bhog, bhlàth o'n deas, ann an àm an fhàis. Mar is trice is ann o 'n deas a thig na h-uisgeachan a thaisicheas an talamh an uair a tha e air a ghlasadh suas gu teann cruaidh le reothadh is fuachd a' gheamhraidh. Aig àm na curachd is miann leis gach neach a chuireas pòr sam bith 's an talamh gu 'n tig frasan de 'n uisge a chum gu'n taisichear am fonn, agus an siol a chuir iad ann. Mar a tha fios againn, ged nach 'eil a' ghaoth a' deas fuar tha i fionnar. Tha fionnarachd a' toirt neirt agus cuideachaidh araon do 'n ainmhidh, agus do 'n lus an uair a tha 'n teas tuilleadh is mòr.

Mar an ceudna, is ann an uair a bhios a' ghrian an cridhe na h-àird a' deas is mò teas an latha. Mar so tha blàths is taiseachd is fionnarachd a' tighinn o 'n deas. Cha 'n 'eil e na ioghnadh sam bith gu robh an sluagh a bha 'nan còmhnuidh ann an ceann fuar de 'n rìoghachd ag amharc ris an àird a' deas air son bìdh agus blàiths—da ni as aonais nach b' urrainn daibh a bhith aon chuid toilichte no comhfhurtail. Bha iad a reir choltais a' creidsinn gu robh gach ni ceart ri tighinn o 'n deas, agus gach ni cearr ri tighinn o 'n tuath. 'Nan sealladh bha deiseal is tuaitheal co-ionnan ri ceart is cearr. B' e 'n car deiseal an car ceart, agus b' e 'n car tuaitheal an car cearr. Mar is trice theirear gus an latha 'n diugh a' "chearrag" ris an làimh chlì—an lamh a bhios ris an tuath an uair a sheasas duine agus 'aghaidh ris an àird an ear. Tha 'n da fhacal so, "cearr" agus "clì," a' ciallachadh an aon ni an so.

Ged nach tig a' bheag de shneachda o 'n aird an ear, tha 'ghaoth an ear gle ghreannach fuar aig gach àm. Tha ghaoth ni's trice o 'n car anns an earrach na tha i aig àm sam bith eile de 'n bhliadhna. So an t-am anns am bi na craobhan a' cur a mach an duillich, agus mar a tha fhios aig a h-uile gàradair, seargaidh a' ghaoth an ear an duilleach òg, maoth ni 's luaithe agus ni 's mò na gaoth sam bith eile. An uair a theid a' cheud duilleach air ais le seargadh na gaoith an ear, ged a dh' fhaodas cuid mhath de mheas cinntinn air na craobhan 's air na preasan, cha bhi am meas mar is trice ach meanbh. Is ann air a shon so a thuirt an seann duine, "Ma 's gaoth an ear a dh' fhàg a' Challaig, meas air *crannadh*." Is minic a chuala mi daoine ag ràdh an uair a bhiodh seachduin no deich latha de shìde tioram, fuar ann le gaoith an ear, gu robh i anabarrach *crainntidh*. Tha 'chrann-lach agus an lach-riabhach cho coltach ri' cheile ann an cumadh 's an dath ri da eun a b' urrainn duinn 'fhaicinn, ach o 'n a tha chrann-lach beag, meanbh, thugadh a' *chrann*-lach mar ainm oirre. Ma tha aon a dh' ainmhidhean an achaidh beag, meanbh, meata, theirear gu bheil e *crainntidh*. Tha "meas air crannadh" a' ciallachadh, "meas seargta" (shrivelled fruit). Tha e coltach nach cuir a' ghaoth a' tuath na measan air an ais mar a ni 'ghaoth an ear, ged a bhiodh i 'seideadh gu math tric fad a' gheamhraidh 's an earraich. Dh' innseadh dhomh gur ann a bhios a' chraobh mheas ni 's toraiche na b' àbhaist dhi a' bhliadhna a bhios an geamhradh fuar, reòta, do bhrìgh nach leig am fuachd 's an reothadh leatha a duilleach a chur a mach ro thrath air a' bhliadhna.

Cha 'n e mhain gu searg a' ghaoth an car na craobhan agus na preasan, ach seargaidh i mar an ceudna an t-arbhar. "Agus dh' fhàs suas 'nan déigh seachd diasan caola, agus air seargadh leis a' ghaoith an ear."

Tha gach neach a tha suas ri iasgach a' gabhail beachd air gu bheil an t-iasg ni 's dlùithe do 'n chladach an uair a tha 'ghaoth o 'n iar na tha e ri gaoith sam bith eile. Tha so gu sònraichte fìor a thaobh nan Eileanan an Iar. Mur 'eil mo chuimhne 'gam mhealladh dh' innseadh dhomh gu faighear an t-iasg ni 's pailte ris a' ghaoith an iar, cadhon air taobh an ear na h-Alba na gheibhear e ri gaoith sam bith eile. Tha fhios agam air so, gu 'n gabh an t-iasg am biathadh ris a' ghaoith an iar 's an iar-dheas anabarrach math. Tha fhios aig na fir a theid a mach gu druim a' chuain an iar le 'n cuid bhàtaichean a dh' iasgach nan langann 's nan trosg nach 'eil gaoth iasgaich ann a 's fhearr na gaoth an iar no 'n iar-dheas, agus nach 'eil gaoth-iasgaich ann a's miosa na gaoth an ear. Tha a' cheart ni fìor a thaobh nan lochan 's nan aimhnichean.

Thug mi fa near mar tha gu 'n can iad ann an Uidhist, "iasg is aran," no, "iasg is bainne." Tha mi a' creidsinn gu robh aobhar sònraichte ann air son gu 'n do ghnàthaich muinntir dha Uidhist agus Bhein-a-faoghla na briathran so. Is ann air taobh an iar nan eileanan so a bha an àireamh bu mhò de 'n t-sluagh a' gabhail comhmuidh 's na linntean a dh' fhalbh. 'S an àm ud gu h-àraidh, b'ann as na machraichean a bha iad a' toirt an teachd-an-tìr. Bhiodh iad an uair ud, mar a tha iad gus an latha 'n diugh, a' leasachadh nam machraichean le feamainn, a chionn nach deanadh leasachadh sam bith eile feum cho math rithe. Is i a' ghaoth an iar a chuireas an fheamainn gu cladach. A' bhliadhna a bhiodh a' ghaoth an iar a' séideadh gu tric agus gu làidir rè a' gheamhraidh agus an earraich, bhiodh pailteas feamann air na cladaichean, agus bhiodh an talamh air a dheadh leasachadh leis an fheamainn mu 'n tigeadh àm na curachd. 'Nan tachradh aimsir fhàbharrach a bhith ann rè an t-samhraidh 's an fhoghair bhiodh pailteas barra air na machraichean. An uair a tha 'n barr pailt tha 'n t-aran pailt, agus faodar pailteas fodair is feoir a thoirt do 'n chrodh. An crodh a gheibh pailteas de 'n bhiadh a shamhradh 's do gheamhradh bidh pailteas bainne aca. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "'S ann as a ceann a bhligheas a' bhò." Uaith so faodar a thuigsinn gu robh e 'na aobhar misnich agus toileachaidh do na seana daoine gu 'm biodh a' ghaoth an iar a' séideadh gu math tric. Anns an àm ud bhiodh daoine toilichte gu leòr nam biodh am pailteas aca de 'n aran, de 'n iasg agus de 'n bhainne.

Thig sinn a nis a dh' ionnsuidh an *Fhaoilich*. O 'n nach 'eil mi cinnteach ciod is brìgh do 'n fhacal "*Faoileach*," 's fhearr leam leigeil leis mar a tha e na teannadh ri 'reubadh 'na stiallan as a chéile. Air aon ni tha fios agam, 's e sin, gur e so an t-ainm a bh' aig na seann daoine air a' chòig latha deug mu dheireadh de 'n gheamhradh, agus air a' cheud chòig latha deug de 'n earrach. Mar a theireadh iad fhein, "Coig latha deug roimh Fheill Brìde, 's còig latha deug 'na dheigh." B' e am barail gur ann air Dihaoine a bha e 'tòiseachadh agus a' sgur. *'S ann air Dihaoine thòisicheas e, agus air Dihaoine 'squireas e.*" Do bhrìgh gur ann air Dihaoine a cheusadh Criosd bha mòran ann a bha 'creidsinn gu 'm biodh an latha so mar bu trice ni bu mhìosa na latha sam bith eile de 'n t-seachduin. Bha àm Faoileach ri marsuinn fad mìos, agus bha 'n Gearran 's an Sguabag ri tighinn 'na dheigh. Chuala mi anns an da dhòigh a leanas rann an Fhaoilich—

"Mìos Faoilich,
Naoi latha gearraimn,
Tri latha sguabaig,
Suas an t-earrach."

Agus—

"Mìos Faoilich,
Naoi latha gearraimn,
Seachduin caillich,
Tri latha sguabaig,
Suas an t earrach."

Cha robh mi-thoileachadh sam bith air na seann daoine ris an Fhaoileach. O 'm fein-fhiosrachadh dh' fhòghluim iad nach robh ni a b' fhearr na gu 'n tigeadh an droch shide 'na h-àm fhein. Aon uair 's gu 'n tigeadh am Faoileach a steach b' e am miann gu 'n cuireadh e e fhein an geill mar bu chòir dha. B' ann a reir na seana chumntais a bha iad ag amharc air son na Feill Brìde. Cha robh guth no iomradh air a' chumntais ùir 's an àm ud idir anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bu bheag orra sìde bhriagha, chiùin, bhlàth anns an Fhaoileach. Dearbhaidh an rann a leanas so—

"Faoileach, Faoileach, làmh an crios,
Faoilte mhòr, bu chòir bhith ris;
Crodh is caoraich ruith le teas,
Gul is caoidh bu chòir bhith ris."

Ach bu chòir gu 'm biodh beagan làitheau de 'n Fhaoileach ciùin, briagha, blàth. Theireadh iad—

"Tri laithean de 'n Luchar 's Fhaoileach,
'S tri laithean de 'n Fhaoileach 's an Luchar."

"Tha còir aig an Fhaoileach air tri làin a chur anns a' chlais—a làn uisge, a làn sneachda, agus a làn de thuthadh nan taighean." "Tha tairneinich anns an Fhaoileach cho mi-nadurra ri laogh a' geumnaich am broinn a mhàthar."

Tha e furasda thuigsinn ciod e an t-sìde 'bu chòir a bhith anns an Fhaoileach—stoirm is uisge, sneachda 's ciùine, an dràsta 's a' rithist. "Feath Faoilich," 's e sin feath nach mair ach ùine ghoirid. Nam biodh reothadh ann b' e "reothadh an lodain làin nach mair gus an treas trath." A dh' aon fhacal, bu chòir gu 'm biodh sìde anabarrach caochlaideach ann o a thoiseach gu 'dheireadh, mar gu 'm biodh na seachd siantanan a' dian strì feuch co aca bu mhò a chuireadh iad fhein an geill fad a' mhìos.

An deigh an Fhaoilich bha na naoi latha Gearrain. Bha na laithean so ri bhith anabarrach sgaiteach, fuar—cho fuar 's nach seasadh ach an Gearran fhein ris. Bheireadh an Gearran am bàs air na creutairean laga a dh' fhàgadh am Faoileach beò. Tuigidh sinn so o 'n rann a leanas :—

Thuirt am Faoileach ris a' Ghearran,
"C'àit an d' fhàg thu 'n gamhainn bochd ?
Chuir mi 'n t-seic' aig 'air an fharradh,
'S chuir mi 'n ceann aig' air an t-sop."

(Ars' an Gearran).

Mu dheireadh thall thigeadh a' Sguabag—stoirm dhearg nach mòr nach sguabadh air falbh a h-uile ni a bhiodh air aghaidh na talmhainn. An sin thigeadh an t-earrach, agus cha tigeadh gus a sin.

Tha e 'na ni anabarrach comharraichte gu bheil co-chordadh eadar na briathran a leanas, agus na tha luchd-fòghlum 'nar latha fhein ag innseadh dhuinn mu 'n àm anns am bheil ceithir aimsirean na bliadhna 'toiseachadh. So mar a thuirt na seann daoine :—

Foghar gu Nollaig ;
Geamhradh gu Fheill Padraig ;
Earrach gu Fheill Peadair ;
Samhradh gu Fheill Micheil.

Bhiodh toileachd mòr ri Là Fheill Pàdraig—an seachdamh là deug de mhìos meadhonach an earraich. Anns an t-seana chumntais b' e Là Fheill Pàdraig an naoidheamh là fichead de 'n Mhàrst. So mar a theireadh na seann daoine :—

"Là Fheill Pàdraig,
Là mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
Là 'dh' fhòghnadh a dhuine,
'S a dh' fhòghnadh dume dha."

Bhiodh a' cheud chuid de 'n mhìos Mharst (àm a' Ghearrain 's na Sguabaig) anabarrach fiadhaich, fuar, nam biodh an aimsir nàdarra. B' ann air a shon so a theireadh iad gu'm bu chòir do'n Mharst tighinn a steach mar leoghainn, agus a dol a mach mar uan; no mar a theireadh cuid eile, "Ceann nathrach, agus earball feucaig." Mur cuireadh an Sguabag agus an Gearran iad fhein geill mar bu chòir dhaibh, dh' fhaoiteadh 'bhith cinnteach gu 'n tigeadh an droch shìde mu 'n teirgeadh an t-earrach. 'Nan tigeadh am Màrst a steach mar uan rachadh e mach mar leoghainn. B' ann mu dheireadh a' Mhàirst, mar a thug mi fa near, a thòisicheadh an t-earrach; oir bhiodh an geamhradh ann gu Fheill Pàdraig. Bhiodh gach aon ag amharc air son sìde bhog, bhlàth; no mar a theireadh iad, "earrach ceòthar." Tha e air aithris gu robh fear ann aon uair a thuirt, nam faigheadh e sìde a reir a mhiann gu'm biodh barr gu leòr air an fhearann aige co dhiu bhiodh Dia leis gus nach biodh. B' e so an t-sìde a mhiannaich e—

"Samhradh breachd, riabhach,
Foghradh geal, grianach,
Geamhradh reòta,
'S earrach ceòthar."

Nam b' fhìor an sgeul bha làn a dhroma de bharr air an fhearann' aig an duine so, ach cha robh biadh idir ann. Tha mòran gliocais anns an sgeul so mar a th' ann an iomadh sgeul eile a th' air an aithris mu nithean nach do thachair riamh.

Mu 'n t-seana Bhealltuinn thigeadh làithean de shìde fuar, greannach, le frasan 's le gaoith a' tuath mar bu trice, ris an canadh iad, "Glaiscan cumhach na Bealltuinn."

Mar a bha am Faoileach gu bhith fuar, fiadhaich o thoiseach gu deireadh, ach na tri làithean briagha de 'n Iuchar a bha còir air a bhith ann, bha 'n t-Iuchar gu bhith anabarrach blàth, bruthainneach, ach a mhàin na tri làithean de 'n Fhaoileach a bha còir air a bhith ann. Mar a thug mi fa near na tha, bidh,

Tri làithean de 'n Iuchar 's an Fhaoileach,
'S tri làithean de 'n Fhaoileach 's an Iuchar.

Bha 'n t-Iuchar a' tòiseachadh còig latha deug roimh Lùnasdal, agus a' crìochnachadh còig latha deug an deigh Lùnasdail. Cha 'n 'eil cuimhne agam co dhiu bha gus nach robh aig an Iuchar ri tòiseachadh air latha àraidh dhe 'n t-seachduin mar a bh' aig an Fhaoileach.

Mu Fheill Micheil, an uair a tha 'n latha agus an oidhche 's an aon fhad, tha làithean, no ma dh' fhaoidte seachduinean, de shìde

ro thuaireapa ri tighinn gach bliadhna ris an canar "Steirmeannan an Fhoghair."

Mu Shamhuinn 's e sìde chiùin a tha nàdarra. Ach bidh reòthadh ann. Is ann air son so a theireadh na seann daoine, "Reòthanaich na Samhna" ris an t-sìde chiùin so.

Mar an ceudna bha e nàdarra gu 'm biodh sneachda ann mu Nollaig. Mar a tha am facal ag ràdh, "Is blianach Nollaig gun sneachda."

So na th' air chuimhne agam de na chuala mi o chionn iomadh bliadhna mu 'n t-sìde ris am faoidte dùil a bhith o àm gu àm de 'n bhliadhna. Ach tha fhios agam nach 'eil trian air chuimhne agam de na chuala mi; oir tha da bhliadhna thar fhiched o nach robh mi a bheag a dh' ùine ann am Beinn-a-faoghla far an cuala mi 'nam òige na dh' aithris mi roimhe so, agus na bheil mi nis a' dol a dh' aithris.

Mar a dh' fhaodar a thuigsinn o na dh' ainmich mi mar tha, tha na comharraidhean a thug mi seachad mu 'n t-sìde ann an co-cheangal ri amannan agus aimsirean na bliadhna; ach tha earrann mhòr de 'n bhliadhna mu nach toir iad còlas sam bith dhuinn a thaobh na sìde. A nis, innsidh mi na th' air chuimhne agam de na comharraidhean eile leis am faodar aithneachadh cuin a tha 'n t-sìde gu atharrachadh, agus ciod an t-atharrachadh a bhios ann.

Bha e air a làn-chreidsinn aon uair gu 'm biodh a h-uile Diciaduin soilleir, grianach, ann an tomhas beag no mòr, eadhon ann an dùdlachd a' gheamhraidh. So mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal 'g a chur—

> "Cha robh Diciaduin riamh gun a' ghrian;
> Cha robh Geamhradh ciar gun smal;
> Cha robh Nollaig Mhòr gun fheòil;
> 'S cha robh bean d' a dèoin gun fhear."

A chionn gu 'm b' ann air Diciaduin a chruthaicheadh a' ghrian tha e fìor nach robh Diciaduin riamh gun a' ghrian. Bha muinntir a' creidsinn gu nochdadh a' ghrian a h-aghaidh co dhiu air an latha dhe 'n t-seachduin air an do chruthaicheadh i. B' aithne dhomh iomadh neach a bha 'g ràdh gu 'n do ghabh iad beachd air gu robh a' ghrian ri 'faicinn a' bheag no mhòr a dh' ùine a h-uile Diciaduin o bu chuimhne leotha.

Mar an ceudna, bha e air a làn chreidsinn' gu 'm biodh an t-uisge mhòr aig fad an latha Dihaoine nam b' e 's gu 'm biodh an t-uisge ann gle mhoch 's a' mhaduinn. So mar a theirteadh, "Ma gheibh an Aoine na beul e aon uair cha dean i turadh fad an latha." 'Nam biodh Dihaoine fliuch bhithteadh cinnteach gu 'm biodh Didònaich fliuch. "Bidh an Dònach a réir na h-Aoine."

Bha na seann daoine a' gabhail beachd sònraichte air gach atharrachadh a dheanadh a' ghaoth, agus feumaidh neach sam bith a ghabhas beachd air, aideachadh gu bheil gach atharrachadh a thig air a' ghaoith na chomharradh anabarrach math air atharrachadh na sìde. Ma théid a' ghaoth tuaitheal, 's e sin, an aghaidh na greine, faodaidh gach neach a bhìth cinnteach gu'm bi an t-sìde gu h-olc, gus an tìll i air a h-ais a dh' iomsuidh na h-àird o 'n d' fhalbh. Faodaidh latha no dha de dheadh shìde tighinn eadhon an déigh do 'n ghaoith car ceart a chur dhith, ach cha tig sìde chunnabhallach gus an tìll a' ghaoth do 'n taobh o 'n d' thàinig i.

Ma bhios a' ghaoth a' sìor atharrachadh, tha e na fhìor droch coltas air an t-sìde. An uair a bhiodh a' ghaoth ag atharrachadh mar so theireadh iad o shean, "Tha 'ghaoth ag iarraidh nam port."

Ma bhios an t-sìde cho ciùin 's nach urrainnear a dheanamh a mach cò an taobh o 'm bheil a' ghaoth, faodar a bhith cinnteach gur ann o 'n deas a shéideas i, "An uair a bhios a' ghaoth air chall, iarr o 'n deas i." Tha 'n comharradh so a cheart cho cinnteach ris na comharraidhean eile a dh' ainmich mi mu 'n ghaoith. An uair a tha ' ghaoth mar so a' grad thuiteam, agus an sin a' séideadh o 'n deas, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig an t-uisge mòr.

An uair a tha 'n t-uisge mòr ann cha bhi dùil ri turadh gus an séid a' ghaoth o 'n iar. Mar a tha am facal ag radh—

"Olc air mhath le fear ga h-iarraidh,
Thig i an iar an deigh an uisge."

Ach mur téid a' ghaoth thun an tuath faodar a bhith cinnteach gu'n till i air a h-ais gu deas mur bi frasan leatha—

"Gaoth an iar gun fhrois,
Bidh i 'triall gu deas."

Ged is ann o 'n deas is mò a thig de 'n uisge, is ann o 'n àird an iar a dh' éireas na neòil a chomhdaicheas na speuran Is ann mar so a tha 'chùis anns gach àite a tha dlùth air a chuan an iar. Mar a tha am facal ag ràdh, "Is i an àird an iar a shalaicheas gach àird."

B'ann o 'n iar a dh' èirich an neul beag mu leud na boise a chòmhdaich na speuran ann an ùine ghoirid an uair a bha Eliah am Fàidh ag ùrnuigh air mullach Chàrmeil.

An uair a bhiodh ceò is uisge mìn ann, no ceò trom gun a' bheag a dh' uisge, bhiodh na seann daoine cinnteach nach glanadh an ceò 's an uisge mìn air falbh ach le gaoith a' tuath, no le uisge mòr. Theireadh iad, "Gaoth a' tuath a sgaoileas ceò," agus,

'Cha téid bàs pathaidh air ceò an t-seann t-soluis." Aon uair 's gu 'm bristeadh air a' ghealaich theirteadh, an seann solus rithe, gu h-àraidh an uair a bhristeadh air a' cheathramh mu dheireadh dhi.

An uair a bhios an t-sìde bristeach agus a thionndaidheas a' ghaoth ris an tuath, tha e gu tric a' tachairt gu bheil a' cheud da latha dhi gle gharbh, ach mar is trice bidh an treas latha dhi ciùin gu leòr. Ann an cuid de na h-Eileanan an Iar their iad, "Air an treas là bristidh a' ghaoth a' tuath a cridhe." Chuala mi na briathran a leanas gu math tric—

"A' cheud làtha de 'n ghaoith a' deas,
An treas làtha de 'n ghaoith a' tuath,
An dara làtha de 'n ghaoith an iar,
'S a' ghaoth an ear gach àl 's gach uair."

A réir mar a thuig mi na briathran so, bhiodh a' cheud latha de 'n ghaoith a' deas, an treas latha de 'n ghaoith a' tuath, agus an dara latha de 'n ghaoith an iar, ciùin gu leòr air son seòlaidh agus iasgaich; ach bhiodh a' ghaoth an ear an còmhnuidh cho ciùin 's gu faodadh daoine bàtaichean oibreachadh. Tha e ainmig, ma tha e idir, a' tachairt, gu bheil gaoth àrd, no stoirm a' tighinn o 'n àird an ear. Tha e anabarrach comharraichte gur ann ris an àird an ear a tha aghaidh nan taighean aig a' chuid a 's mò de shluagh 'nan Eileanan an Iar. Is ann o 'n iar 's o 'n iar-dheas is trice a thig na stoirmeanan, agus o 'n a tha 'ghaoth an ear an còmhnuidh ni 's ciùine na gaoth sam bith eile, ged a tha i gle fhuar, is ann ris an ear is freagarraiche aghaidh nan taighean a bhith.

"Feasgar dearg is maduinn ghòrm coltas na deagh shìde." Mar an ceudna, bha, agus tha e 'na fhìor dhroch coltas air an t-sìde a' mhaduinn a bhi sgàireach, dearg.

An uair a bhios an iarmailt làn a dh' fhir-chlis, 's iad a cur nam both dhiu gu làidir, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig gaoth is uisge gu leòr an ùine ghoirid. Ach ma bhios na fir-chlis gu h-iosal anns an àird a' tuath, is comharradh air an t-sneachda e.

Mar a dh' aithnichear air na neòil gu bheil an t-uisge dlùth air laimh, aithnichear mar an ceudna air na neòil an uair a bhios an sneachda gu tighinn—

"Bonn gòrm agus barr lachdunn,
Pairt de choltas an t-sneachda."

An uair a tha sneachda mòr gu tighinn is e clachan mìne meallain a thig an toiseach. 'Nan déigh thig na pleòiteagan agus an

cathadh. Agus mar is trice is i chlach mhìn mheallain a thig mu dheireadh. So mar a theireadh na seann daoine—

"Tòiseach is deireadh na sìne
Clachan mìne meallain."

Tha e furasda gu leòr neòil an uisge aithneachadh, gu h-araidh na neòil ris an canar an "runnach." Theirear an "runnach" ris na neòil so a chionn gu bheil iad breac mar a tha da thaobh an éisg ris an canar an "runnach." Ge b' e uair a chithear na neòil so faodar a bhith cinnteach nach bi an t-uisge fada gu'n tighinn.

An uair a chithear buaile mhòr mu'n ghrein no mu'n ghealaich, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu bheil uisge agus gaoth dlùth air laimh.

An uair a chithear na beanntan ni 's dlùithe air laimh na tha iad, is comharradh e gu bheil an t-uisge dlùth air laimh.

Aithnichidh na daoine a tha fuireach air taobh an iar an Eilean Fhada air fuaim a' chladaich ma bhios a' ghaoth gu séideadh o 'n ear.

Aithnichidh na h-iasgairean agus na seòladairean air gluasad nan tonn gu 'm bi an stoirm faisge orra.

Tha na h-eòin 'nam màirnealaichean anabarrach math. Aig iomadh àm thig na faoileagan agus na sgàireagan nam ficheadan o na cladaichean a dh' ionnsuidh nan achaidhean, agus o 'n a ghabh na seann daoine beachd gu'n tigeadh uisge trom no sneachda mòr mu 'n àm anns am faiceadh iad na faoileagan air feadh nan raointean, thuirt iad—

"Faoileagan manadh an t sneachda,
Sgàireagan manadh an uisge."

Ge b' e uair a chithear ealta de na bigeanan-baintighearna (the mountain linnets) a' ceileireadh gu binn air cliathaich taighe, no air craoibh, no air gàradh, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig sìde glé fhuair no cadhon sneachda, gun dàil.

Ma chithear breac-an-t-sìl a' tighinn dlùth do na dorsan a sgrobadh far am bi na cearcan a' faotainn am bidh, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig laithean a dh' fhìor dhroch shìde.

Bha daoine 'gabhail beachd air gu robh an dreadhain-donn glé dhéidheil air a bhith 'dol a steach do na tuill an uair a bhiodh an t-uisge dlùth air laimh, agus bha iad a' creidsinn gu'm b' ann a chionn gu robh an t-uisge gu sileadh a bha e dol 's na tuill. Aig an àm cha robh fhios aca, a réir choltais, gur ann air na cuileagan a tha 'n dreadhain-donn a' tighinn beò. Is e eun is lugha agus is

meata 'th' anns an dùthaich againn; ach cha 'n 'eil eun eile anns an ealtuinn air son an d' rinneadh a leithid a dh' ullachadh ann an riaghladh an Fhreasdail 's a rinneadh air son an dreadhain-duinn. An uair a bhios an t-uisge dlùth air laimh theid a' chuid a 's mò de na cuileagan a steach do na tuill, agus fo na clachan anns na gàraidhean, agus so an t-àm anns an fhuasa do 'n dreadhain-donn a shàth de 'n bhiadh a 's fhearr leis fhaotainn. Beagan mu 'n sìl an t-uisge cha 'n fhaicear cuileag a' gluasad ach na meanbh-chuileagan a bhios a' damnsadh anns an fhasgadh gus an cuir an t-uisge mòr nan tàmh iad. Gun teagamh sam bith faodar a ràdh gu bheil an t-uisge gu sileadh an ùine ghoirid ma chithear an dreadhain-donn a' dol gu math tric do na tuill.

Ma bhios na coilich a' gairm an àm dhaibh a bhith 'gabhail nan thànah is comharradh e gu 'm bi 'n t-uisge ann mu 'n tig a' mhaduinn. Ma ghairmeas iad an uair a tha 'n t-uisge ann is comharradh e nach bi an turadh fada gun tighinn.

Direach mar a dh' eireas a' ghlaine-shìde mu 'n téid an t-uisge as, mar sin teannaidh na h-uiseagan ri gairm mu 'n téid an t-uisge as.

Bha, agus tha muinntir a' creidsinn gu bheil an t-sìde ann an tomhas mòr air a riaghladh leis a' ghealaich. Theireadh iad gu 'n atharraicheadh an t-sìde an uair a thigeadh an solus ùr, no an uair a bhiodh an ceathramh slan, no an uair a bhiodh a' ghealach na h-àirde, no an uair a bhristeadh air a' cheathramh mu dheireadh. Bha iad a' toirt fa near gu robh an t-sìde ag atharrachadh gu math tric aig an àm anns an robh 'ghealach ag atharrachadh, agus o 'n a bha iad cinnteach gu leòr gu robh lionadh agus tràdhadh na fairge ann an tomhas mòr fo riaghladh na gealaich, bha iad an dùil gu robh an t-sìde mar sin mar an ceudna. Tha ionadh neach a dh' ionnsuidh an latha 'n diugh nach toir fa near gu faod nithean tachairt aig an aon àm gun cho-cheangal sam bith a bhith eatorra. Bidh so mar a thogras e, bheir sinn fa near na beachdan a bh' aig na seann daoine. Bha iad a' creidsinn mar an ceudna gu robh an solus a thigeadh a steach air Disathuirne ri bhith anabarrach fiadhaich. "Solus na Sathurna, gabhaidh e 'n cuthach seachd uairean." Ann an Leodhas theireadh iad, "Solus carraich 's bean 'ga inniseadh, gabhaidh e 'n cuthach tri uairean."

Theireadh iad o shean, agus chuala mi am bliadhna thein e, gu sìl an t-uisge mar is trice air tòiseach an lionaidh. "Sìlidh e air a lionadh."

Nach 'eil an t-àm again sgur de 'n obair so? Tha eagal orm gu fàs sibh cho sgìth ag eisdeachd ris an t-seann seanachus so, 's a

dh' fhàs an gobha de 'mhàthair an uair a thiodhlaic e seachd uairean i. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh—

"Ge math an ceòl feadaireachd
Fòghnaidh beagan dheth."

Buaidh is piseach leis a' Chomunn, an là a chì 's nach fhaic.

10th DECEMBER, 1890

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, Mr Hugh Fraser, Armadale Cottage, Greig Street, and Mr John Mackenzie, Eskdale Cottage, Greig Street, were elected members of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read the first part of Mr Angus Beaton, C.E., Essay on the *Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800.*

17th DECEMBER, 1890.

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, Mr George Buchan Shirres, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was elected a member of the Society. The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh on *The Camerons of Letterfinlay, styled Macmartins.* Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND SEPTS—No. IV.

THE CAMERONS OF LETTERFINLAY, STYLED "MACMARTIN."

While many histories and memoirs of the Camerons of Lochiel have been written, little or no attention has been given to the Macmartins of Letterfinlay, although nearly every account makes them out as original heads of the clan. It would be out of place, even if possible, to detail with accuracy the early history of Lochaber or of its inhabitants, and its owners, native and imported, During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the family of Macdonald, which particularly favoured Mackintosh and Maclean, predominated, and no rights or titles existing are known, except those flowing from them. The charter of 1337 to Mackintosh is unhappily mislaid, and no other of the fourteenth century, to a vassal in Lochaber, unless to Maclean, is known to exist. Those who have undertaken to write about the Camerons are at one as to there being four races, which ultimately fell under the leader-

ship of Lochiel, as Captain of the Clan Cameron, viz.—(1) Macgillonies, (2) Lochiel, (3) Clan Soirle, (4) Macmartins. The title of captain indicates that the clan was not homogeneous, and that it ultimately became hereditary, with the title of chief, is highly creditable to the tenacity and ability of the successive heads of Lochiel.

It may be well to examine the position of those families in the latter half of the fifteenth century :—(1). The Macgillonies, once important, are conjectured to have been originally Macphees, but, having no charter history, it is beyond the scope of this and similar papers, to do more than mention the name.

(2). The Lochiel chroniclers declare themselves unable to point to any Lochaber charter earlier than 1492, when Alexander of the Isles and of Lochalsh, who had in 1472 given Ewen, Allan's son, some lands in Lochalsh, grants him lands in Lochiel, by charter dated 12th July, 1492, confirmed in 1495. That there were no older charters, which might have been burnt in 1746, may be inferred from the receipt granted on 13th May, 1724, by Lochiel to Grant for his titles, which had been placed for safe custody, wherein the earliest is a charter of 1534. Thus, before July, 1492, there is nothing documentarily authentic establishing the Camerons of Lochiel as Lochaber land owners ; and the famous Donald Dubh must have had an antipathy to charters, burning those of Maclean when he got the chance. Here it may be as well, as illustrating Lochiel's position at the time, to give a copy of his bond of man-rent to young Mackintosh. It has been stated in alleviation that this was a mere act of friendship, in consequence of Ewen, Allan's son, having married Marjory, Mackintosh's daughter ; whereas the lady he did marry (and in regard to whom there have been put forth shameful stories of unnatural conduct to her children, and ridiculous fables of what occurred when occasionally compelled to speak to the "Black Tailor"), was Marjory, second daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh of Gallovie, commonly called Lachlan Badenoch, by his second wife, Catherine Grant, daughter of Sir Duncan Grant of Grant. Mr Mackenzie, in his history of the clan, does not fall into Balhaldie's error on this point :—

"Be it kenned to all men by these presents,—Me, Ewen Vic Allan, to be bound and obliged, and by these my present letters and the faith in my body to be leally and truly, binds and obliges me to a right honourable man, and my true friend and master, Ferquhard Mackintosh, son and apparent heir to Duncan Mackintosh, Captain of the Clan Chattan, to be a leal, true, and faithful

man and servant to the said Ferguhard, and that I shall never hear or see his skaith, but that I shall warn him, and that with all my men, familiars, party, and purchase, and all others holding or dependent upon me, shall take their plain part, and supply, maintain, and defend the said Ferquhard Mackintosh in all actions, causes, and quarrels that he has, or shall have ado for ever, with all my goodly power, in contrary of all that live and is, or may die (except my service owed to my lord and master, Alexander of the Isles). And if it shall happen as (God forbid) any freak of distance to be betwixt the said Alexander and Ferquhard, that the foresaid Ewen shall take part with the said Ferquhard, and shall cause by all my goodly power the foresaid Alexander of the Isles, and Ferquhard Mackintosh, to appoint, agree, and accord; and if it shall happen the said Alexander will not appoint, agree, or accord with the said Ferquhard, I, the said Ewen Vic Allan, binds and obliges me, my men, familiars, party, purchase, assistance, and holding, and all others dependent upon me, to raise and be upright, and to take plain part with all our power, supply, and keep with the said Farquhar Mackintosh, in contrar and against the said Alexander of the Isles, unto the time that they be both fully agreed and accorded. Attour the said Alexander of the Isles is bound and obliged that the said Ewen Vic Allan shall complete and fulfil all the sundrie points and articles that is here witnessed. In the witness of the whelk tyeing (thing?) because I, the said Ewen, has no seal proper present of my own, with instance, I have procured the seal of my foresaid lord and master, Alexander of the Isles, to this my letter of man-rent, to be appended, at Inverness, the 19th day of the month of February, in the year of God, 1492."

It will be thus seen that the Lochiels owed all their estate to Alexander of Lochalsh, and he it was who brought about this reconcilation with Mackintosh, in the handsome manner above shewn, and followed it up by the charter in the month of July. The Lochiels and Mackintoshes had been crossing swords for many a year prior to 1492, but this document is the first meeting on parchment.

(3). Let us now turn to the other branch of the Camerons, viz., Glenevis, at this period. Mr Mackenzie, in his "History of the Camerons," rather gingerly hints as to their origin in these words:—"Indeed, it has been maintained that the Glenevis family were originally not Camerons at all, but Macdonalds, who settled there, under the Macdonalds of the Isles, before the Camerons had any hold in the district." There are pregnant

sentences in Glenevis's letter of the 9th September, 1785, quoted by Mr Mackenzie. I give two or three in illustration of my present narrative :—"I proceed now to inform you the family of Gordon claimed the property of the lands of Mamore, which, finding they could not peaceably keep—possession being disputed by a powerful family in this country ; this and other causes induced them to give a charter of the said lands of Mamore to my predecessor, which consequently entailed upon him the enmity of that powerful family, and nearly lost him his paternal inheritance of Glenevis. In this quarrel my predecessor and yours frequently bled, and at last were extirpated, all but one child, a son of Glenevis, with whom his then nearest of kin—your predecessor—fled to Gordon Castle, and put himself under the protection of his superior, where he remained to the age of manhood, when he was, by a fortunate change of times and circumstances, enabled to resume the property of Glenevis (which was also seized upon), and, by relinquishing his grant of Mamore, to establish peace between said family and Huntly. The lands given up, though at a later period, were divided equally between them, as they continue to be at this day."

Sixteen years before Lochiel had a charter to any lands, and thirty-six years before his first charter to lands in Lochaber, the predecessor of Glenevis received a charter from John of Yla, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, dated at Dingwall, 20th April, 1463. The translation has been done with the utmost care, not only as befitting so old a document, but as containing the gift of an office which has puzzled antiquarians :—

"Be it known to all by these presents that we John of Yla, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, have given and granted, like as by these presents we do give and grant to our beloved Esquire, Somerled (son?) of John (son?) of Somerled, keeper of these presents, a davoch of our lands of Glenmyves, with the pertinents, together with the office which is commonly called Tocheachdeora of all our lands of Lochabir whatsover, excepting the lands pertaining to our foster child Lachlan Makgilleon of Doward, in Lochabir, to be holden and to be had the aforesaid lands and office to the aforesaid Somerled, with all the pertinents and fruits whatsoever, and by all their right measures and ancient bounds during all the lifetime of the said Somerled, and after his decease, we by these presents have granted the said davoch of Glenmyves and office with pertinents to the eldest son of the said Somerled who for the time may be, for five years immediately thereafter following, in the same manner, form, and effect as above, for their

homages and faithful services, to be well and faithfully rendered to us and our heirs against mortals whomsoever during the time before noted, In witness of the which thing we have caused our seal to be affixed to these presents at Dingwall the twentieth day of the month of April in the year of the Lord one thousand four hundred and fifty six." (Seal in good preservation).

The word "Tocheachdeora," so written by the Latin scribe, has, I have said, puzzled the learned, being rendered "depute to the mair of fee," "Coroner," "Sergeant," "Officer," "equivalent to Bailie," and some sapient antiquaries consulted as to this deed, made it "Governor, or High Sheriff." None of the definitions seem accurate, and I invite the views of the Society, merely indicating that in my view it is a compound word, and may be synonimous with the "Ostiarius" at the Royal Court, or "he who was to stand in front of the door of Macdonald when in Lochaber, as guardian."

The charter describes Somerled as "Somerled John Somerled," but I take this to mean Somerled son of John who was son of Somerled, and these names can point to no other source than that of Macdonald, and this Somerled, known by tradition as "Soirle Ruagh," has left his mark in the Glen by such names as Somerled's Cave, Somerled's Stone, Somerled's Burial-place.

It has been stated, and with truth, that Glenevis was generally opposed to Lochiel, as they had every cause to be (being on one occasion cut off to one child), and in support of this view, I give the following remarkable document, entitled "Assurance be M'Conil duy to Makintoishie, 1577," the spelling being modernised:—

"Be it kenned to all men by these presents,—Me, Allane Cameron, chief and captain of Clan Cameron, bearing the burden of my kin of Clan Cameron, that depends on me, or takes my part, to have assured, and by these presents assures, Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, his kin, friends, servants, roumes, steadings, and possessions, their bodies, goods, and gear, moveable and immoveable. Further, and by these presents, assures Clan Allane Vic Ayne, Clan Aonas Vic Ayne, Vic Ayne, Vic M'Cyne, Donald Dhu M'Donill Vic Ayne, Vic M'Cyne, and Johanne Vic Ayne, Vic Ewen Roy, with the rest of Sioldonquhy-Vic-Soirle, their bodies, goods, and gear, friends and tenants, tenants and sub-tenants, rooms, steadings, and possessions, corns, and with all the lands that they possessed and manured last within the bounds of Mamore and Lochaber, to be unhurt, unharmed, or molested in any way by me, my kin or friends foresaids, with all others that I may stop

or let from the day and date hereof till Whitsunday next, and immediately following the date hereof, and that they shall win their goods and gear, with their servants and tenants, upon their own towns, and manure the same as peaceably, without impediment made to them by me or any that I may stop, during the survivance of the said assurance; provided that I or none in my name require meat, drink, nor service of them during the time of the assurance as said is, except M'Ayne Vic Ewin Roy, guid talik man (?). I, the forenamed Allane, binds and obliges me that I shall hold Johanne Dhu Vic Ewen's sons in their own towns until Whitsunday, so that they give me meat and drink reasonably (?) as others in the country, and that I shall have the service of their tenants who dwells upon the ground. The same assurance to stand firm and stable upon fifteen days' premonition, to be made at Innerloquhy, gif it be the Erle of Huntlie's pleasure. Be this my assurance given, written, and subscribed by me, at Lochele, the penult of Januar, 1577, before these witnesses—Johanne Vic Allister Duff, the sons of Ewen Vic Ayne, Charles Vic William, with others diverse.

(Signed) "ALLANE CAMRONE, Lard off Lochzill.

"And I, Johanne Macphail, Not., has written and subscribed this with my hand, in sign and token of the veritie, *teste manu mea*, as witness. (Initialed) "J. M'P."

The spelling of names is the most correct that can be made of Sir John Macphail's rather poor caligraphy. The word "M'Cyne," which occurs twice, is either intended for "Ayne" or John, or would indicate some connection with Sweyn or Macqueen. The document speaks for itself, and shews that Glenevis and other dwellers in Mamore, were obliged to ask Mackintosh's protection. Glenevis had been possessed, under the charter of 1456, by Somerled, his son John (styled "Dileas"), and his grandson, Donald Vic Allister Vic Soirle for about a century, until Donald, much pressed by Lochiel, who had contrived ultroneously to obtain charters to Glenevis and other lands, considered it prudent to hold his lands of the Earl of Huntly, who had meantime obtained a Crown grant of the greater part of Lochaber. Accordingly, at Elgin, on 15th September, 1552, a minute of agreement was passed between George, Earl of Huntly, and Donald, whereby the latter agreed to resign Glenevis into the Queen's hands, as superior, to be afterwards held of the Earl, and the Earl bound himself to grant a feu charter, with a feu of ten merks Scots. The necessary deeds were prepared, and charter and infeftment followed, in 1553. No further title was made up afterwards until 1712, when Allan

Cameron is entered by the superior, as great-great-great-grandson of Donald, who is styled in the charter, "Attavus" of Allan. It is thus seen that Glenevis was held since 1456, yet the astonishing statement is made by Drummond of Balhaldie in the first instance, and slavishly followed, that it was not until about 1618 Glenevis and others got charters from Huntly, and for lands formerly possessed by them as tenants and vassels of their chief, Lochiel.

Having cleared up the position of the various Cameron families, except one, which was necessary for the sake of elucidation, I now deal with the Macmartins, the principal object of this paper :—

(4). The name of Letterfinlay, inseparably connected with the Macmartins, first occurs in the year 1466, when it, with Macomer and Stronaba, is found included with other lands in a charter by John of Yla to Mackintosh, dated at Inverness, 14th of November, of that year. One of the witnesses is the well-known Donald Balloch ; and this is the only occasion I have observed him named in a Lochaber writ. This charter was confirmed in 1494. At this period the extent of the Mackintosh possessions in Lochaber was immense, all secured by charters, viz.:—Glenluie and Loch Arkaig, in 1337 ; Brae-Lochaber, in 1443 , the hereditary bailiary and stewardship of Lochaber, 1447 ; Glengarry, Auchindrome, Letterfinlay, Stronaba, and the two Leanachans, in 1466. For a long time prior to this period it may be assumed that the Macmartins had been in actual possession of Letterfinlay, and it may be also assumed that a Lochiel married Macmartin's daughter and heiress. Yet, although no charter appears to have been granted by the Macdonalds or subsequent superiors in the fifteenth century, we find the Macmartins assuming a distinct importance and footing in writs of the period, *commencing* early in the sixteenth century. The titles referred to at the sale in 1851, do not go further back than 1763, but there were valuable papers in existence early in this century. Mr Jas. Fraser of Gortuleg had been previously very desirous to get the papers, and on 7th January, 1803, he writes :—"The young Parson of Kirkhill, having left this some days bygone, with his spouse, would have to hire a chaise from Perth, in return of which the Letterfinlay white iron box may be sent to me." By a subsequent letter he had received the box.

In 1513, and again in 1533—(1) Duncan Macmartin, closely allied with Keppoch, is found ; in 1548, Soirle Macmartin, and by 1549 the line becomes unbroken. (2) In that year Martin Vic Conchie of Letterfinlay appears, and is foster-father to Ewen of Lochiel. There is also found, in 1570, Martin Vic Conchie Mac-

Martin; and by 1584 the ultroneous claims of Lochiel to the lands, which ran on from 1534 to 1580, appear to have dropped. In 1561 one Duncan Vic Ronald intents process in the Sheriff Court of Inverness, against Gille Martin Vic Conchie, in Letterfinlay. (3) Martin was succeeded by Duncan, who is found as early as 1598, and had a brother named Donald. In 1600 Duncan of Letterfinlay is styled Vic Conchie. The Macmartins are found after this period in close alliance with Lochiel, and in 1617 they were Lochiel's chief supporters in obstructing Mackintosh's holding Steward Courts or crossing the Lochy. The principal people summoned by Mackintosh to Edinburgh, to answer for their conduct in that year, were Allan Cameron of Lochiel; Duncan Cameron, alias Macmartin; Dougal Cameron; Dougal Cameron, alias Macmartin Vic Allister; Donald Cameron, alias Macmartin; and Ewen Cameron alias Macmartin Vic Conchie Vic Ewen. In June, 1629, there is found in the records, Duncan of Letterfinlay, who fostered Sir Ewen Cameron, and his son, Duncan Oig Cameron, alias Macmartin.

At this point it may be well to give a description of the lands of Letterfinay, Maconner, and Stronaba, as these were ultimately possessed and owned by the Macmartins. They were in extent nine merks of land, part of the forty merkland of Davochmessie, and were described thus—"All and whole, the town and lands of Letterfinlay, the town and lands of Invergluif or Invergloy, the town and lands of Fortness or Forness, the lands of Stronaba, the lands of Bolnach, the town and lands of Mucconar or Macconar, the lands of Strongluy, with the shealing of Achavorie, extending to nine merks lands, with all and singular, houses, biggings, yards, mosses, muirs, toits, crots, parts, pendicles, outsetts, insetts, woods, fishings, properties, commonties, and commodities, belonging thereto, used and wont, lying within the lordship of Lochaber and Sheriffdom of Inverness." There were shealings higher up the the glen of the Gloy, called Luibindhu, Luibvraid, and Luiack. The feu duty was stipulated at fifty-six merks three shillings and fourpence Scots, two wedders, and a quarter of a wedder, two lambs, and a quarter of a lamb, one stone butter, and a dozen poultry, with four long carriages, not exceeding forty miles; also, that no sale should take place without a first offer to the superior, under an unlaw of one hundred merks.

In the old charters there were ridiculous penalties as to the killing of deer or roe, or cutting the Gordon woods in Lochaber, and the following is a curiosity:—"And further, it shall not be leisome to the said George Macmartin, otherwise Cameron, and his

foresaids, to move or alter the seats of their shealings furth of the place where they were the time the said lands were first acquired in feu, except they put them further back from the forest, but that they continue in all time coming where they first were."

In old times the two Ratullichs were always let to Letterfinlay's people, so that the family and its branches were long a power in Lochaber, possessing that fine block of land fronting the loch and the river of Lochy, extending from the barony of Abertarff at the north-east, to the river of Spean at the south-west, and backwards to Brae Roy, Glen Roy, and Blarour. The divergence of the river Lochy, caused by the construction of the Caledonian Canal, has in effect destroyed the famous Dell of Macomer, on which Highland hosts had so often mustered, and I refer specially to the "Grameid," where, in language nervous and vivid, the place and the assembled warriors are depicted in the time of Dundee.

Duncan of Letterfinlay, as I have said, is found in close connection with Lochiel, and as he first had to stand the brunt of crossing Mackintosh's expeditions, and obstructing him at the ford of Lochy, Lochiel sublet to him the lands of Kylinross, which, though west of the river, lay convenient to Maconer, and the Letterfinlay family for about a century, appear as occupants of that place, except the short interval to be noted. The occupants of Kylinross in 1663 were Martin Cameron of Letterfinlay, John Vic Ian Vic Conhie Vic Ian, and Gilliephatrick Vic Ian Kyndnish. This Duncan was succeeded by his eldest son (4) Duncan Oig, who did not relish the position of buffer betwixt Mackintosh and Lochiel, and in his father's lifetime fell out with Sir Ewen Cameron, and was dispossessed of Kylinross, which had been assigned him by his father Duncan. Matters, however, were made up, for the Macmartins were worth conciliating. Duncan Oig is found in 1642 and 1645, and was succeeded by his son (5) Martin, who is found as owner prior to 1663. He, in turn, was succeeded by his son, named (6) Duncan, who appears to have been put in possession before his father's death. I purpose dealing with them under one head. In 1667 Lord Macdonell, as appears by the Book of the Grants, interceded with Grant on behalf of Donald Vic Ewen Macmartin of Rattulichbeg, and Angus Vic Ian Roy Vic Coil Macmartin, apparent of Rattulichmore, who had been imprisoned as marauders in Strathspey. The name of the Lochaber men as "lifters" was well known in Moray, and there is a curious reference by Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, in a letter to the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, dated Elgin, 25th September,

1682, where the Earl, having been asked to see as to "disaffected" ministers taking shelter in Ross, says little about them, being full of his own special grievance :—

"My Lord,—Ever since my north-coming, I have made it my business to enquire if any of those disaffected ministers you spoke of to me at Edinburgh did resort to the shire I am concerned in, but found no such disorderly people in it; although we suffer so much by the Lochaber men, that if the King and Council take not an effectual course presently, many of us in that place will not have so much of our own as will pay the public dues." Unless the Earl exaggerated, it is clear the Lochaber men, when they entered Ross, performed the business which brought them, in a thorough manner. In 1685 the name of Neil, son of Letterfinlay, is found. In 1683 the Marquis of Huntly takes proceedings against Duncan Macmartin of Letterfinlay.

In the month of September, 1663, occurred the murder (still counted as the most deplorable event in the annals of Lochaber) of the youths, Alexander and Ronald Macdonell of Keppoch. Those accused of the murder were Archibald Macdonell in Keppoch, either cousin or uncle of the boys; Donald Gorme in Inveroymore; Alexander Macdonald in Tulloch; Angus Macdonald in Murligan; Allister Macdonald in Bohuntin; Allister Macdonald in Crenachan; Donald Macdonald in Blairnahinven; and Angus Macdonald in Achluachrach, all in the Brae of Lochaber; and it would appear that it was not until 1671 the murderers were prosecuted. In that year, at the instance of Mackintosh, as Steward of Lochaber, and of His Majesty's Advocate, they were summoned to appear before the Lords of His Majesty's Justiciarie, in a Justice Court, to be held by them within the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, upon the 24th day of July. Of course they did not appear, and were fugitated. By some means Archibald, the leader, was left in possession, and having married Mary Cameron, Letterfinlay's daughter, became father of the renowned Coll Macdonell of Keppoch. A sister of Mary's was married, as his second wife, to John Mor Vic Allister Vic Allan of Glenevis.

It would be well to have the exact truths of this deplorable business brought out; and my disappointment may be conceived, when, looking over papers at one time in the possession of Alexander Mackintosh of Connage, one of the Sheriffs of Inverness, and seeing one with this backing, "Lord Macdonald's letters to Connage, concerning Allister M'Ranald, 1663," to find, when opened, there was nothing within, the inside page having been used at a later date, for another purpose. I have mentioned about the

Keppoch murder chiefly because the criminal process alluded to also contains a separate charge. Martin of Letterfinlay had been busy on his own account, though the crime was not so aggravated. Upon the 18th July, 1671, he and his brother, John Roy Cameron, were summoned to appear before Mackintosh's Steward Court for the murder and slaughter of Donald Roy Vic Ian Vic Inteire (the wright), and for the mutilation and wounding of Angus Macdonald in Shian, sometime in course of the month of June preceding. Angus compeared as a complainer for his interest, but neither of the defendants. The proceedings, which lasted for years, were conducted with pertinacity, one of the papers being, "Procedure at a Court held at Leckroy, on 24th February, 1677, by Murdo Macpherson of Clune, as Steward Depute," showing that Letterfinlay's effects, which had been escheated, consisted of 5 score great cows, worth 2000 merks; 40 young cows, 400 merks; 4 score bolls victual, 480 merks; 25 piece of horses and mares, 720 merks; young horses and mares, 200 merds; 6 score sheep, 270 merks; in all, 4070 merks. John Roy Cameron's stock ran to 3 score great cows and 30 young cows, 1500 merks; 20 piece of horses and mares, 600 merks; 5 score head of sheep, 225 merks; 5 young horses and mares, 105 merks; 50 bolls of victual, 300 merks; in all, 2730 merks. These were very substantial properties. The records of Privy Council from 1683 to 1685 contain numerous charges and counter-charges, Mackintosh against Letterfinlay and Keppoch—these last having, for the moment, a full revenge on the day of Mulroy.

I now turn to a more agreeable picture, the mustering of the clans at Dalmaconner, early in 1689, under Dundee; and here is a translation of the description of young Letterfinlay in the Grameid:—

"Here too is Macmartin the younger, rising high above his whole line. His dark locks hang around his face and cover his cheeks, and his eyes shine like the stars, while his neck rivals the white flowers. His father and a great force of dependants accompany him, and an illustrious company of his brethren in their ranks surround him on every side. He himself, in variegated array, advances with lofty mein. The garter ribbons hanging at his leg were dyed with Corycian saffron, and with the tint of the Syrian shell, as was his plaid. The crest of his helmet glows with floating plumes, and the trappings of his mounted powder horn gleam in shining brass. His sister had embroidered his tunic with the red gold, and a double line of purple went round his terrible shoulders. Mighty of limb, mighty in strength,

he could uproot the old ash tree, or with his teeth alone tear away the hard iron. Whenever he turns his head and neck, his arms rattle, and the hollow rocks seem to moan, and as he treads the plain the earth groans under his weight."

This powerful depiction may be contrasted with Allan Dall, in his "Inverlochy Gathering" :—

"'S ann d' ar coimhearsnaich àraid,
Mac-'ic-Mhartuinn na Leitrach,
Aig am biodh na fir àluinn,
A dheanamh làrach a sheasamh;
A ghleidheadh onoir nan Gaidheal
'S a reachadh dàna na'n leithsgeul,
Ri linn cruadail a's gàbhaidh,
Gum bu laidir an treis iad."

7. George Mac Martin was the next possessor, son of Martin the younger, and was twice married. He had several children by his first wife, from a reference in the contract of marriage with his second wife, Mary, eldest daughter of Angus Mackintosh, senior, merchant in Inverness, and of Culchlachie. This contract is dated at Inverness, 14th December, 1732. The lady's tocher was 6000 merks, and she got a jointure of 300 merks secured over Dellmaconner and Strongluy. One of the witnesses, and Letterfinlay's groomsman, was Allan Cameron, younger of Lindally, and he himself signs "George Mc Martine." Letterfinlay was dead prior to 29th December, 1737, as on that day he is referred to in a deed as deceased. George was succeeded by his eldest son (8), Captain Cosmo Gordon Cameron, who died young without issue. Cosmo was captain in the Highland regiment commanded by Colonel Archibald Montgomery, and was succeeded by (9) George MacMartin Cameron, who, upon 4th August, 1763, had himself served heir to his Grand-uncle, Martin Cameron of Letterfinlay. In the service, George styles himself as son of the late Evan MacMartin, otherwise Cameron, sometime of Barlowbeg (Ratlichbeg?), thereafter in Dellifour of Badenoch, and through the failure of heirs male, descended of umquhile Martin MacMartin, otherwise Cameron, of Letterfinlay, commonly called Martin Mor MacMartin, he, George, was nearest heir male of Martin Mor, his Grand-uncle. There is a tradition that George was not the lawful heir, the alleged propinquity being falsely sworn to by one named "Ian-Mor-na-Cath-ruagh." George is stated to have been a herd lad, and, after his service as heir, was taken from the kitchen to the dining-room, and educated. John

Cameron in Glenroy, whose descendants are still living in Brae Lochaber, was said to be son of the true heir, and it was common report that the successful claimant's family would never prosper. Certain it is that George was in difficulties for the last fifty years of his life, being under trust for forty-six years, and the trust ran on till 1840, a period of fifty-seven years. George married, on 28th February, 1767, Isobel Fraser, sister of Simon Fraser, last Laird of Foyers, of the race of "Huistean Frangach," by whom he had a numerous family, some living to very great age. He was of careless disposition, not unmingled with obstinacy, which involved his estate. Gortuleg, in one of his letters, calls him "poor thoughtless man." He executed a trust in 1783; a bond of interdiction in 1798; a deed of entail in 1807, which was held null; and a further deed of trust in 1817. The family originally had their residence at Letterfinlay, but had removed to Mucomer by 1770. In 1788-1790 George writes from "Claiggin, by the Nevis," as his abode. The house of Letterfinlay was converted into an inn. Lord Cockburn speaks of it in 1819 as comfortable, but, in 1841, as a poor place. That portion of land called Davochnessie was formerly occupied by a race of Camerons renowned above all others for strength, activity, and daring. So late as 1780 a body of Macmartin men, to the number of forty or fifty, as noted in the "Book of Grant," attacked the lands of Glenmoriston, and well-nigh took the life of the well-known Alpin Grant, the laird's brother. To this day, that a Cameron is of the race of Davochnessie is held an honour, but the place itself now knows them not.

Without referring to the clean sweep of the Ratullichs by Mr Belford, let us contrast the Letterfinlay, Macomer, and Stronaba of-to-day with these places in 1805. What they are now may be seen by the Valuation Roll of 1890-91, little over a dozen occupants. Luckily I am able to give a full list for 1805. In Macomer and Torness there were John Macdiarmid, Alexander Cameron, shepherd; Donald Cameron, Donald Cameron Smith in Forness, Mary Macintyre—5. In Stronaba—the Rev. Thomas Ross of Kilmonivaig, John Cameron, Catherine Macarthur, Alexander Macarthur, George Cameron, Donald Macdonald, Alexander Macdonald, John Mackinnon, weaver; Katharine Mackinnon, Janet Cameron, Flora Cameron, John Macneil, Duncan Cameron, Evan Cameron, John Macpherson, weaver; John Macpherson, labourer; John Maclachlan, *alias* Cameron—17. In Invergloy—John Cameron Vic Coil-vic-Ian Vic Ullay, John Cameron Vic Aonash Vic Ian-dhu, John Cameron Vic Ewen, Donald Mor Cameron, Ewen

Cameron Vic Allister, Duncan Cameron, tailor; Ewen Cameron Vic Aonash, John Roy Cameron, John Roy Cameron, junior; Alexander Breck Cameron, Samuel Cameron, Widow Mary Kennedy, Ewen Cameron Vic Coil vic Ian, Donald Ban Cameron, and Donald Ban Cameron Vic Ewen Vic Allister—16. In Inverskilliroy—Martin Cameron, Alexander Breck Cameron, Donald Ban Cameron, Ewen Cameron, Ann Cameron—5. In Letterfinlay—Duncan Doun Macnaughton, Duncan Macnaughton Vic Homas, residing at Borline of Glengarry; Donald Macnaughton, John Macnaughton, Evan Cameron, innkeeper; Duncan Cameron—6. In Tartness—John Cameron, Widow Anne Cameron, and Widow Vere Macdonald—3. In Bolluach, Glengloy, and Strongloy—Allan Cameron, tenant in Meople of South Morar; Peter Stewart, James Mackay, Donald Mor Cameron, and Duncan Roy Cameron—5; in all, 57 heads of families, perhaps 300 souls. The family of George Cameron of which I have any note, consisted of four sons, Gordon, Hugh John, Hugh, Duncan, and five daughters, Jane, Isabella, Christian, Anne, and Charlotte. Miss Charlotte, the youngest daughter, died at Macomer 15th June, 1812—all the others survived their father. Upon George's death in June, 1829, he was succeeded by his eldest son (10) Gordon Cameron. He entered the military service, and in 1794 went abroad in Erracht's Regiment. He was one of Glengarry's friends and supporters in the unfortunate duel with Lieutenant Norman Macleod, and when volunteering was rife early in the century, he raised a local company called the Letterfinlay Volunteers. Like his father he was much embarassed, and he did not survive him long, dying on 20th September, 1830. He was succeeded by his next brother (11) Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh John, who had served with distinction. The estate was under trust until 1840, Colonel Cameron, however, taking an active part in the administration. He was of a proud, reserved, but honourable disposition, quite unfitted to cope with the difficulties which surrounded him. To add to these, he had barely succeeded, when he found himself involved in a serious litigation with the Gordon trustees, in reference to the marches of Stronaba and Blarour. He struggled on, affairs getting worse, until 1847, when he was obliged to execute a trust deed. Fortunately, he did not live to witness the actual sale to Mr Baillie, in November, 1851. Sensitive in disposition, proud of his descent, and of being the oldest head of his clan, Colonel Cameron's heart was broken at the prospect of what had become inevitable. I had hoped to get access to a memoir of his

family, which, some forty years ago, I had heard rumoured as being in existence ; but, having failed, the genealogy now given is to be taken as subject to correction.

The last of the Macmartins was (12) Hugh, who was served heir in 1851 to his brother Colonel Hugh John, as also to his brother Duncan. This Hugh and his sisters lived latterly at Inveruisk-a-Vullin, in Glenluy, and none of them having married, the race of the Macmartins through George, both male and female, terminated. The burial place of the Macmartins (Cill-'Icomar) is at Achnamainhnichean, even now a pretty spot, but no longer, through the Canal operations, to be compared to what it was when really at the confluence of the rivers.

That there are heirs of line, and male, can, from what has been above stated, hardly admit of doubt; and it would be well that such as can establish their connection, should do so legally, and prevent what is at present the virtual extinction of this ancient and honourable House from becoming actual and total.

20th JANUARY, 1891.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Nineteenth Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Station Hotel this evening. In the unavoidable absence of Mr Ian Murray Grant of Glenloriston, Chief of the Society, Provost Ross occupied the chair, and was supported on the right by Dr Norman Macleod, and on the left by Colonel Murray, commanding the 72nd and 79th Regimental Districts. Bailie Mackenzie and Mr Alexander Maclean, M.A., Raining's School, were croupiers.

After dinner, the Chairman proposed the loyal toasts, followed by that of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, which was coupled with the name of Colonel Murray. Referring to the army, the Provost said they had two depots of Highland regiments at Inverness, but he did not think that was sufficient to give a good idea of the true military life. He believed that comparatively few recruits were now obtained for Highland regiments in this part of the country; and it was his opinion that if the Government really meant to make the regiments territorial, and to keep up their proper strength, they must do something more for the North

than merely to have the depots of the regiments here. They had excellent barracks at Inverness, and there was no reason why they should not be extended, and a regiment sent north. This would do good to the town of Inverness, and would also tend to keep up the strength of the regiment. He hoped the Government would consider this idea, and also send companies of their soldiers throughout the country, to inspire the people with a military spirit, which had to a great extent been lost. The same remark applied to the navy. They heard much about the navy, but saw little of it. The Government ought to encourage the people in these northern parts by sending ships oftener round the coast, and so let the seafaring and other inhabitants see what the navy is really like.

Colonel Murray, who was cordially received, in the course of his reply said he thought Scotchmen had every reason to be proud of the men who composed the national regiments—(applause). There never had been an occasion when they failed to respond most nobly to any call of duty which was made upon them—(applause). With regard to what the Chairman had said about recruiting, he should only be too glad to see more soldiers coming from this district, more especially as the military authorities wished to make the regiments territorial and thoroughly representative of the counties from which they were supposed to be drawn, and in which they to a great extent were raised.

At this stage, the Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, submitted the annual report of the Executive, which was as follows :—

"In submitting the nineteenth annual report, the Council have much pleasure in stating that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continues to increase. Within the last year a large volume of Transactions, consisting of upwards of 320 pages, has been issued to the members, and that volume has been well received by the press all over the country. Volume XVI. is in the press, and will soon be delivered to the members. Already this session valuable papers by Sir Henry C. Macandrew; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Rev. Mr M'Rury, Snizort; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Farr; Rev. Mr Sinton; Mr A. Maclean; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Mr Alexander Macdonald; Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, and others are promised. The Treasurer's report is—Balance from last year, £29 19s 11d; income during year, £71 11s 1d—total, £101 11s; expenditure during year, £93 15s 3d; balance on hand, £7 16s 9d. During the past year one life member, five honorary members, and nineteen ordinary members joined the Society, and several volumes were added to the library. The

Council regret to report that only one essay was received last year in reply to the prize of £10 10s, offered by the Society for the best essay on the social condition of the Highlands. Through the kindness of The Mackintosh, they again repeat the same offer this year, when, it is hoped, more members will come forward and compete for the prize."

The Chairman, who was received with loud applause, then rose to propose the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." I may first be allowed, he said, to thank you for the honour conferred on me in asking me to take the chair and preside on this occasion—the 19th anniversary of the Society. When I look over the list of eminent men who have filled this chair on similar occasions, it is with some trepidation I undertake the work, but, feeling assured as I do of your kindly sympathy and indulgence, I shall endeavour to do my duty. The object of the Gaelic Society is given out in rule No. 2 of the constitution, and is of most general character, viz., the cultivation of the language, the poetry, and the music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, tradition, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and material interest of the Highlands and the Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people, and generally the furtherance of their interests, whether at home or abroad. Now, we must all admit that the scheme is wide and comprehensive enough, and we may on this occasion pause for a short time and ascertain how far the Society has fulfilled the objects and aims laid down in its prospectus and constitution. To take the poetry, traditions, and cultivation of the language first, I think the handsome volumes issued for the last nineteen years is a sufficient answer, and the contents of these volumes show research and work of which any Society may be proud. Not only is the poetry and tradition well represented, but the records show determined and commendable efforts to perpetuate a knowledge of the Gaelic language, and obtain the recognition of it in our Public Schools. In this direction I think the Society has fairly well done its work. A library of volumes appropriate to the work the Society has in view has been established, but the efforts made in this direction have been scarcely so successful as might be wished. In music I do not think there has been so much done, and the volumes are singularly bare of articles bearing on this subject. I note several articles by writers now, alas! gone from amongst us,

notably one by Mr Hugh Rose, in which he dwells at some length on ancient Highland music, and the instruments then in use. This is a subject on which much more might have been done. It is true that we have an annual gathering, but it can scarcely be called a representative one, nor does it confine itself to Gaelic music, nor Highland instruments. In this direction our Welsh cousins seem to have got the lead of us, and their "Eisteddfod" has become a national institution. I observe that Professor Masson advocates the establishment of a Highland institution of the Eisteddfod kind. Oban has taken up the matter, and surely the Gaelic Society of Inverness will not be behind. A Society in the Capital of the Highlands, powerful and wealthy, and with such a record as ours cannot fail to do good and be a success. In this department of music I feel that the work of the Society is decidedly weak. The Welsh Eisteddfod is, as I understand it, a system of public competition in both poetry and music, and was and is an institution whose senatus was composed of all those qualified in literary, bardic, and musical lore. If one can judge by the reports of the result in Wales, the effect of this institution has been most beneficial, and has preserved the ballads and music of Wales in a marvellous manner. I throw out these hints, and I think the time has now arrived when the Gaelic Society should take up the matter in earnest, and cultivate the musical talent of the Highlanders in a systematic manner. With regard to the instruments, it is remarkable how completely the old instruments have died out: and now the only instrument one hears is the great Highland bagpipe. In olden times, the cruit, or three-stringed lyre, was the instrument on which the bard accompanied himself, and we have ample proof that the harp was also in use. This beautiful instrument has entirely disappeared from the Highlands, and the violin and piano are their modern representatives. We cannot be expected to go back to these imperfect and primitive instruments; but, at anyrate, the violin, great and small, harp, and bagpipe are worth cultivating, and these, with the chanter and Scotch pipe, would give sufficient variety to express the national music, whilst original compositions in poetry should be specially encouraged. Our present annual gathering is held in July, at the time of the great Wool Fair, but I am not sure that the Northern Meeting week would not be a more suitable time. The Highland farmers are too busy and the Wool Fair is becoming daily less important by reason of auction sales and salesmen, whilst the Northern Meeting week is given up to things Celtic. The No. 2 rule of the constitution, as I have mentioned, is wide enough, and covers all Highland interests, both literary and

material, and I think that it may not be out of place to refer to the probable improvement in the condition of the inhabitants from the proposed assistance by Government in opening up and developing the Highlands by means of railways and harbours. We have reason to believe that material aid will now be given, and that we may yet see the condition of our crofter population improved, and a very considerable development of the extension of railways to various points on the West Coast. In another place I have gone more fully into the question, having recently, when in Ireland, seen the working of the light railways and steam trams, and I think it possible that a number of these, multiplied and extended to various points, would do more good than one full-sized and fully-equipped railway, with all its stations and officials. The creation of harbours and the more fully lighting of the coasts is also very necessary, and it is by means of these and the thorough opening up of the country, rather than foolish and often harmful eleemosynary aid which has come to be so much the practice in the present, culminating in the amusing fiasco of a party of Englishmen going to the marriage of the Queen of St Kilda and having to return ignominiously with the viands untasted. Let the Government assist in making harbours, and provide easy means for reaching the southern markets, and I do not fear for the Highlander. The best mode of eviction is to make a good road, and if it is worth his while the Highlander will soon find his way to the south or the Colonies. The establishment of various industries at various centres is also essential, and if many of our townsmen would put a little of their money into local schemes, instead of sending it away to the ends of the earth, never to return, they would not, I venture to think, ever regret it. He asked the company to drink to the continued prosperity of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Mr A. Mackenzie, in proposing the toast of the Highland Members, said that whatever people on either side might say of them he believed they were quite up to the average of the other Scotch members, and some of them in particular had done a good deal for the Highland people. But whatever they might think of political questions, there was one thing referred to by the Chairman on which he thought all Highlanders ought to be perfectly unanimous, and that was to insist upon their representatives, whatever views they might hold upon political questions, extracting not only from the present Government, but any other that might come into power, every single sixpence that it was possible to draw from them for the benefit of the Highland people. The Chairman had

been referring only to the good things in store for them from the present Government, but it must not be forgotten that very great benefits had already, during the last five years, been obtained for the Highland people, largely through the influence of members of the Gaelic Society. He quite agreed with the Chairman that a large number of small railways in various parts of the Highlands would be much more beneficial to the people for the opening up of the country than one or two great schemes; and this argument applied with even greater force to the proposal as to piers and harbours. To those who knew the West Highlands it was perfectly clear that a large harbour of refuge at any particular point would be of very little use to the general body of the people. What was really wanted was a large number of small piers and breakwaters that would enable the people in almost every part of the Highlands to conduct the fishing almost from their own doors.

Mr William Mackay, in proposing "The Language and Literature of the Gael," said it was happily no longer necessary to show that their language was worthy of preservation, and that they had a literature that was worthy of study. They had now not only Celtic professors in Edinburgh and Oxford, but all over the country students were hard at work studying their language and literature. But, while that was the case, they had to deplore the loss of the great and good men who bore the brunt of the fight in the days when Gaelic language and literature were not so popular as they now were. They had within recent years lost Dr Clerk, Dr Maclachlan, Dr Cameron of Brodick, and Dr Charles Mackay. And within the last few months they had lost the bard of their Society—Mrs Mary Mackellar, who occupied that honourable office from 1876 till September last, and was an enthusiast in all matters that tended to the welfare of the Highlands. She had an inexhaustible store of Gaelic lore, which she dealt our periodically in the Transactions of the Society, and in the newspapers and magazines. She was diligent in collecting and giving to the Gaelic world the songs and ballads which she found floating among the people, and her own verses would, he ventured to think, be remembered as long as the Highland glens were inhabited by the children of the Gael. She now slept in the old Churchyard of Kilmallie. Let them say in her own words—

> Sleep soundly near the beloved home,
> Where often thou life's golden dream did weave;
> Sleep soundly by the hill o'er which did roam
> Thy youthful feet on many a joyous eve.

But while they deplore these losses they must remember with thankfulness that others were ready to take the places of the departed. It might not be out of place especially to congratulate themselves on the acquisition to their strength of the Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, whose family had done more for the language and literature of the Gael than any other family that could be named. The air of Morven must have a wonderful effect on the Celtic mind. They all knew the dictionary of old Dr Norman Macleod, but it might not be so well known that a hundred years before his time a minister of Morven, Rev. Archibald Campbell, was a skilled expounder of Gaelic words. Mr Campbell was brought before the Presbytery in 1733 for drunkenness. One of the witnesses described his condition on one occasion by the word *corghleus*, which the Presbytery rendered into English by the words "the worse of liquor." Mr Campbell objected to this rendering. "Corghleus," said he, "or the word inverted, *gleus-cor*, shows no more that that cheerful humour which a moderate glass puts one in—which humour or temper is not his ordinary, or which he did not fully discover at first sitting down. That was the term the deponent used to express my disposition that night, but wrongously translated in the minutes. I appeal still to the deponent, with whom I was conversing, with some others, if this be not the notion he affixes to it. But, further, this phrase, 'the worse of liquor,' admits of great latitude, for if one exceeds the due measure that suffices nature, which with most constitutions is a single dram, he oppresses it, and is indisposed in his health—and in proportion as he exceeds this strict measure; so that he may be said to be the worse of liquor in both cases. Yet is it not true that at every sitting, most exceed the precise measure?" He found that Dr Macleod translated in his dictionary *corghleus* as "good condition," so that the Presbytery were, after all, pretty correct in their rendering of it. Mr Mackay concluded by coupling the toast with the name of Mr Colin Chisholm, whom he described as the father not only of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, but of the London Society, which was much older.

Mr Colin Chisholm, who was very cordially received, in reply said he had had the honour of being connected with Gaelic Societies since he went to London in 1835, and he could honestly say that he had never been connected with any society that could at all compare with them either in courtesy or good works. He considered the Gaelic Society was now an honour to those who started it. During the nineteen years of its existence it had gone on without a hitch, and he was glad to think that it still continued

in a flourishing and prosperous condition. The only deficiency in its proceedings was, he thought, a want of Gaelic conversations, stories, and songs, which he should like to see encouraged. Mr Chisholm concluded his remarks in Gaelic, for which he was warmly cheered.

Dr Norman Macleod, who was received with loud applause, proposed the toast of Highland Education, and said—I may perhaps be allowed, before I propose the toast which has been entrusted to me, to express the pleasure which it gives me to be present for the first time at the annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I have no claim either to the linguistic acquirements or the antiquarian lore which may be supposed to distinguish those who are members of your Society, but, as a Highlander born and bred, I am in entire sympathy with the objects for which it exists. My toast is the cause of Highland Education. It is a subject which invites a retrospect and a comparison. Events move quickly in these days ; so quickly, indeed, that some hearing me may have hardly realised the great and almost immeasurable progress which has been made in connection with Highland education even within the lifetime of many now present. Let me carry back your thoughts to a date memorable in this connection. It was in the year 1824 that the great education scheme of the General Assembly was founded, mainly through the exertions of two men who deserve, if for no other reason than this, to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance by all true Highlanders. One was Principal Baird, of the University of Edinburgh, the other my own near kinsman, whom you will recognise under the title of the "Teachdaire Gaelach." These men did much to awaken the Church and country to a proper sense of the appalling educational destitution which existed at that time throughout the Highlands. Take the county of Argyle, for example. There were then in that county, according to carefully prepared statistics, no less than 26,326 children between the ages of 5 and 15, for whom there was no provision whatever, except such as was provided in a desultory and intermittent way by certain private societies which then existed. It was ascertained that in the six Synods of Argyle, Glenelg, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, Orkney and Shetland, containing 143 parishes and a population of 377,730 souls, as many as 258 additional schools were urgently called for. As late as 1833 the Education Committee, reporting on the state of education in the Highlands and Islands, founded on returns from the parochial clergy, stated that the number of the young between 6 and 20 years of age, untaught to read, and beyond the reach of any

of the existing provisions for elementary education, was 28,070, and that the number between 5 and 20 unable to write was 84,210. The legal provision for the maintenance of Parochial Schools was in operation no doubt, and in many instances their slender endowments had been sub-divided by a plurality of schools to an extent which frequently reduced the endowments of the poor teacher to a minimum, which seems almost incredible in these days of School Boards and school rates, as low—I believe, as £10 or £15 a year. No grander educational machinery was ever devised than the old Parochial Schools, to which Scotland owes so much, but in the Highlands, in consequence of the immense extent of parishes intersected, as we all know, by arms of the sea stretching far into the country, and by mountain ranges, which are covered for months by snow, it never had fair play, and the result was that, at that time, and well within the present century, there were tens of thousands of children who were practically without any means of religious or moral improvement. Well, gentlemen, this is a condition of things which has entirely passed away. Whatever be the deficiencies of Highland education in the present day, I am not aware that in any respect it will compare unfavourably with other parts of the country. Very striking is the contrast between the palatial school buildings now to be found in the remotest glens and islands, and the thached-roofed, mud-floored huts which used at that time to be dignified by the name of school-houses. Yet we should never forget the noble efforts which have been made by the generation which immediately preceded us to promote the cause of education. I refer more particularly to the ministers and schoolmasters of that period. They had difficulties to contend with of which we can form no idea, and they met them with a courage and devotion worthy of praise. The Highlands owe much to the General Assembly Schools, and at a later period, of course, to the schools of our Churches, and they owe much to the old Christian Knowledge Society. That Society has now passed, so far as it is educational, into other hands, and is to be known henceforth as the Trust in behoof of Highland education. As one of the new Board, I have no desire to disparage the work which lies before it, but I feel that I can express no better wish for its success than that it may confer as great and lasting benefits on the Highlands as did the Society throughout many years. And here you will permit me to mention a point which should be of some interest to your Gaelic Society. I am speaking of the Society for Propagating Christian

Knowledge in relation to Highland education. Had that Society never done more than have translated the Word of God into the Gaelic language it would deserve to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of Highland education. Now, you are possibly aware that some years ago—ten or twelve, I think—the Society resolved to issue a revised edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, which had long been recognised as a most necessary and desirable step. For this purpose a Commission of eminent Gaelic scholars, selected from the Free Church and the Church of Scotland, was appointed. It comprised some who, alas! are no longer with us—men like the late Dr Maclauchlan of Edinburgh, and Dr Archibald Clerk of Kilmallie; Mr Dewar, Kingussie; Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Professor Mackinnon; Sheriff Nicolson; Mr Blair; Dr Maclean; and others whose names I do not remember at this moment. I had myself the honour of being the Chairman of that Commission, and I may say that I never was connected with any body of gentlemen who did their work more pleasantly, and I think more efficiently. Well, we had just completed the revision of the New Testament when those changes in the constitution of the Society, to which I have referred, became imminent, and our work was stopped. The Old Testament—a much easier and less expensive undertaking than the New Testament—has yet to be overtaken. Under the present scheme, the old Society and the new body may agree to divide the cost between them, but I very much fear that my colleagues in the old Society will find that they have no means at their disposal for any such purpose, and I do not know that the new Board have any great interest in it. Now, it occurs to me that a society like yours might very well bring some pressure to bear on both the boards, and might even, perhaps, do something to help financially. Unless the work is completed, our labours will be practically lost, inasmuch as the New Testament is stereotyped in quarto size, and I suppose no one would think of publishing the New Testament alone in that form. One of the objects which the Highland Trust is intended to promote is the teaching of Gaelic, and it seems to them to be entirely in harmony with that object that the Bible should be given to the people in as pure and unadulterated a form as it can be presented. I have always been a believer in what is called Gaelic teaching, not for any sentimental reasons, but in the interest of English education itself. I cannot conceive how a teacher can give an English education intelligently who cannot avail himself of the vernacular for the purposes of explanation and enforcement, and surely it is reasonable and proper that Gaelic-speaking children

should at least be taught to read the Bible in their own tongue. There is much room for improvement in connection with the whole subject of the training of Gaelic-speaking teachers, whose way into the Training College is at present practically closed. But I cannot detain you longer. I have great pleasure in connecting the toast with the name of a gentleman who is a most worthy representative of Highland education, as well as an honoured and useful member of your Society, Mr Macbain.

Mr Macbain, in the course of a short reply, said he had spoken to the toast so often in former years that he did not propose to inflict on them a speech that night upon the subject. With regard to Highland education, Mr Macleod, inspector of schools, would agree with him in saying they were doing extremely well in the North. The only difficulty they had to encounter was a financial one. As to the teaching of the Gaelic language, he was afraid the school teachers were not qualified to do it. There had been too great an importation of teachers from the South, and, besides, good Gaelic teachers generally found their way to the South, where, finding themselves more comfortable, they of course elected to stop. He trusted that, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the cause of Highland education would continue to flourish.

Bailie Mackenzie said the toast he had the honour to propose was the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Northern Counties. It was an important toast, embracing the welfare and well-being of the inhabitants of the whole Highlands and Isles, and deserved more than a passing remark. He thought he was justified in saying that agricultural and pastoral pursuits had not looked so encouraging for some time as they did at present. Arable farmers had come through years of deep depression; but the cloud had now passed, and a wave of prosperity was moving along, and would, he hoped, continue for many years to come. There was no doubt that proprietors saw the wisdom, as well as the necessity, of making substantial reductions of rent, and of meeting their tenants in a generous manner, which was a true indication on their part of a wish that their tenants should prosper, and that their interests were mutual. He was sure no other country could produce such a body of intelligent, hard-working men, as northern agricultural farmers were. Pastoral farmers and farmers changing holdings had received similar, if not larger, reductions in rents, but there were still many large sheep runs in the hands of several proprietors, which it would be desirable to see let to practical tenants. The Royal Commission, appointed by Her Majesty's Government, to enquire as to the condition of the

crofter and cottar in the Highlands, had been doing good service by placing this large, loyal section of our fellow-countrymen in more hopeful circumstances, so that all who live from the products of the land may do so in comfort The commercial interests in our northern provincial towns depended, to a large extent, on the agricultural prosperity of the country. For many years the tide was entirely against the commercial trade, in consequence of the agricultural depression referred to, and it will take several years to rebuild and restore it to its normal condition. Indeed, it was a grave question if the present generation will see such good times in the north again. There were several reasons besides agricultural depression why commercial interests were crippled. There was keen competition in every branch of trade, and a limited field of operation; their home industry and local enterprise were not sufficiently encouraged by landlords and independent residents. Money was invested in public companies and foreign ventures (which looked well only on paper), and was thus drawn away from the north, whereas it could be safely applied in various ways so as to develop home resources, such as the purchasing and improving of land or other industries.

Mr A. F. Steele, banker, said, in reply to the toast, that situated as the town of Inverness was, thrown out of the field of industrial or other productive enterprises, they could not look forward to any great development or expansion in that direction, and consequently must look to the development of the country districts, and that rested very largely with the agriculturists. It was gratifying to know that the Government has had its attention fixed in this direction, and that very substantial aid was to be given in that way. For himself, he felt perfectly satisfied that though, as purely commercial speculations for shareholders, local railways in the Highlands might not yield immediate dividends, they would tend very much, and speedily, to develop the country in the way of population, and the extension of trade throughout these important counties. Our own local company was doing well in that direction at present; and they would all be pleased to see the Government putting its hands into its pocket, and laying down railways, as the best means of increasing facilities of communication in the Highlands, which meant a greater degree of prosperity for the Highland people. Inverness was the main depot for the distribution of products throughout the northern counties, and when the proposed railways were opened the commercial interests of Inverness would

be extended in an important way. He was gratified to observe that within the last three years the manufactures of Inverness had extended. He particularised the extension of the tweed industry, and thought more might still be done in this direction.

Mr Huntly Macdonald, farmer, Charleston, briefly replied for the agricultural interest.

Mr H. V. Maccallum, in proposing the toast of "Success to Kindred Societies," said that the fact that the great majority of those present were members of the Gaelic Society shewed that they believed that, as members of that Society, they enjoyed certain privileges, and although he spoke as a young man, he was old enough to realise that any society that lifted its members for a few hours in the week out of the routine of their daily duties, and away from the rush of life, which was so characteristic of this century, conferred a great privilege upon its members. The members of this Society would, therefore, be indeed selfish if they did not wish all success to kindred societies, let those societies have for their object the pursuit either of literature, science, or art.

Mr Barron, in responding to the toast, spoke of the importance of the work done by the Gaelic Society, Field Club, and kindred societies, and said that in the light of these labours he had been struck with the necessity for a new history of the Highlands being written, shewing, in particular, the relation in which the Highlands had stood to the rest of the country. The Clan Histories by Mr Mackenzie were valuable from a genealogical point of view, and of course Skene was an unrivalled authority for the period which he embraced under the title of *Celtic Scotland*. But the Highlands for a long time continued to be jealous of the central authority, and there were movements and uprisings which received very indifferent treatment from ordinary historians. It was only when the relations of the Highlands and Lowlands were better understood that they could have a proper history of Scotland.

Councillor Gunn proposed the toast of the non-resident members, which was responded to by Mr Æneas Mackintosh, The Doune. The other toasts were the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, by Mr James A. Gossip; the Clergy, by Mr G. J. Campbell, the Press, by Mr John Mackintosh; the Chairman, by Mr E. H. Macmillan; and the Croupiers, by Mr James Ross. Gaelic and English songs were given by various gentlemen, and the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders, played selections of pipe music at intervals during the evening.

21st JANUARY, 1891.

The meeting this evening was devoted to the Nomination of Office-bearers for 1891.

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28th JANUARY, 1891.

At this meeting of the Society the Office-bearers for the year were duly elected. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz :—William Gillies, 16 Mountgrove Road, Highbury, London, W. ; Dr George G. Macdonald, Inverness ; Dr Macdonald, Strathcrrick ; and Councillor Donald Macdonald, Inverness.

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4th FEBRUARY, 1891.

At the meeting of the Society on this date the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Honorary Member—Mr W. J. Bell, LL.D., of Seatwell ; Ordinary Members—Mr Robert Macgillivray, 20 Madras Street ; Mr Hugh Macdonald, 20 Chapel Street, Inverness ; Rev. Colin C. Mackenzie, Free Church Manse, Fasnakyle ; and Mr Hugh Munro, Ladypool Lane, Birmingham. Thereafter the Secretary read a western island Gaelic tale, contributed by the Rev. John Campbell, Tiree, entitled, "*Sgoil nan eun, no, mac an Fhucadair*," with an English translation. Mr Campbell's paper was as follows :—

SGOIL NAN EUN, NO, MAC AN FHUCADAIR.

Duine beairteach a bh' ann 's se am Fucadair a theireadh iad ris. 'S e aona mhac a bh' aige. A cheud seachd bliadhna de aois cha robh am mac ri moran sam bith do mhath na cron, ach a caitheadh na h-uine mar a thoilicheadh e fhein ; ga chluich fhein a mach 's a stigh le toil-inntinn ; 's a gabhail a bheidh ; 's a fas mor agus fallain. An ath sheachd bliadhna cha d' rinn e aon char ach 's an sgoil ; 's an uair a bha a chuid sgoil thairis cha robh sgoilear 's an aite cho math ris.

Chual' athair gu 'n robh fear ann a bha ag iomsachadh sgoil nan eun do dhaoine, 's dh' fharraid e de 'mhac am biodh e toileach a

dhol do 'n sgoil aige. Thuirt am mac gu 'm b' e sid an sgoil anns am b'fhearr leis a dhol dhe na h-uile. Dh' fhalbh e fhein 's athair comhla, 's bha astar fad aca ri dhol. 'Nuair a rainig iad am maighstir-sgoil cha ghabhadh e sgoilear sam bith nach fhanadh seachd bliadhn' aige. Ach chord iad, agus dh' fhuirich an t-oigear 's an sgoil. Thaobh 's gu 'n robh an t-astar fada, cha robh am Fucadair a tighinn a dh' fhaicinn a mhic ach an ceann na h-uile bliadhna. An ceann sia bliadhna chaidh e latha 'dh' fhaicinn a mhic, air nach robh a nis' ach bliadhn' eile 's an sgoil. Dh' fharraid e 'nuair so do 'n mhaighstir-sgoil ciamar a bha 'mhac a tighinn air aghaidh na iomsachadh. Thuirt am maighstir-sgoil gu 'n robh e 'n beachd, gu 'n robh e cho math ris fhein a nise; ach gu 'm feumadh e bliadhn' eile 'thoirt a mach. Air an latha so, 'nuair a bha am Fucadair a tilleadh, chaidh a mhac greis do 'n rathad leis, agus thubhairt e ris 's an dealachadh—"Bliadhna bho 'n diugh thigibh ga m' iarraidh air fad. Bithidh am maighstir-sgoil a g' iarraidh oirbh m' fhagail aige fhein, ach their sibhse ris nach 'eil agaibh do chuideachd ach mise, 's gu dearbh nach fhag sibh mi. Tairgidh e 'n sin dhiubh dròbh de na h-eich aige, 's buaile chruidh, ach their sibhse ris gur e daoine 's gainne dhuibh-sa; gu bheil gu leor do 'n t-seorsa sin agaibh fhein: 's mar chi sibh gu 'm bi esan ag iarraidh mis' fhagail aige, bheir sibh an aire dha cahman ruadh anns an uinneag, agus bheir sibh leibh e, a radha ris a mhaighstir-soil gu 'm bi e agaibh mar chuimhneachan air 'ur mac. Ma bheir sibhse leibh an cahman bithidh mise stigh roimhibh."

An ceann nan seachd bliadhna dh' fhalbh am Fucadair a dh' iarraidh a mhic. Thuirt am maighstir-sgoil ris—"'S fhearr dhuits' an gill' fhagail agam fhein." Fhreagair e nach robh aig' ach e fhein, 's nach fhagadh e gu dearbh e. Thairg am maighstir-sgoil an sin dha drobh each agus buaile chruidh. Thuirt am Fucadair gu 'm b' e daoine fhein bu ghainne dhasan na 'n seors' ud; "Ach," ors' eise, "bho 'n tha sibh a deanamh na h-uiread aurson a ghille, bheir mise leam an cahman so mar chuimhneachan air." Cha dubhairt am maighstir-sgoil ris, "Thoir leat e na fag e," 's dh' fhalbh am Fucadair dhachaidh, 's 'nuair a rainig e 'n tigh bha a mhac a stigh roimh'. Cha d' rinn e fhein 's a mhac car an latha sin ach a sraid-imeachd feadh an fhearainn.

Bha iad mar sin gu ceann latha 's bliadhna. Air maduinn is iad a tilleadh dhachaidh thuirt a mhac ris an Fhucadair, "A bheil e bhur beachd a dhol a dh' fhaicinn an ioghnaidh tha gu bhi aig mor-mhaithibh na dutheha?" "De 'n t-ioghnadh a tha dol a bhi aca?" orsa 'm Fucadair. "Tha," orsa mhac, "eath sheobhagan." "Cha 'n 'eil," ors' eise, "seobhag agams' ann." "Theirigibh ga fhaicinn, co-dhiu," orsa 'mhac.

Ghabh am Fucadair a stigh, 's rinn e e-fhein cho glan 's cho deas 's a rinn e riamh ; 's 'nuair thainig e 'mach bha seobhag cho briagha, 's a chumnaic e aig a mhac dha aig a gheata. "Ma reiceas sibh," orsa mhac, "an seobhag na reicibh a chlogaid a th' air a cheann, air neo cha bhi mise stigh roimhibh." A mach a ghabh am Fucadair, 's bha 'n cath air aghaidh 'nuair 'rainig e. Bha iongantas uamhasach air a h-uile duine c'ait an d' fhuair am Fucadair an seobhag briagh 'bh' aige. Dh' iarr iad air an seobhag mor ud a leigeil as. 'Nuair a leig e as an seobhag cha robh gin do chach air am buaileadh e 'speach a bha 'n comas a chorr feum a dheanamh. Dh' iarr iad an so air an Fhucadair an seobhag mor a chasgadh, 's thuirt esan, "C'airson, mata, a dh' iarr sibh a leigeal as?" "Caisg e," ors' iadsan, "'s an duais agad ri fhaighinn." "De an duais a th' ann?" ors' am Fucadair. "Tha," orsa fear an sin, "lan ud do dh' òr, agus lan ud do dh' airgiod." Fhuair am Fucadair sid 's charaich e ann am poc' e ; 's an ceann tacain thainig fear (duin'-uasal) eile far an robh am Fucadair, 's dh' fharraid e dheth an reiceadh e 'n seobhag. Thuirt e ris nach reiceadh. Thuirt am fear eile na'n reiceadh gu'n d' thugadh e dha lan ud do dh' òr 's lan ud do dh' airgiod. Reic am Fucadair an seobhag, 's an uair a bha e ga shineadh seachad spion e a' chlogaid a bha mu 'cheann deth. "Thoir dhomh," ors' 'm fear a cheannach an seobhag, "a chlogaid." "Ged a reic mi an seobhag, cha do reic mi a' chlogaid," ors' esan. Ghabh e dhachaidh an latha sin, 's 'nuair a rainig e an tigh bha 'mhac a stigh roimh'. "Ciamar a chaidh dhuibh an diugh?" orsa mhac ris. "Cha deachaidh riamh cho math leam 's a chaidh 'n diugh," ors' am Fucadair. Chaidh iad an sin air sraid-imeachd mar a bha iad roimhe.

An ceann latha 's bliadhna, thuirt a mhac ris an Fhucadair an robh e dol a rithisd a dh' fhaicinn an ioghnaidh bha gu bhi aig maithibh an aite. 's dh' fharraid am Fucadair gu de an t-ioghnadh a bha gu bhi ac' an drasd, 's thuirt a mhac gun robh sabaid chon. "Ged is ionadh cù a th' againsa tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil a h-aon agam a fhreagaras an sin," ors' am Fucadair. Thuirt a mhac ris gu'm b' fhearr dhasan a dhol air aghaidh, co-dhiu. Ghabh am Fucadair a stigh 's nigh is ghlan e e-fhein mar nach d'rinn e riamh roimhe ; 's 'nuair a thainig e 'mach, bha cù cho briagha 's a chumnaic e riamh aig a mhac dha aig a gheata. Thuirt a mhac ris, "Nis ma reiceas sibh an cù na reicibh an con-iall, no ma reiceas cha bhi mise 'stigh roimhibh."

'Mach a ghabh am Fucadair 's 'nuair a rainig e bha 'm baiteal air aghaidh. Bha iongantas air a h-uile duine c'ait' an d' fhuair am Fucadair an cù mor a bh' aige. Dh' iarr iad air a leigeal as ;

's an uair a leig am Fucadair as an cù mor, cha robh cu a leigeadh esan as a bha 'n comas an corr feum a dheanamh. "Caisg do chu," ors' iadsan. "C'airson a dh' iarr sibh orm a leigeil as, mata?" ors' am Fucadair. "Caisg do chù," ors' iadsan, "tha 'n duais agad;" 's b' e lan ud do dh' òr, is lan ud do dh' airgiod an duais. 'Nuair fhuair e 'n duais chuir e sid seachad, 's thainig aon de na daoine mora a cheannach a choin uaithe. Dh' fharraid e an reiceadh e 'n cù, 's thuirt am Fucadair nach reiceadh. "Reic e," ors' am fear, "is gheabh thu lan ud do dh' òr 's lan ud do dh' airgiod air a shon." 'Nuair 'thug am Fucadair seachad an cù spiol e dheth an iall. "Thoir dhomh fhein a choin-iall," ors' am fear. "Ged a reic mi an cù cha do reic mi a iall," ors' esan. "De," ors' an duin'-uasal, "na daoine cruaidh-chridheach ga'm buin thu, no 'o 'n d' thainig thu, 'nuair nach 'eil thu airson dealachadh ri ni sam bith?" "Gheibh thu fios air sin," ors' am Fucadair; "'s mise mac do Choinneach Reubalach, 's ogha do 'mhac Glùmag na Mias." Thill am Fucadair dhachaidh, 's bha a mhac a stigh roimh'. Dh' fharraid a mhac ciamar a chaidh dha an dingh. Thuirt am Fucadair nach deachaidh riamh na b' fhearr.

An ath bhliadhna 'rithisd bha reis each gu bhi aca, 's dh' fharraid a mhac do 'n Fhucadair an robh e 'm biath a dhol gu reis nan each. Thuirt e ged bha gu leor do dh' eich aigesan, nach robh a h-aon diu a fhreagarradh an sid. Thuirt a mhac ris gu'm b' fhearr dha 'dhol ann co-dhiu. A stigh ghabh am Fucadair 's chuir e e-fhein air doigh, 's a 'nuair a thainig e a mach, bha steud cho briagha 's a chumaic e riamh aig a mhac agus srian airgiod ann. Thuirt a mhac ris 'nuair bha e 'falbh, "'Nis na reiceas sibh an steud na reicibh an t-srian. Na reiceas sibh an t-srian cha bhi mise roimhibh." Dh' fhalbh am Fucadair, 's bha a chluich air a h-aghaidh aig na daoine 'nuair a rainig e; 's dh' iarr iad air an steud aigesan a chur air aghaidh 'uis. Rinn e sin 's far am b' isle do chach 's ann a b' airde do 'n Fhucadair, 's cha chumadh iad sealladh air. Fhuair am Fucadair an duais, 's cho math ris a chorr, lan ud do dh' òr is lan ud do dh' airgiod; agus thainig duin'-uasal 's thairg e dha a cheart ni airson an steud. Reic e e, 's an uair a bha e faighinn an oir thuit e air 's chaidh a sgapadh: agus, mar is dual do bhuaras an oir, bha e cho dian ga thriusadh 's gun do dhi-chuimhnich e mu 'n t-srian, 's leig e as i; 's air falbh ghabh an duin'-uasal 's an steud; 's nuair a thill esan dachaidh cha robh a mhac a stigh roimh'.

'Nuair a rainig an duin' uasal dhachaidh cheangail e 'n steud ris an ursainn, 's thainig caileag bheag ruadh a dh' iomsuidh an doruis, agus thuirt an steud rithe i ga thoirt sios thun an

t-sruthain a dh' òl dibhe. Thuirt ise nach robh math dhi 's gu marbhadh a h-athair i. Dh' iarr an steud a rithisd oirre 'thoirt sios; 's thug i sios e air an t-srian a dh' ionnsuidh an t-sruthain. Dh' iarr e 'n sin an t-srian a thoirt as a bheul, air neo nach b'urrainn dha deoch òl. Cha deanadh i so idir, ach dh' fhuasgail i 'n ceangal. Ach fhuair an steud a cheann as, agus 'nuair a thuit an t-srian, leum e na Mhanach beag, 's dh' fhalbh e feadh an loin. An sud a mach ghabh da dhobhar-chu dheug an deigh a Mhanaich 's dh' fhairtlaich orra breith air. Fhuair am Manach e fhein a thiormachadh air cloich anns an lon, 's leum e na sheobhag do na speuran; san sud a mach da sheobhag dheug as a dheigh. 'S cha d' rug iad air. Cuin gach rathad do 'n t-seobhag ach a dol os cionn tigh an righ; 's bha iongantas fuasach air a h-uil' aon riamh a dha dheug do sheobhagan a bhi a ruith na h-aoin.

Bha nighean an righ 's a ceann a mach air an uinneag. Leum an seobhag mor a bh' air an toiseach na fhainn' oir mu mheadhoin meur nighean an righ, 's an sud na seobhaig eile na'n cruitearan ciuil mu thiomchioll tigh an righ. A nuair a chaidh nighean an righ a laidhe am oidhche dh' innis esan dhi a h-uile car mar bha. Cha ghabhadh na cruitearan ciuil paigheadh ach an fainn' oir a bha mu mheur nighean an righ. Suas ghabh an righ a dh' iarraidh ar fhainn' air an nighinn. An lath'-r'-na-mhaireach cha robh ise toileach am faine thoirt seachad 's thilg i 's an tein e. An sud na cruitearan ciuil na 'n da bholg dheug a sheideadh an teine 's bha na h eileagan a leum ris na sparran. Mu dheireadh bha am fainne dol an cuil chumhang 's thug e air gu seilcir braiche 'bh' aig an righ. Dh 'fhas e 'n sin na seilcgein braiche. 'N sud iadsan nan da choileach dheug, sios as a dheigh a dh' ithe' na braiche, agus dh' ith iad an leor di; agus nar a dh' ith chodail iad. 'Nuair a chunnaic esan gun do chodail iad chuir e car an amhuich an da choileach dheug, 's mharbh e iad, 's chaidh an tilgeil a mach as an tigh. B' e a cheud naigheachd a fhuair am Fucadair air a mhac gun robh e fhein 's nighean an righ a dol a phosadh agus phos iad is bha iad an thoilichte riamh an deigh sin.

THE SCHOOL OF BIRDS, OR, THE FULLER'S SON.

A WESTERN ISLAND TALE.

This story is of interest as shewing, more than is ordinarily the case, an Eastern origin. The word *Fucadar*, as translated in dictionaries, means a Fuller, but unless such was the case in

former times, it does not indicate a wealthy man, as was the case with the person denoted by the name in this tale. It rather points to a man well to do in life. The reciter of the story, when asked what he understood to be the meaning of the word *Fucadar*, and told the meaning to be found in dictionaries, said that the word might mean a fuller of cloth, but that he understood that it meant here a pushing person, as *fuca* is commonly used to denote a person pushing his way through a crowd or against difficulties, and through obstacles. Fullers, dyers, and others whose occupations are about cloth-making, are not now so highly esteemed, but in remoter ages every trade connected with cloth, from dyeing the thread till the garment is ready for wear, cannot but have occupied an honourable place. They required knowledge and skill and continuous attention, and, when the secret of the work was not commonly known, must have been looked upon as wonderful.

The number of years devoted by his son to each branch of education is worthy of particular attention. The first seven years were allowed without any task, that of growing and physically developing being deemed a sufficient task for a child. At seven he is sent to school, and kept there for another seven years, when he becomes fitted to study the mysteries of nature or the School of Birds *(Sgoil nan eun)*, in other words, instead of being sent to learn his alphabet at an early age, the first seven years are allowed in idleness, to be spent in the development of the child's growth and making him strong in thews and sinews. During that time he acquires much knowledge, and thus is a particularly good listener to all kinds of tales and stories. Mentally, he cannot but become observant of much and learn much, all of greater value because none of them were set before him as a task. In early life the mind is peculiarly receptive of lessons which may prove useful in later life, and without effort assimilates what may prove invaluable. The appetite for stories is insatiable, and, though the incidents of a story may in a few months or even days drop out of memory, the lessons which they teach are abiding. When all the branches of an ordinary good education are gone through, reading, writing, arithmetic, from the first to the sixth standard, the youth becomes fitted for a higher education, and even to enter on the study of occult science, such as metamorphosis, metampsychosis, &c. On every hand there is a mystery in nature, and birds and the lower animals seem to have a language of their own which guides their cries and makes them understood by one another, "Even geese understand one another" *(Tuigeadh na goidh a cheile)*. What is called truth recognises only exact sciences, such as chemistry,

mental philosophy, humanities, &c., but in the East sleight of hand, necromancy, witchcraft, and the various delusions of sorcery occupy a much more prominent place, and are more believed in. Such tales, therefore, as the School of Birds find a ready credence in Eastern countries and, in their very nature, are more like Eastern growth than anything belonging to the matter of fact West. The story, heard principally from John Brown, is as follows :—

There was a rich man who was known as the *Fucadar* or Fuller. He had but one son, who during the first seven years of his life was not doing very much good or harm, but spending the time as it pleased him to be playing out and in, enjoying life, taking his food, and growing big and healthy. During the next seven years he did nothing but in school. When he was finished with his schooling, there was no better scholar in the place. His father then heard that there was one who could teach people the School of Birds, and he asked his son if he would be willing to go to be taught by this man. His son said that that was the school he would best like to go to of any. He and his father went away together. They had a long way to go, and when they reached the schoolmaster, he would not take any one for a less time than seven years. They agreed with the schoolmaster about keeping him. As the distance was long, the *Fucadar* was only able to come to see his son at the end of every year. At the end of the sixth, he went one day to see him. His son had now but one year to serve. This time the *Fucadar* asked the schoolmaster how his son was progressing with his learning. The schoolmaster said that he thought he was as good a scholar as himself now, but that he would have to serve another year. This day the *Fucadar's* (Fuller's) son went a part of the way with his father, and he said to him in the parting—"Come a year from this day to take me away altogether. The schoolmaster will ask you to leave me with himself, but you will say to him," said he, "that you have no company but myself, and for sure that you will not leave me. He will then offer you a drove of his horses and a fold of cattle, and you will say to him that men are the scarcest with you, and that you have plenty of the other sort yourself; and when you see," said he, "that he wants me to be left with him, you will notice a red (*ruadh*) dove in the window, which you will take with you, and you will say to the master that you will have it as a remembrance of me, and if you take the dove, I will be at home before yourself."

At the end of seven years the Fuller went away for his son. On parting, the schoolmaster said to him, "You better leave the

young man with myself." He replied that he had none but himself, and that he would not leave him. The schoolmaster then offered him a drove of horses and a fold of cattle. The Fuller said to him that men themselves were scarcer with him than that sort, "But since you are pleading so much for the young man, I will take this dove as a keepsake of him." The schoolmaster did not say take it or leave it. The Fuller went away home ; and when he reached, his son was there before him. They did nothing this day but walk about the land, and were like that for a year and a day. One morning then, when they were returning homewards, his son said to the Fuller, "Are you thinking of going to see the wonder that the nobility of the country are going to have?" "What wonder are they going to have?" the Fuller asked. "It is," said his son, "a hawk fight."

"I am not," he said, "I have no hawk."

"Go to see it, at anyrate," said the son. The Fuller went in and made himself as ready and trim as he had ever done in his life. When he came out his son had as handsome a hawk as he had ever seen for him at the gate. "If you sell," said his son, "the hawk, do not sell the hood it has on its head, or I will not be at home before you."

Away went the Fuller, and the fight was going on when he reached. Every one there wondered where he got the fine hawk he had, and they asked him to unloose it. When he did this, there was not one of the other hawks that it struck its spur into that was of any more use. They then asked the Fuller to call off the big hawk, but he said, "Why then did you ask it to be let loose?" "Call it off," they said, "for you are to get the prize." "What prize is it," the Fuller said. "It is," said one, "the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver." The Fuller got it and he put it in a bag. In a short time another came to him and asked if he would sell the hawk. He said he would not sell it, but the other said, "If you will sell it, you will get the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver." On this, the Fuller sold it to him, and when he was handing it over he pulled the hood off its head. "Give me," said the buyer, "the hood." "Though I sold the hawk I did not sell the hood," he said. He went away home this day, and when he reached, his son was there before him. "How did you get on to-day?" his son said to him. "Never so well as to-day," the Fuller said.

They were now walking about together as before. In a year and a day, his son asked again of the Fuller if he was this time going to see the marvel the nobles of the country were going to

have. He asked, what marvel it was they were going to have. His son said it was a dog fight. "Though I have plenty of dogs, I am sure I have not one that will answer there," said the Fuller. His son told him he had better go forward at anyrate. The Fuller went in, and washed and dressed as he never did before. When he came out, his son had as fine a dog as ever he saw in his life at the gate for him. "Now," said his son, "if you sell the dog do not sell the leash, for if you do, I will not be at home before you." Out went the Fuller; and when he reached, the fighting had commenced. They were all curious to know where the Fuller got the big dog he had, and they asked him to let it go; and when the Fuller let it go, there was no dog that it let go that was of any more use. "Call in your dog, Fuller," they said. "Why did you ask me to let it go?" said the Fuller. "Call your dog off, for the prize is yours;" and the prize was the full of that of gold, and the full of that of silver. When he got the prize he put it past. One of the great men came then to him to buy the dog. He asked him if he would sell the dog. The Fuller said he would not. "Sell it," said the man, "and you will get the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver for it." When the Fuller gave the dog away, he plucked off the leash "Give the leash to myself," said the man. "Though I sold the dog I did not sell the leash," he said. "What," said the gentleman, "hard-hearted people are they that you belong to or have come from, when you are not willing to part with anything." "You will be told that," said the Fuller. "I am the son of Kenneth the Rebellious, and grandson of the son of Platterpool."[1]

The Fuller returned home, and his son was there before him. His son asked how he had got on to-day, and the Fuller said, "Never better."

Next year again there was to be a horse race, and his son asked the Fuller if he meant to go to the race. He replied that, though he had plenty of horses, he was sure he had none that would suit there. His son said to him that he better go at anyrate. In went the Fuller and put himself in order, and when he came out, his son had as fine a steed as ever was seen, and a silver bridle on it. His son said to him when he went away, "If

[1] Kenneth the Rebel is not mentioned in Gaelic lore in any other connection, so far as the writer knows. But the "Son of Platter-Pool" is well known in the Island of Tiree as a bobgoblin or bugbear to frighten children when they make too much noise. He is said to be at the window, ready to come in and take them away. His full genealogy is, the Son of Platterpool, from Greyworm, Son of Silkworm, son of Caterpillar (Mac Glumag na Mias, o Liath Dhurrag, 'o Dhurrag-Shiodhe, o Bhurrach-Mor).

you sell the horse, do not sell the bridle, or else I will not be at home before you." The Fuller went, and when he reached, the men had the play going on, and they asked him to put forward his steed now. He did so, and where the others was lowest he was highest, and they could not keep him in sight. He got this prize also, as well as the rest, the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver, and the gentleman came and offered him the self-same thing for the steed. He sold it then, but when he was getting the gold it fell and was scattered, and, as belongs to the greed of gold, he was so eager gathering it that he forgot about the bridle and let it go. Off went the gentleman with the steed, and when Fuller returned home, his son was not there before him.

When the gentleman and the steed arrived at home, he tied the steed to the door-post. A little red haired girl came to the door, and the steed said to her to take him down to the streamlet for a drink, but she said that she durst not, for her father would kill her. The steed asked her again to take it down. She then took it by the bridle down to the streamlet. It then asked the bridle to be taken out of its mouth or it could not take a drink She would not, however, take the bridle out of its mouth, but she undid a buckle. The steed was working the bridle round, until at last it got its head out, and, as the bridle fell, then all at once the steed became a small angel fish *(mannach beag)* and went away through the pools, and out went twelve otter kings after it, and they could not overtake it. The angel fish *(mannach)* got itself dried on a stone in the pool, and it flew as a hawk up in the air. Out at once went twelve other hawks after it, but they did not overtake it. Crooked was every way for the hawk but above the king's house. Every one wondered to see twelve hawks chasing one hawk. The king's daughter had her head out of a window. It became (the big hawk that was foremost) a gold ring on the finger of the king's daughter, and the others became musical harpers round the king's house. When she went to sleep the ring told her everything that had occurred. The musical harpers would take no other payment than the gold ring that was on the finger of the king's daughter. Up went the king to ask the ring from his daughter. Next day she was not willing to give the ring, she threw it in the fire. There they became twelve bellows blowing the fire, and the sparks were flying up to the rafters. At last the ring was going into a narrow corner. Then it jumped into a pile of malt belonging to the king, and it became a grain of malt. There they were twelve dunghill cocks down after it to eat the malt, and they ate their fill of the malt.

At anyrate, when they ate that, they slept. When he saw that they slept, he twisted the necks of the twelve dunghill cocks, and killed them, and they were thrown out of the house. He himself and the king's daughter were married, and the first news the Fuller got of his son was that he was to be married to the king's daughter. And they were happy ever after.

11th FEBRUARY, 1891.

At this meeting of the Society, Mr Simon F. Donaldson, librarian, Free Library, Inverness, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macdonald, Inverness, was called upon to read his paper on "*Observations on Highland Ethnology, with special reference to Inverness and District.*" Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows:—

OBSERVATIONS ON HIGHLAND ETHNOLOGY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO INVERNESS AND THE DISTRICT.

The subject of Ethnology is getting daily more and more into prominence, and the success which has attended the researches already made by Dr Taylor, Dr Beddoes, and others, gives us every encouragement to hope for even greater things in the future. But I would preface this paper by a critical remark, which I hope will not be considered too presumptuous on my part to make. In my opinion, the mode of treatment hitherto followed in dealing with ethnology has been rather one-sided, inasmuch as it does not give sufficient prominence to the psychological aspect of the question. The science of ethnology, properly understood, takes as much to do with the mental as with the physical characteristics of a race—indeed, mental ethnology must be the best and surest of all systems of reading the unwritten history of man. Some years ago language was the great repository of history. I ventured to predict that it was not a safe guide in building up an historic edifice. Now, the study of the physical features of races is becoming the main mode of laying down safe foundations in the world of history; and I venture to yet predict that the time is not far distant when due consideration must be given to the systematic study of the mind of races, before the history of races can be

written correctly. Philology must continue an important means of working out many hidden principles bearing upon the early movements of man in the world; but the affiliated studies of form, features, and mind, must decide results. My very cursory treatment of this subject will then deal, in the first place, with the physical features of the races embraced in my paper, and, thereafter with the mental characteristics which we generally find allied to certain external appearances.

But you will naturally expect me to give you, at the outset, an idea of the particular race-elements at present found in the Highlands of Scotland. This is, however, very difficult matter to enter upon, as the exact number of races in our country has not yet been determined beyond dispute. I may mention, to begin with, that by the Highlands of Scotland I mean geographically that portion of this country peopled by the Gaelic-speaking race; and, to arrive at an intelligent understanding of the racial constitution of these districts, I must glance summarily at the early racial history of the British Isles. I think the opinion ought to be risked that the earlier migrations to our country from the Continent would have been practically composed of dark races; for, if we go back a little upon the written history of Britain, we find that the peoples driven away to the hills from the plains by succeeding conquests, are to this day racially dark; while the conquerors, on the other hand, are mainly of the fair type. The barrows, however, disclose the fact that at a very early time in the history of this country it was inhabited by two considerably different races — one small-limbed, and dolicho-cephalic; the other larger-limbed, and brachy-cephalic. As to the existence of an aboriginal race little can be said. It may here be mentioned that there is some evidence in our midst of a non-Aryan type having at one time come in contact with us; but for a foundation we should say that the pre-historic population of Britain consisted of two main races —one long-headed and dark-complexioned, the other round-headed and xanthous. Very much the same may be said to apply to Ireland, of whose early traditional history little of consequence can be made. For all practical purposes we should hold that the Fir-Bolg of Ireland—the legendary Children of the Mist; the tin-workers of Cornwall; the Silures in Wales, as well as all the people of the same element in Scotland, should be classified as belonging to the same parent race, and also to the earlier population of the country. They were the dark races among us, while later incomers went undoubtedly more to swell the fairer types. But there is something peculiar in the fact

that both Britain and Ireland were peopled first by dark races, and then almost simultaneously by fair colonists. There must have been a bond of attraction at work secretly—something like trade perhaps—which historians have not yet fully grasped. Then at the time of the Roman invasion this country would have contained the following peoples:—First, a possibly aboriginal race, the identity of which still remains an open question; imposed upon this race a small-limbed, rather sharp-featured, darkish race, partaking of a non-Aryan character to a small extent; and after these, very probably a second migration (so to speak) of a dark race, probably brachy-cephalic, and speaking a Goidelic tongue. These would have been followed by the fair or xanthous Celts, who spoke the Gaelic much as known to us. As it is generally supposed that the influence of the Romans upon the British ethnologically was practically nothing, all to be dealt with, then, from our point of view, is the mere mentioning of the successive invasions of Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Normans, and Scandinavians, which, from time to time, took place, and which brought over to us new peoples and new governments; but, always keeping in mind that these different peoples were considerably related to each other fundamentally. Taking, then, both England and Scotland in consideration, we have at this stage a great process of race-amalgamation going on. All those peoples are fast becoming united in the struggle for civilisation; and in Ireland we have principally the same, with this difference, that there was less Saxonic or Anglic blood in the sister isle than in Scotland. There was less of this element in Scotland again than in England, of course. This would have been the state of matters racially in Britain till about the 10th century, which brings us on the threshold of Scottish history. Any trace of an early Finnish race having mixed with our peoples will have no great interest from the point of view of this paper. If there was a Finnish type in Britain further than the traces of such which fundamental relationship would account for, it can be taken as swelling the fair races. Among all those peoples we have altogether two head forms, namely, the dolicho-cephalic (long head), and the brachy-cephalic (round head). The dark races are mainly long-headed, but also embrace an important broad-headed type; the fair races are mainly broad-headed, but also include a large percentage of long-heads. Between these we have a small infinity of intermediary stages, resulting in all conceivable cranial configurations. But the above generalization pretty correctly applies to Britain and Ireland, and gives us the different large and small, regular and

irregular, types of heads that we have among us. Coming now to the condition of Scotland, say, two centuries after the union of the Pictish and Scottish crowns in the person of Kenneth M'Alpin, the population would have been more or less as follows:—The border counties and East Coast were fundamentally British, but largely imposed upon by Germanic types, this element being so strong in the Lothians as to materially raise the ethnic cast of the district. Along the coast from the Lothians to Caithness were the early settlers, also imposed upon by later layers, consisting of a strong Germanic mixture, particularly the Scandinavian type, which was stronger and purer in the northern parts. Mid-South-Scotland had a population of a heterogenous nature, being composed of an imposition of Welsh, Saxons, and Angles, and some Scots upon the earlier strata; while the west all along contained a large proportion of the dark races and red Celts; and, imposed upon these, an important colony of Scots—then a somewhat mixed people—from Ireland, telling upon West Scotland in somewhat the same manner as the Saxons did upon England. Grouping these now into a broad ethnological generalisation, embracing the whole population of Scotland, except the Highlands, the elements in it would be—fundamentally the early dark races, dolicho-cephalic mainly, but also brachy-cephalic to a certain extent; above these the xanthous race, mainly brachy-cephalic, but also dolicho-cephalic to a degree. Imposed on these again were the purer Germanic elements—Saxons and Scandinavians—with, perhaps, a more or less equal percentage of long-heads and round-heads among them. These last incomers and the Celts should be pretty nearly related, though dissimilar in physical features. Now, in the Highlands we should have, to begin with, a fundamental proportion of the dark, early settlers; and, after these, a strong colony of red Celts, that settled and flourished in the districts. These would form the principal elements on the mainland, while the North-East coast would contain, as already stated, a considerable Germanic element, and the West Coast the former two, with a large proportion of Scandinavian blood, as well as a Scottish element from Ireland of greater strength than is commonly supposed. Pure Saxonic blood was never of great consequence in the Highlands, and depended upon migrations from the south, after the Normans began to affect the history of our country. The Normans themselves are not to be considered as by any means purely Saxonic or anything like it; but they introduced a civilisation which went to augment Saxonic influence all round. Ethnologically, then, the Highlands should contain:—A

dark-haired, dark-eyed, sharp-featured, long-headed people, with a percentage of round-heads among them, having the same darkness of skin, hair, and eyes; and a fair-haired (or red-haired), light-eyed, more or less square-featured, round-headed race, with a certain number of long-heads among them, giving the same fairness of skin, hair, and eyes. Though the Scots were a mixed race, I think the dark types in Scotland must have been re-inforced by the invasion from Ireland. The civilisation and literature which those Scoto-Irish settlers carried with them would seem to have been assimilated by the dark races more readily than by the fair. It will now be seen that, one way or another, we have a considerable mixture of race-elements in the Highlands; and it would be a nice field of observation for ethnologists to endeavour to determine how those different bloods retain their individual identities in their actions and interactions upon each other; or to see whether any one of them is making for a predominating balance. When two or more races meet and exist side by side, it is found that the stronger one generally eats up the weaker and finally gains the ascendancy. It is very difficult, however, to decide which of two or more races the stronger one may be. The stronger in civilization may not be the stronger in the ethnic world. There is a persistence in race which has not yet been fully understood; and the great importance of woman in this direction has been too much overlooked. Races are said to have a direct tendency to revert to originals, and, as surely as the mind of man will, by a secret law of its own, find its balance or disrupt, so surely will a race find its own ethnic balance or die out. I think the proper understanding of mixture in races is that it is merely a state of transition through which peoples foreign to each other are struggling to get back to their respective individualities—a struggle which, of course, ends in the "survival of the fittest." I think, also, it may be taken as axiomatic that if numbers and conditions were equal, an aboriginal race would have every advantage. Political influence is to be considered in a country like ours; but yet we should keep a look-out to observe whether the different peoples among us are being merged backwards into an individual race such as should be considered autochthonous. Already it has been noticed that what is usually known as the "Celtic element" in Britain is greater than at one time it was thought to be. Of course in this connection we have to consider that England, probably, has never been thoroughly Saxonised. Large districts of it remained Celtic long after the great invasions which so much altered the face of the country;

and, even to this day, whole communities, such as the population of Devonshire, remain substantially Celtic in type. No doubt it is difficult to determine what could be taken for exclusive race-belongings. Even as to the colour of eyes and hair it is not easy to draw hard and fast lines. Dr Beddoes takes about five hair colours and three or four eye colours in making up his statistics of the "Races of Britain." All these, except two, are intermediate. They can be dealt with as belonging in a sense to both the fair and dark; but can only relate to the predominating tendency of either. It is here that psychology serves to decide differences. Leaving aside what may be the hair and eye colour natural to humanity in certain conditions, it is extraordinary how much the dark and fair colours are mixed and intermixed in Europe. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land we find these with their intermediate stages. In Scotland there is a considerable prevalence of brown, both in respect of eyes and hair, so far as I have observed. Is there any relation between it and a possibly aboriginal race? Or is it a climatic result? Or is it an effect of mixture? It is now maintained that the hair does get darker as a result of progressive civilization. It has long ago been noticed that the hair of children often turns from fair to dark as they advance in years; but in this connection it is sometimes held that hair in the case of children also changes from dark to fair as they get old. Hector Maclean tells us that he noticed a yellow tinge under the hair of some dark persons whom he examined. This is not at all uncommon. Yet I find it mostly in winter to be so; and the two facts ought to go together. If we could suppose that there would be any truth in the theory that the climate of Europe was at anytime such as would produce a dark race—for we find hot climates peopled by dark tribes—we should be disposed to say that the dark races were an outcome of that time; and, on the other hand, the fair a product of altered climatic conditions. The fair do stand cold better than the dark even now. But more of this further on. It is the same mystery all round, from which all we can gather is that Nature secretly works to strike a balance with the laws of the universe for her figures.

I should now like to give a short, comparative view of the main characteristics which we find expressed by the two peoples chiefly making up the population of the Highlands. This will include the mental and physical contrasts peculiar to both, as these struck me in my observations upon them. I wish, however, to make no nice distinctions between intermediate race-stages, nor

to take any particular notice of the existence of small, more or less psychologically unaffecting, races. I shall begin with the old dark race; and one of the most prominent points of difference between them and the fair is the great and pronounced idealism of the former. This has been noted by most writers on the subject, and it has, no doubt, a considerable bearing upon their life as a people. Arising out of that idealism we find several of the characteristics which mark them out as, to a certain extent, a nation by themselves. They are dreamy by day, and believe in night visions and supernatural appearances as a matter of course. In this connection, let us quote Solinus, as given by Mr Elton in his "Origins of English History." He says of the ancient Silurians, the prototype of the present dark races—"They are devoted to the worship of the gods, and men and women alike show their skill in divination of the future." The world of the dark race, as a whole, is one filled with improbabilities, and, indeed, impossibilities. Their real relation to the things which go to make up every-day life seems never to be properly understood by them. In the words of the poet, "Their heads are in the stars, while their feet wade the gutter of the earth." Facts are of secondary consideration, and fiction becomes what I cannot, even at the risk of being considered illogical, call anything else than *abstract reality*. They are given to sublime thinking and sentimental imaginings, which, if realisable, would undoubtedly convert this world into an Elysian Field. Given, then, so much to poetical conceptions, it is no wonder that they are not extremely fond of manual labour. Thus they cannot understand how the fair races get rich where they cannot. To this high standard of idealism may also be attributed their purity of morals, and perhaps, as well, their simplicity, if unfortunate enough to commit anything like a criminal offence. Of the dark Highlander it is particularly noticeable that he cannot well deny anything in this direction into which he happens to fall. The possibility of circumstantial defence on a plea of "not guilty," against the silent voice of conscience, would never occur to him. But it gives him infinite relief to unbosom his mind even to those who can punish him. Much of all this could, perhaps, be traced in ultimate analysis to passion. The dark Highlander is essentially a man of deep passion. What he feels he feels with all his heart; and what he covets he thinks he should possess at any cost. If disappointed he becomes melancholy—sometimes disagreeably so. He is also very proud, and nothing hurts him more than to have to ask a

favour from any one. While not historically the greatest lover of freedom, he is independence incarnate. Tyranny of any description maddens him, and the victory of wrong over right saddens him. It puts him into despair. He cannot tolerate it. He is not inherently selfish; but a selfish world makes him often somewhat revengefully inclined. The dark races, all in all, are a very refined type of man; and I think that most of the learning and the mental civilisation which we have must be ascribed to them. Culture seems to be born with them. They have, to a great extent, by intuition, what other peoples take a term of lifetime to acquire a knowledge of. They seem to be creatures of mind. They are extremely musical—indeed, would make life "one grand sweet song." But, in religion, the position they take up is somewhat peculiar. However, the art, associated with religion, should have great attractions for them. Their history on the Continent in all times shows this pretty clearly. Everywhere, indeed, they love art and order. Their idea of money is extraordinary. So far as I can gather, they do not look upon it as a medium, but more as a thing to possess for its own value—not altogether that they love money inordinately, but they never seem to have acquired a thorough grasp of the nature of speculation. Their's would be a world without Budgets and National Debts, without banking, insurances, and all monetary connections. While on this point, we may refer to another quotation by Mr Elton from Solinus, in which that writer, still speaking of the ancient Silurians, says—"They will have no markets or money, but give and take in kind, getting all they want by barter and not by sale" ("Origins of English History," page 139). To the fair race, all money-work, it appears, must be ascribed. The dark races are not, in common language, so worldly-minded; but they are more highly strung in nerve-tension, and, in every respect, more sensitive. They are also more receptive, more impressionable, and more highly organised in soul-feeling. Perhaps this is why they are better speakers than the fair, who, on the other hand, are generally considered better writers. But here I may mention a few imperfections the dark suffer from. A great and outstanding one is the quality of availability, which they almost entirely lack. There is an elasticity in the Germanic type, and largely appearing in the red Celt, which the dark man is nearly devoid of. This is an important source of failure and disadvantage to him in life, and accounts for many of his weaknesses. Following close upon it we also find another disqualification no less prominent, that of hesitation. The character of Langham, in

"Robert Elsmere," represents the dark Highlander with remarkable correctness in this direction. These and the proverbial want of unity, which characterised the Highlanders generally, and particularly the dark type, will perhaps have something to do with the rather objectless life of the Scottish Highlanders in past times.

Physically the dark type are smaller in person than the fair, and have thinner and sharper features. This sharpness, however, is not given to the face by the nose. That organ is often pretty thick and long; but, so far as my observations went, not tending prominently or characteristically to sinuosity. The head is, in the great majority of cases, long or coffin-shaped, and somewhat irregular in configuration. The forehead recedes a good deal, and is not infrequently a little rounded, the skull is not prominent at its base, and the back-head shows a tendency to taper towards the medulla. The crown is generally flattish, and the parietals and upper occiput bulge out, as if the race had some extraordinary occasion to develop these parts, as one would be disposed to think, within given conditions of time or circumstances, supposing that external surroundings really do affect the configuration of the cranium. Then, again, the eyebrows and cheek-bones are, as a rule, prominent, and the chin decidedly sharp. The characteristic sharpness of the face is, indeed, very much to be ascribed to the appearance of the chin. One physical difference between some men and others struck me as peculiar. I should like to know what have scientists to say about it. It is this With many of this dark type, I found the knee-cap (patella) prominent, as it were, rising up from the bones of the knee joint; while, on the other hand, I always found it somewhat sunk in the fair. In the one case the knee is sharp and angular; in the other, much more rounded. I only throw this out as a suggestion, but perhaps it should so far emphasise the proverbial angularity of the dark race. Yet another point of difference between these and the fair. They are, I think, less apetitious. They do not eat so much, and they prefer light, easily-digested food to heavy animalistic diets. It has also been noticed that they take longer to grow to maturity, and that they live, and retain their youth, to a considerable age. They seem to possess a recuperative energy which renews their systems long after they might be called old. This energy, however, is remarkably dependent upon their spirit. They are equally susceptible to encouragement and discouragement.

While calling this type small in person, it must not be understood that the fair race have all the strong men. So far as I have been able to ascertain, a really big, dark man is the strongest man

to be found. Not long ago I saw a few men together, among whom were three of these dark giants. Their countenances put me in mind of the Cumbrian type of Britons. They spoke Gaelic fluently, and were Highlanders by birth and bringing up. Their features were not by any means like those of the fair, Gaelic-speaking Highlander. They had a more antiquated appearance, and suggested descent from an earlier race. I believe I would be correct in saying that the most of our heavy-event athletes are darker than fair, and such names in past history as Donald Dubh Balloch, Evan Dubh Lochiall, Tailleir Dubh na Tuaithe, etc., will suggest themselves to the reader.

I now come to the other element in Highland ethnology—the fair, or red type; and it will be observed that I want to show the ethnic identity of this race, whether denominated red (xanthous), or fair (yellow), with that historically known as the Germanic or Teutonic. Of course, we shall find great differences between the man called the red Celt and the one known as the present-day German; but I should humbly risk the opinion that these differences are not fundamental, and could be accounted for as results of divergent paths in their respective historical developments.

But I must here digress a little to make a few remarks on the significance that we should attach to the colours "red" and "fair" historically. I need not state, I am sure, that in fact there is no reason to make any distinction between the two. This colour—fair, red, yellow, lightish, other than brown or dark—is spoken of a great deal in the early histories of our country. In Ireland the great giants were golden-haired and blue-eyed. On this point, Mackenzie, in his introduction to the "Beauties of Celtic Poetry," page 9, says—"To whatever cause is to be attributed the general mixture of dark-complexioned individuals among the Gaels, inducing the assertion so often repeated that they display the genuine Celtic hue, nothing is more particularly noticed than the fairness of skin, the blue eyes, and the yellow hair of all branches of the race. So anxious were the Gaels to improve the glowing brightness of their flowing locks, that, in the desire to heighten by frequent washing and other artificial means its natural colour, they hit on the manufacture of soap" (quoting from Pliny, 28, 12). Continuing, he says that the general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many ancient writers as we find referring to it. The distinction drawn between the dark and fair in these remarks is important from our point of view. I think it would be comparatively easy to identify this "red" or "fair" Celt with the German of a later day. This

idea is not by any means new, for we find Tacitus, when expressing himself as uncertain of the original nationality of certain ancient races, unhesitatingly remarking that the "Caledonians, with their red hair and large limbs, pointed clearly to a German origin" (as quoted by Mr Elton in his "Origins of English History," page 134). The reference in the "Albanic Duan"—"Ye well-skilled host of yellow hair"—would also apply to this red Celt, as well as the numerous references to "fair-haired heroes" in the great Ossianic Ballads. So much has been made of this in some quarters that it is not uncommon to find a position of aristocracy assigned to the fair in Celtic history, while the darker population are supposed to have been in most respects subject to them. But we should not be too ready to grant belief to this idea, at least without some investigation. Deirdre's description of the man whom she wished to marry, as given to us in the beautiful poem called after her name, would lead us to understand that the dark colour was then, as now, to be met with in the higher circles. Her choice was to be a man with cheeks red as blood, with skin white as snow, and with hair dark as the wings of the raven; and when she saw the son of Uisne, he presented to her all these charms in combination, and she married him. Of course, it must be admitted that the whiteness of skin in this case makes the racial identity of this man somewhat questionable, but instances are not wanting where the dark colour and heroism—the heroism of the ancient ballads and chronicles—are found side by side. My own opinion is that little, if any, significance should be attached to the frequent mentions of "dark" and "fair" in legendary and traditional records; for it must be clear that the bards are to blame for making much use of stereotyped phrases in poetry, without observing particularly whether they were applicable in individual cases or not. But, leaving all this aside as matter of secondary moment, there is no doubt that in modern times, even in the Highlands, the presumption is strong that the fair-coloured race have got, if anything, the better of the situation. They understand much more what it is to catch the things which life is made up of than their darker neighbours. Mechanical civilisation is the hereditary legacy of the fair race all the world over. Put a fair man into any part of the world, and the first thing he begins to do is to arrange for the cultivation of that spot. Work is what he feels at home in, and he loves speculation. He does not dream; he acts. There is a strong element of this spirit in the Highlands. Indeed, it was on the pronounced and persistent nature of the existence of this spirit among such as cannot be anything else

racially than the descendants of the "red" Celt, that the writer's advocacy of the original identity of this race with the Germanic is principally founded. For I have ever seen reason to believe that the elements of character most natural to any race express themselves in the struggle for existence more clearly and more truthfully than in any of the other numerous forms of racial development; and, though surroundings and mediums alter, the fundamental principles of the self-preserving functions in human nature remain the same, and betray themselves for ever. The Germanic type of man has made living an art; and accordingly we find him everywhere representing progressive civilisation. From several causes this civilising spirit did not get room to express itself in the Highlands. Be this as it may, the grasping, hard-working persistence with which we find some Highlanders pushing themselves on in the world suggests the closest similarity to that of the aggressive Teuton. But there is one great difference between the two, and that is that the latter is generally more open-minded in his dealings; not that the Highlander is unfairly close, but he is unscrupulously self-provident and not particularly considerate as to the rights of individuality. He lives in the world, and very much for the world. Yet he is intensely religious, without allowing religion to interfere with him in his speculations; but here it should be mentioned that the struggles of this type of man for freedom of conscience in religion, and his great interest in personal liberty generally, have been noted in almost all histories of him. This is characteristic of his head form.

As we should expect, this man is a most elastic person, which enables him to get into favour with his betters and the world where a less available individual would fail. All things with him are means towards the one end of making himself powerful against his fellow-creature. Home and settled communities, with all their complications and wheels within wheels arise from this type of man; and I should be disposed to believe that Socialism would not on any condition be acceptable to him. The individualism of Liberalism is his political creed; but self-aggrandisement, as already hinted at, frequently overbalances this, and makes him anything but liberal where he has the power to domineer. Learning and intelligence are in his hands merely means whereby to obtain other ends, and have little or no attraction for him as sources of intellectual pleasure or enjoyment. He has some sentiment and idealism in him; but he is not led by either to do or think anything. He keeps them subject to his will power, and does not allow them to enter into his every-day movements. He

is not given to art. In all times he has been fond of show. "Personal decoration among the early Britons consisted of a dress, we are told, which was woven of many colours, and which made a gaudy show. The Celts apparently had learned the art of using alternate colours for warp and woof, so as to bring out a pattern of stripes and squares. They were fond of every kind of ornament." (Mr Elton's "Origins of English History.") This is quite consistent with a very incipient stage of civilisation. We find this type of Highlander also superstitious and strong-headed, but very faithful. In this direction, indeed, he was inclined to hero-worship till lately, and little encouragement would still develop this weakness in him. The relation of chieftains to clans in the history of past times is sufficient proof of this. Physically this man is big and strong. He is generally fair-skinned, in many instances showing a good deal of colour; and in others is freckled. His hair is mostly fair, bright-yellow, or red; his eyes are, as a rule, grayish or bluish, in fact range between all colours but brown-black or black. He eats well, and is rather fond of animal food. It has been mentioned, I am aware, that he is not so prone to illness as the dark. I should like to know what is the experience of medical men on this point. I have heard it often remarked that the dark were, if anything, more subject to chest ailments than the fair; while, on the other hand, the latter were more susceptible to infectious diseases, such as fevers. Perhaps the line might be drawn thus: troubles arising from an unhealthy condition of heat would more affect the fair; whereas those arising from an unhealthy condition of cold would tell more on the dark.

These, so far, are the two opposing elements to be found among us in general. But, in reality, the two peoples are so inextricably mixed that it is impossible in many a case to say what particular race a subject may belong to; and it will be interesting in this connection to give a quotation from M'Firbis—an old bard who wrote at the end of the seventeenth century—made use of by Mr Elton in his great work (pages 152-153). His words are:—"Everyone who is fair, revengeful, and big, and every plunderer, and every musical person and professor of music, and all who are adepts in Druidism and magic: these are the sons of the Tuatha-De-Danaan in Eirinn" (the fairer population); but "Every one who is black-haired, and a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy and contemptible, every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh and inhospitable person, every slave, and every mean thief, these are the sons of the Fir-Bolg, of Fir-Gailuin, and of the Fir-Domhnan in Eirinn" (the darker population). This estimate of

the respective peoples—the fair and dark—though containing much truth, is strangely mixed, and, in my opinion, not correct of either. But the races are themselves mixed, over and over again, and at any time it is not an easy matter to give delineations that would cover all cases. The Highlands of Scotland were for years a ground for divergent bloods and customs and manners operating upon each other; and thus, racial characteristics, at one time strange to a particular race, became through imitation or compulsory assimilation, practically so natural to them as their own.

In Inverness we have this mixture as well represented as we should expect from a town of its history and position. All centres, of course, contain a mixed population. As a small port-town, Inverness has several racial elements in it decidedly foreign to itself, but, upon the whole, it maintains its Highland connections fairly well. The inhabitants might be divided into two portions, namely, the old and the new. The former would embrace the race element in the town belonging to it as a purely Highland settlement, and the latter, the additions made to these from time to time through the introduction of civilisation on a greater scale. Railway and steamboat communication with the West and South has very much affected the town by bringing into it many peoples strange to it. But this is again more than counterbalanced, perhaps, by the influx of young men and women from the neighbouring districts. Yet, in sentiment, the town is practically becoming non-Highland in several respects. This transition process has been going on for a long time, but has been accelerated by the opening up of the country all round. Ethnologically the effect is not so visible. Dr Beddoes found the non-Highland element comparatively small in it ("Races of Britain," page 242); but if we take the town from the point of view of ideals, we find it almost entirely non-Highland—in fact, fast becoming a small London. As a Highland town, Inverness is not what it should be. For instance, the games peculiar to the Highlands, as a small nationality, are out of place and discarded among us. The music of the bagpipes, an instrument supposed to have peculiar attractions for every Highlander, is in Inverness put on a level with caterwauling; and the unfortunate man who plays it is seriously suspected of incipient insanity, except by some from the country who come to make their homes with us. Many customs dear to the Highlanders are scouted as idiosyncrasies, and the language in which the Highlanders spoke and wrote their history, in which they "moved and had their being," is thought little of. I mention this not in any deprecatory spirit, but to show how clearly the town is becoming non-Highland in

spirit. Its peculiarly shifting political faith is good proof that it is still undergoing changes.

The features with which we meet from day to day are interesting. In the parts facing the sea we have the South and Norse elements comparatively strong, betraying their origin by the colour of their skin and hair. Along the streets which form the old country connections we find, on the other hand, the Celtic element always purer, and abounding in excellent specimens of both the dark and fair races.

The town also offers exceptional facilities to a resident for observing the ethnology of the districts around. Every day brings us visitors from the country, and periodical occasions provide us with much material for speculation. These reveal the peculiarity, that certain types prevail on certain occasions. For instance, the Communion brings to us a number of rather square, old looking heads, apparently long, but scarcely so in the cerebral parts. I have observed many heads at large Communion gatherings which seemed each to belong to more than one race. But this, I understand, is not uncommon. I have found the nose in these cases pretty straight, and the face upon the whole, good, and denoting very high moral parts, great fixity of principle, and an eternity of resignation. Our feeing markets, however, give us another cast. Irregular faces and rather coarser features prevail here, with lips inclined to thickness, cheek-bones high, and noses of every description. The foreheads are not always easily seen, but I should take them to be on the receding side. The eyes of many of the women are dark, and of many of the men greyish or hazel. The hair, at a glance, should be considered as more fair than dark. The same features appear again among us largely at the disbanding of the Inverness-shire Militia. The faces in this case, are irregular, and denote passion; but the eyes betray much kindness of heart, though also a susceptibility to change, if passions were agitated. Among these we find some good specimens of what "the men of the naked knee" were in past times. The Wool Market and the Northern Meeting are patronised by a strong mixture. Making a good allowance for the unusually high Southern element then among us, we have, after all, a predominance of Highland features on these occasions. Of course the attendance at these gatherings may be taken as made up of the better to do and the younger blood, and no one can avoid being struck with the greater regularity of countenances to be observed. A most peculiar case attracted my attention last year in the Meeting Park, where I observed a pretty young girl having one eye Iberian black and the other Saxonic blue. That was the

second time I noticed the same thing—the first time in the case of a grown-up man, who was, as much as one could be, to look at, a cross between the dark and fair types. Such cases as these are rare, but it is a common thing to find a few members of a family belonging to the dark race, and their brothers and sisters representing the fair, or *vice versa*.

Their lives among us what we might in a manner call a separate tribe—I mean the Gipsies—and it has often been a matter of curiosity with me how to classify them in their relation to our general population. Their peculiar habits must be more than mere accident. It seems to me that they throw considerable light upon the life and customs of a possible race, existing in quite different circumstances, and subject to a quite different civilisation. I am led to understand that they are inclined to sneer at settled living, and look upon the "husbandman" as infinitely beneath them in dignity. If I am not mistaken the Bedouin of the desert entertains the very same feelings towards his settled-down neighbours. I have often thought that the *sang froid* with which the Gipsies beg and accept charity from their betters has something hereditarily interesting attached to it. The Gipsies are as a rule very dark; but in Scotland, particularly, there is a large proportion of the red colour among them. The women in several respects suggest a great resemblance to some of what we call the Spanish element, which we find here and there scattered over the country. But there is a strong red type of woman among them, having bones of great size and strength. There is, however, a nomadic element about them, which point to very early stages in the history of Europe. In our country they partake of the general characteristics of unsettled humanity; but it ought to be remembered that there is a vast difference between them and the moving population of the low parts of great cities—a difference, indeed, that suggests development from a now lost organisation.

I have seen a few interesting faces among them, though my opportunities of observing were but few. Not long ago I saw one of them begging for help whose countenance struck me as rather uncommon. This person was a woman, whose face was particularly small, but whose features were most delicately and regularly set. She was dark in complexion and hair, her nose was beautifully straight, and her lips much closer than is often seen among this type of people. The cheek-bones were extremely small, and the chin finely tapered, with a vacant expression on the countenance which denoted meditation and melancholic feeling. I saw a man recently who had a rather foreign face. His lips were remarkably thick, his cheek-

bones high, and his eyes had a kind of reddish tinge about them; altogether the general expression of the face was nigritic. He was a rather well-to-do person. This nigritic element is, indeed, more common among us than is generally supposed. I have met with faces which betrayed African, Chinese, and Indian connections. Some of these features have no doubt come to us through the marriage of people of this country with men and women belonging to those nationalities; but this may not account for all. By-the-bye another facial rarity is to be seen at times among the gipsies. This is a dark-complexioned face freckled. Not once or twice have I noticed boys going about with our tent-dwellers, having dark hair, dark eyes, freckled, dark skin; and all round a blackness which gave them an uninviting appearance.

The Highland face, upon the whole, is yet rather irregular. But I would be disposed to think that the features in general should be getting more regular one way or another. At present there is nearly as much difference between an ordinary Highland face and that of an Englishman, say one hailing from Sussex, as between the hills of the North and the plains of the South. The principal points which give irregularity to the Highland face at present are the chin, the lips, the cheek-bones, the nose, and the eyebrows. The Highland chin is yet, as a rule, prominent, a little inclined to the prognathous. The lips are in many cases thick, and, not infrequently, insufficient to cover the teeth, leaving the latter somewhat exposed, and giving the mouth an ill-looking largeness. The cheek-bones are high and sharp, the nose of uncertain shapes, while the eyebrows, in numerous instances, meet, and even come down on to the nose, especially in men. The head is very much the coffin-shaped of some ethnologists; but in the case of many of the dark type the forehead is still too much of the receding kind, showing what phrenologists term the perceptive faculties highly developed, while the reflective organs appear to be not so much so. The rounding of the head and the regularising of the countenance should, I think, be the inevitable concomitants of advancing civilisation.

Remarks.—(1). This paper must not be taken as covering *individual* cases. (2). The observations embrace a great number of cases, and aim at a generalisation, calculating from circumstances and conditions, such as locality, history, character, heredity (where ascertainable), colour of hair and eyes, &c., &c. (3). Differences are reconciled with a leaning to psychological preference.

18th FEBRUARY, 1892.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, on the "*Macdonells of Antrim.*" Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

A SKETCH OF THE MACDONNELLS OF ANTRIM.

Two great families of the name of Byset flourished in Scotland during the reign of William the Lion. They had come over at first to England with William the Conqueror, whence they came, at a later period, to Scotland. One of these great families was situated in the north, and the other in the south of Scotland. The northern branch failed in the male line with Sir John de Byset, who left three daughters. Mary, the eldest, inherited Lovat, in the Aird, and from her the Frasers of Lovat are descended; the second daughter, Cecilia, inherited Altyre, in Moray, and married a man of the name of Fenton; Sir Andrew de Bosco became the husband of the third daughter, Elizabeth. She had for her marriage portion, along with other lands, the estate of Redcastle, in the Black Isle, and Kilravock, on the banks of the river Nairn.

The Bysets had become rivals of the De Galloways, Earls of Athol; and it happened in the year 1242 that Patrick, the young and popular Earl of Athol, son of Thomas, son of Rowland, son of Fergus de Galloway, was found dead in his bedroom at Haddington. The house was set on fire, so that it might be thought that his death might have been the result of accident. The Bysets were known to cherish inimical sentiments towards the deceased earl: and they were consequently suspected of having been instrumental in causing him to be murdered. Albeit, they were able to produce many witnesses in support of their innocence, including the queen, who maintained on oath that they were guiltless, and gave evidence to that effect. They were, notwithstanding, condemned to banishment from Scotland. John and Walter Byset were compelled to take a vow on oath to join the crusade, and never to return from the Holy Land. There they were to stay during the remainder of their lives; and they had to promise on solemn oath to pray fervently and often at certain shrines for the soul of the deceased earl. To provide a respectable retinue to follow out their journey they were allowed to dispose of their extensive lands, as well as of their immense amount of stock and chattel property.

Nevertheless, they felt themselves outraged and unjustly used in being punished at all, and their haughty spirit was especially galled by such humiliating terms being imposed upon them. So, instead of going submissively to the East, they did what suited their proud nature much better--cursed Scotland, took their journey westwards, and sought a home in Ireland. They had with them as much means as was enough to establish themselves in their previous position as territorial lords, by buying extensive lands on the coast of Antrim from Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster. Before the end of the thirteenth century the leading family of the Bysets held the seven lordships of the Antrim Glens, and later, by another century, the sole heir to this large property was Margery Byset. She was the fifth in descent from the first settler John, and daughter of *Mac Eoin fionn Biset* (fair-haired Son John Byset), who was killed by the followers of Sir Robert Savage near Carrickfergus. Here is the record of this affair in the *Annals of the Four Masters*:—

"A great army was led by Niall O'Neill, with his sons and the chieftains of Kinel Owen, into Trian-Chongail against the English, and they burned and totally plundered many of the towns. The English of the territory assembled to oppose them. Hugh O'Neill and Raibilin Savadge met each in a charge of cavalry, and they made two powerful thrusts of their spears into each other's bodies. Raibilin returned severely wounded to his house, where Mac Eoin Bisset killed him; and Hugh O'Neill died the third day afterwards of the effect of his wound; and Mac Eoin Bisset, he was killed by Raibilin's people the third day after the killing of Raibilin himself."

Sabia, daughter of Hugh O'Neill, was a descendant of Neill of the nine hostages (*Niall Naoighealach*), so called from the nine hostages he was said to have taken--five from the five provinces into which Ireland was then divided, and four from Alba or Scotland.

Maria or Margery Byset, the heiress to the seven lordships of the Antrim Glens, the descendant of Regal Irish families and of a Greek family, who were followers of William the Conqueror, was sure to have suitors and admirers, and among these suitors the successful one was *Eoin Mór a Hile* (Tall John from Islay), equally illustrious in descent. John More Macdonnell and Margery or Maria Byset were married about the year 1399, by which the lordships of the Antrim Glens passed to the Macdonnells of Islay. She was the daughter of Owen Mac Bisset and of Sabbia, daughter

of Hugh O'Neill, and wife to Owen Mac Bisset, a lady who is said to have surpassed all the ladies of the Clanna Neill in all good parts requisite for the character of a noble matron.

John More was the second son of John, Lord of the Isles, whose mother was Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland. His eldest brother was Donald, Lord of the Isles, who fought the battle of Harlaw against the royal forces of Scotland, subsequent to which he was called Donald of Harlaw, and his youngest brother was named Alexander.

John More Macdonnell about the time of his marriage dwelt in Kintyre, where the family had two seats, one at the head of Loch Kilkerra *(Ceann-loch-Chille-Chiaran)*, so called from St Ciaran, who settled there in the year 536. The Macdonnells' Castle stood at the head of what is the present main street in Campbelton. The site is known as Castle-hill, whereon the Presbyterians have erected a wofully common-place church excessively unworthy of the poetic associations of the situation. James IV., when engaged in extinguishing the Kingdom of the Isles, rebuilt the Macdonnells' Castle, and named it his "New Castle of Kilkerane in Kyntire." In 1536 it was fortified by James V., but soon thereafter retaken by the Macdonnells. Another castle stood near the Mull, known in early times as Dundonnell. It was situated in the old parish of Killean, or about the centre of the present united parishes of Saddell and Skipness. Likely it was erected by Donnell, son of Reginald, and grandson of Somerled. Here the charters given to vassals by Princes of the Isles are said to have run thus:—"I, Macdonnell, sitting in Dundonnell, give you a right to your farm from this day till to-morrow, and every day thereafter, so long as you have food for the great Macdonnell of the Isles." Another of these grants, conveying lands to a chief of the Mackays, is expressed in these terms:—"I, Donnell, chief of the Macdonnells, give here, in my castle, to Mackay a right to Kilmahumag from this day till to-morrow, and so on for ever." The fortress of Dunaverty was not used as a family residence, and at the time of John More's marriage Glen Sanddell Castle had become the possession of the Bishops of Argyll. Forthwith, subsequent to the marriage, the young married pair paid a visit to Islay, where the brother of the bridegroom, "Donnell of Harlaw," then resided. John More Macdonnell was styled Lord of *Dunyveg* and *Glennis;* the former part of the title was the name of the family mansion in Islay, and the latter the name of the Antrim estates obtained along with his wife, Margery Byset. He was so styled in the year 1400, which was shortly after his marriage. He

had obtained from his father 120 marklands of old extent, or about 3600 acres, in Kintyre, and also 60 marklands, or about 1800 acres, in Islay. So he and his successors besides were styled *Lords of Islay and Kintyre*, a title whereby they were better known in Scotland. It would seem that John More was not satisfied with the portion of his father's possessions which had been settled on him; and disputes upon this point arose between himself and his brother Donald, the Lord of the Isles. These disputes ended in a civil broil, wherein John More was overthrown. So he and his adherents were obliged to make as quick a retreat as was possible for them to the Glens of Antrim. Here is an account of this dispute and quarrel, recorded by Hugh Macdonald, the chronicler of Sleat:—"About this time lived the subtle and wicked councillor, the Green Abbot Finnon, by whose daughter John More had a natural son called Ranald Bane, of whom descended the house of Lairgy. Maclean fostered Donald Balloch, John More's eldest legitimate son, by the Abbot's advice, who told John More that he had but a small portion of his father's estate, and that he should seize upon all that was beyond the point of Ardnamurchan southward. The Abbot being a subtle eloquent man, brought over to his side the chief of the Macleans and Macleod of Harris, to get the islands for themselves from the Lord of the Isles, who, hearing of the insolence of the new faction, raised some powerful forces, viz., the men of Ross, Macleod of Lewis, his own brother Alister Carrick, Macintosh, Mackenzie, the chief of the Camerons, the Islanders, the men of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, the Glencoe people, and Macneil of Barra. Now John and his party could not withstand the forces of his brother, so, leaving Kintyre, he went to Galloway. Macdonald followed them. John went from Galloway to Ireland, and remained in the Glens. Donald returned to Islay. John More and his faction, seeing that both they themselves and their interest were like to be lost, unless Macdonald pardoned himself and spared the rest for his sake, thought their best course was to go to Islay, where Macdonnell resided in Kilcummin (Kilchoman). Upon John More's coming into his brother's presence, and prostrating himself to the ground, his brother rose and took him up, and embraced him kindly. This sedition was owing to Mac Finnon and his kinsman, the Green Abbot. Mac Finnon being found guilty and convicted, was hanged, and the Abbot was all his lifetime confined to Icolumkill, his life being spared because he was a churchman, where he built a stately tomb to himself, which is still to be seen." —*Collectonea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 303, 304.*

John More's brother, Donald, the Lord of the Isles, died about the year 1425, at the Castle of Ardtornish, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and his son, Alexander, succeeded him, who, at the time of his father's death, had not attained his majority. His kinsman, James I. of Scotland, who had been for eighteen years a prisoner in England, was now released, and he returned to his native country to become its king. He seems to have been jealous, as well as afraid, of the great power which the island princes had attained by the annexation of the great earldom of Ross, which came to them by Mary Leslie, Countess of Ross, the wife of Donald of Harlaw, and the mother of Alexander, Lord of the Isles. Certain members of the Royal Family surrounded James, on his return to Scotland, who had been disappointed in their hopes by the result of the battle of Harlaw, and who, consequently, became the mortal enemies of Donald, who, after that battle, secured possession of the earldom of Ross, and also of Alexander, his son, who was heir to it in his mother's right. It was determined by James and his Council that the whole of Scotland should be entirely ruled by one King, and they offered to take John More, the uncle of Alexander, into their counsels, and even to bestow upon him the lands which they meditated to take by violence from his nephew. One James Campbell was sent by the King, in the meantime, to ascertain if John More of Kintyre, Macdonnell's uncle, would consent to take his nephew's lands; but it was merely a stratagem to weaken the Macdonnells, that they might be the more easily subdued. A man was sent by James Campbell with a message to John of Kintyre, asking him to meet him at a point called Ard-dhu, with some prudent gentlemen, and that he had matters of importance from the King to be communicated to him. John arrived at the place appointed with a small retinue, but James Campbell with a large train. He informed John More of the King's intentions of granting him all the lands that his nephew possessed. John replied he did not perceive in what respect his nephew wronged the King, who was as deserving of his rights as he could be; and that he would not accept of those lands, or serve for them, till his nephew should be set at liberty, who was himself as nearly related to the King as he was. James Campbell, on hearing this response, told him that he was the King's prisoner. John made all the resistance that he could, but was overcome by numbers, and slain.

James I. quickly learned that he had erred seriously in this manner deceitfully contriving the capture or destruction of John More. The murder excited a profound feeling of indignation

through the whole country, more particularly among such potent and formidable opponents of the King's policy as the Douglases, Lindsays, and Hamiltons. James felt ashamed, and ultimately, terrified by the results of his own dissimulation, he protested that he had only instructed Campbell to capture John More, and at the same time he actually gave orders to have Campbell tried for the murder. Campbell, on being convicted, earnestly and strongly maintained that he had the authority of the King for what he had done. Nevertheless, he could not produce any written order from James, and he was executed. His death was intended as evidence of his Royal but pusillanimous master's innocence in the affair. It was, notwithstanding, insufficient to assuage the fierce feelings of revenge which were aroused by the base and treacherous murder of John More Macdonnell. The fire had been kindled, and blood alone could extinguish its rapidly spreading flames. This thirst for vengeance, intensified by the deceitful capture of the youthful and popular Alexander, Lord of the Isles, pervaded the Highlands and Isles. To meet this emergency, James bestowed the lands of Lochaber, which had been wrested from the Macdonalds, on his own kinsman, the Earl of Mar, who immediately proceeded to raise an army, which was hastily marshalled under the Earl of Huntly, Allan Lord Caithness, Fraser of Lovat, Mackay of Strathnavern, and the Chieftain of the Camerons, who prevailed on several branches of the Macdonalds to join them, by promising that the lands which they held under the Lord of the Isles should be bestowed upon them by King James.

John More's eldest son, Donald Balloch (Gael. *ballach*, spotted or speckled), a young man of twenty years of age, put himself at the head of the Islesmen and of a small force collected in the glens of Antrim. He speedily put his men on board a fleet of galleys, and landed them on the shore of Lochaber, within somewhat more than a mile of the foe. The young Lord of the Isles was at the time a prisoner in Tantallon Castle, and when he heard of the muster in the Highlands, under his cousin Donald Balloch, he sent a message from the prison to encourage his kinsmen and subjects to face his foes gallantly, albeit they should never see him again. The Highlanders and Islesmen, fired with the desire of revenge for the murder of one of their chiefs, and for the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment of another, were eager and keen for fight. Young Macdonnell, on reconnoitering the position of the enemy at Inverlochy, ordered an instantaneous attack. His men rushed forward, with unquenchable thirst for vengeance, at the word of command. The Lowland knights, who were very

numerous in the Royal army, placed much confidence in the superior armour and discipline of their men; but these advantages were of no consequence against the fierce assault of their Highland antagonists, who wielded their broadswords and Lochaber axes with all the terrific energy and activity of northern warfare. One thousand men of the Royal army were killed, chiefly in the retreat from the field of Inverlochy. Among the slain were Allan Stewart, Lord Caithness, with sixteen of his personal retinue, and many barons and knights from the southern counties of Scotland. After this great victory the Highland host dispersed, and returned to their native hills and glens. They lost no more than fifty men on the field of Inverlochy.

Donnell Balloch, as well as several other leaders, after this splendid victory, in vengeance of the foul murder of John More, steered their galleys over the Channel, and sought rest and security, of which they stood greatly in need, in the woody glens of Antrim. A despatch from the Scottish king to O'Neill soon followed them, wherein King James requested O'Neill to send back to him Donald Balloch, alive or dead. O'Neill, who had, prior to this request, entered into a treaty with the King of Scotland of mutual aid against England, sent King James a human head, which was accepted with joy as that of Donnell Balloch by the Scottish Court, then at Perth. Nevertheless, Donnell was still in possession of his own head; and, at the time of the transmission of the other head to Scotland, he was using his own head in paying his addresses and making love to O'Neill's daughter, whom he married shortly afterwards. By the help of his wife's powerful connections—the O'Neills—he was restored, with but little delay, to his estates in Islay and Kintyre.

It has been asserted by some writers that the king came to Dunstaffnage after the battle of Inverlochy, and that 300 of Donald Balloch's followers were executed. These writers are very much mistaken, for no such thing ever took place. None of them was every missed, or as much as mourned for, either in the Isles or in any other place. Otherwise they had their choice, were they pursued, either to betake themselves to the hills or to go to Ireland.

Although the earlier portion of Donald Balloch's life was passed in tumult and warfare, he enjoyed more than an average share of peace from his marriage until the time of his death, about the year 1480, which took place on Eilan Nave, on Loch Gruinert, Islay, where the Macdonnells had a residence.

His son Eoin (John), succeeded him, who married Sabina, the daughter of another Ulster chieftain, named Felim O'Neill. He does not seem to have lived long after his marriage. He was succeeded by his son Eoin, or John, called *Cahanagh*, on account of being fostered in Northern Ulster with the O'Cahans. Other Anglicised forms of *O'Cathain* are Caine, Cane, Kane, Keane, Keen. John Cahanagh is in its Gaelic form *Eoin Cathanach*, who was a warrior worthy of his race.

Without any delay, after the forfeiture of the aged John, Lord of the Isles, in 1493, James IV. set off speedily to the Western Highlands, to receive personally the submission of the potent vassals who had given allegiance to the throne of the island-kingdom, but were then ready to transfer their fealty to the Scottish crown. Among these was John Cahanagh. James was especially anxious to conciliate him, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood. It is supposed that James granted to this extensive land proprietor, both in Ireland and Scotland, a charter of all his lands, reserving the fortress of Dunaverty, to be occupied, when necessary, in the royal service. This reservation nevertheless seems to have entirely expelled the weak commencement of loyalty in the heart of the island potentate. Dunaverty was a position strongly and especially associated with the eventful history of his family; and he felt it probably of greater importance that it was the place of all others through which his Antrim large estates was more effectually preserved. The king was so keen to get his northern troubles thoroughly settled that he returned to the island in July, the ensuing year, 1494. He brought with him an imposing force, and he bore himself in every respect towards his island subjects as a sovereign who was resolved to compel submission. Without any further explanation or ceremony beyond what he had stated the preceding year to John Cahanagh, he took possession of the Castle of Dunaverty, placed in it, as well as in that of Tarbert, a large garrison, and supplied these castles amply with artillery and skilful gunners. Sir John Cahanagh was, by these proceedings of King James, disagreeably enlightened regarding his intentions. So he decided on his own plan of action. He secretly assembled his faithful followers, watched for a chance to expel the royal garrison from Dunaverty, and take possession of Kintyre. King James did not anticipate any opposition to his arrangements, and was in the act of sailing away with his personal attendants from the Mull, when Sir John stormed Dunaverty, and hanged the Governor, from the wall, in sight of the king and his departing ships.

James was unable to avenge this insult at the time, yet he contrived in his own mind, as he sailed southwards, a dreadful amount of retribution. To accomplish his vengeance he summoned the Earl of Argyll to his assistance. Through the agency of Argyll, a kinsman of Sir John Cahanagh was found to undertake the foul and treacherous seizure of the latter, with as many of the doomed family as it was possible to capture. This kinsman was John Mac Ian Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, who had a feud with John Cahanagh in regard to the lands of Sunart contiguous to Ardnamurchan. Mac Ian, on account of being a kinsman, had better opportunities of perfidiously seizing the Clandonnell chief than other more openly avowed enemies. Mac Ian went to Islay, where he visited his relations at Finlagan Castle, who were not aware that he visited them with a deceitful purpose. There he seized Sir John Cahanagh and two of his sons, and brought them to Edinburgh, where they were soon subsequently found guilty of high treason, and executed on the Burrowmuir. Their bodies were buried in the Church of St Anthony. These facts are recorded by Hugh Macdonald of Sleat, and also by the Macvurich manuscript. They are also mentioned in a charter from the king to John Mac Ian of Ardnamurchan, dated the 24th of March, 1499, and preserved among the Argyll papers, rewarding Mac Ian of Ardnamurchan for his services in seizing Sir John, together with his sons, and several of his accomplices. This grant conveyed to the grantee lands in various districts to the extent of 200 marks of old extent, or about 6000 acres, including the portions disputed between the two kinsmen in Sunart.

To ensure the extirpation of all the sons of John Cahanagh, none of whom were left alive, except Alexander, who concealed himself in the Antrim Glens, Mac Ian was ordered to go after him and seize him. Mac Ian hearing of his hiding places, went to cut down the woods of the glens in order to destroy Alexander, and annihilate the whole family. At last Mac Ian and Alexander met. They were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place. Alexander married Mac Ian's daughter. This alliance likely remained a secret to the Scottish King, who expressed his disappointment that the entire extirpation of the Macdonnell leaders could not have been then attained. But baffled in this respect, he considered the next best thing to be done was to have a penal enactment immediately passed in the Scottish Parliament, prohibiting Alexander of Islay and Kintyre from ever setting foot on Scottish soil, or owning an acre of land in the kingdom of Scotland. A measure for this purpose was actually passed, and

it continued in force during the lifetime of James IV., who was killed at Flodden in 1513.

Notwithstanding, in the interval the young chief of the Clandonnell had become distinguished in Ulster. He had been followed thither by great numbers of his own broken clan and by many soldiers from several smaller clans which had agreed, when the kingdom of the Isles was surrendered in 1476, to follow the banner of the Clan-Ian-vore. With the aid of these hardy *Redshanks*, as they were termed, who are largely represented at the present day in the population of the coast of Antrim, Alexander Macdonnell was enabled not only to hold the family inheritance of the Glens, but even effectively to check the progress of the English invader throughout Ulster. James V. soon found it to be the best policy to reverse the vindictive laws of his father towards this exiled Scottish chief. During his occasional visits to his native shore many highly distinguished marks of honour were bestowed upon him. When we find the last mention of him in the State Papers he is returning from Scotland at the head of 8000 men provided by James V., and meant to counteract the warlike operations so energetically carried on by the English in Ulster during the earlier years of the sixteenth century. This force was added to his own, and, so supplemented, was vigorously and successfully employed, not only in counteracting the English invaders of Ulster, but also in consolidating the Scottish settlements on the coast.

By his wife, Catherine Mac Ian, Alexander Macdonnell had six sons and three daughters. The sons were all leaders among the Scots of Ulster. His daughter Mary married Hector More Maclean, Lord of Dowart, in Mull, and of Morvern or Kenalban, in Argyllshire. This couple left two sons, namely, Hector Oge, who succeeded his father in the estates of Dowart, and Ian or John Dhu, who inherited the family property in Morvern. They had also seven daughters, six of whom were married into leading families of the Isles. Alexander's second daughter was married to a chieftain of the Macleods, and the third became the wife of a kinsman named Gillaspick Macdonnell of Lecale, in the County of Down. Mary Queen of Scots, in the year 1545, granted lands to James, his eldest son, with remainder to his brothers Angus, Colla, Alexander, Donnell Gorme, and Sorley. Mary Queen of Scots and her husband, Francis, in 1558 renewed the grant of 1545, with remainder to his brothers Angus, Coll, Alexander, and Sorley. Six brothers are here distinctly named in the first grant, but only five in the third. Sorley Boy (*Somhairle buidhe*, yellow-haired

Sorley or Somerled) was the youngest of the sons. Four of Alexander's sons fell in the battle-fields in Antrim. James, his eldest son, on the death of Alexander of Islay and Kintyre, succeeded his father as the Chief of the Clandonnell South. He was the Lord of Dunyveg and the Glens, as well as the military leader of Clan Ian-Vore, or descendants of John More. A short time after his father's restoration to Royal favour in Scotland, when James Macdonnell was still a young lad, he was invited to the Scottish Court, and there put under the care of William Henderson, Dean of Holyrood, who had been chosen to give him such a course of education as Scottish noblemen of the same period were believed to require. It was then, obviously, that young Macdonnell was taught to write, and he seems to have been the only one of the sons who had learned that useful manual art. Few, indeed, of the Highland nobility or gentry aspired then to a knowledge of penmanship, as they considered it as an attainment suitable for monks and for secretaries for lords and chieftains. It was probably during his residence at Court that he met the Lady Agnes Campbell, a daughter of Colin, third Earl of Argyll, to whom he was married.

The Macdonnells conquered the Route, the furthest north part of the county of Antrim, which they added to their other possession of the Antrim Glens. It was previously possessed by a native tribe which was named the Macquillins. At the death of his brother Colla, to whom the Route was allotted by Sir James, he offered it then in succession to his brothers Angus and Alexander, both of whom declined to accept it. His youngest brother, however, Sorley Boy *(Somhairle Buidhe)*, did not refuse the offer. His appointment, notwithstanding, seems to have been very disagreeable to the former owners, the Macquillins, and had likely been the principal cause of their struggles, shortly thereafter, to re-assert their claims as owners of the Route. A battle was fought on the left bank of the small stream Aura, in which the Macquillins were hopelessly overthrown. The night before the battle, Sorley Boy ordered rushes to be strewn on a dangerous swamp which lay between the hostile camps, and over which the Macquillins imagined their foes intended to charge them very early. They were deceptively led to believe that Sorley's road across the swamp had been made completely safe for a charge of cavalry; so they determined to move without waiting for his attack. They rushed at the swamp. Their horses soon sank to their saddles among the thinly-strewn rushes, and were unable to move. So their riders became an easy prey to the arrows and Lochaber axes

of the Clandonnell. It subsequently became a saying in the district that "a rush-bush was never known to deceive anyone but a Macquillin."

At this time quarrels took place between the English and the O'Neills. Shane O'Neill quarrelled with his father, Con, and with the English, and afterwards became reconciled to Queen Elizabeth, with whom, for the time being, he became a favourite. The Scots of Antrim wished to keep neutral, but Shane pronounced them to be enemies to the Queen, and invaded their territories. He commenced operations on the 5th of September, 1560. He began re-building a castle on the eastern side of the Bann, and sent a detachment over the river to occupy the monastery on the western side, which was held by his men against the Scots during a siege of twenty-four hours. In this conflict Sorley Boy had been wounded. O'Neill actively employed himself in preparations for the following spring. His plan for the spring campaign was admirably arranged and dexterously put into execution. Early in April, 1565, all his forces were armed, and ready to engage in fighting. He determined to attack the Macdonnells in their furthest-off positions, and while it might be impossible to call Sir James Macdonnell to their aid. He solemnly celebrated the festival of Easter, at his Castle of Fedan, near the Newre. He marched on the ensuing Tuesday as far as Dromore, and thence, the next day, to Monynimrock, in the neighbourhood of Edenduffcarrick. He continued there, assembling his most efficient troops, until the succeeding Sunday afternoon, and then marched quickly northwards. The Macdonnells were now undoubtedly fully aware of his purpose. Their warning fires flamed along the Antrim headlands during that Sunday evening; and not speedier had the first flames ascended from the hill near Torr Point than faithful *Fir Chinntire*, or men of Kintyre, seized their weapons and manned their galleys with indomitable valour. Sir James Macdonnell, who then resided at his ancient Castle of Saudell, without the slightest delay mustered the whole of his available forces, and crossed the Channel on May-Eve. He previously made arrangements with his brother, Alexander Oge, to go after him speedily, with whatever reinforcements could be gathered. Sir James arrived in Cushindun Bay—then named Bun-Abhann-Duine[1]—as the dawn of May morning dissolved the mists from the promontories along the coast. At the time of his disembarkation his own castle at Red Bay was in flames, and he quickly subsequently discovered that the work of destruction was rapidly advancing inside and round the castle

[1] The first syllable of Duine is short.

walls. Sorley Boy, with the remnant of his overthrown force, a few hours later came forward, retreating before O'Neill. The Kintyre men now united with him. The retreat was continued northwards to Ballycastle, where there was hope that Alexander Oge would arrive that day with assistance. This hope was disappointed. So Sir James and Sorley had to prepare in the best manner they could for the conflict that was shortly to follow. On the morning of the 2nd of May, before five o'clock, O'Neill moved forward and attacked them. O'Neill had double the number of men; the Macdonnells did not exceed one thousand. After a sanguinary contest the Macdonnell host was almost entirely annihilated. Its officers were all either slain or taken prisoners. Few of the men were allowed to leave the field, and yet fewer to survive the retreat.

Sir James Macdonnell was left to die in O'Neill's dungeon, although his release had been asked from Shane by Queen Elizabeth, earnestly sought by Mary, Queen of Scots, and demanded by the Earl of Argyll, in the name of the great lords of the Western Highlands and Isles. He offered a vast ransom for himself, and the Clandonnell would freely give his weight in gold. Shane, however, had now secured his great rival in Northern Ulster, and believed that Macdonnell's destruction was the removal of the principal obstacle to the accomplishment of his own visions of irresistible supremacy. There is no direct evidence whether his distinguished prisoner, who died soon after his capture, died of deliberate neglect or of violence. The Macdonnells, nevertheless, freely and frequently charged Shane with the murder of their chief. His own people in Antrim and the Isles grieved for his fate, and the Four Masters tell us—"The death of this gentleman was generally bewailed; he was a paragon of hospitality and prowess, a festive man of many troops, a bountiful and munificent man. His peer was not to be found at that time among the Clandonnell of Ireland or Scotland; and his own people would not have deemed it too much to give his weight in gold for his ransom, if he could have been ransomed."

Shane's ambition, which nothing else could satisfy than the sovereignty of Ulster, led him into a hopeless quarrel with the English. Alexander Oge Macdonnell, the fourth brother, according to an arrangement with Sir Henry Sydney, had arrived at Cushindun, to take part in the war against O'Neill. Shane O'Neill, notwithstanding his treachery to the Macdonnells, was induced to open negotiations with them, by some means, through Sorley Boy, whom he had retained so long as a captive. An

invitation was sent by Shane to Alexander Oge, desiring that he and they should have an amicable meeting for the purpose of forming a permanent alliance against their common enemy, the English. The invitation was joyfully and readily accepted by the Macdonnells. It was agreed that the meeting should take place within a short distance of the present village of Cushindun, above the bay, on the north-western slope. O'Neill went thither at the appointed time. He was accompanied by the Countess Dowager of Argyll, his secretary, and a little troop of fifty horsemen. A magnificent banquet had been prepared to inaugurate the re-union of the O'Neills and the Macdonnells. The festivities were carried on agreeably for two days, when one of the Macdonnells charged O'Neill's secretary with originating or spreading a report of a marriage then said to be contemplated between O'Neill and the widow of Sir James Macdonnell. This report, which had reached the Government, and was alluded to in a letter from the Irish Deputy to the Council in England, was considered by the Macdonnells as a base slander on the lady of their late chief. The secretary, instead of using mild speech, taunted the Macdonnells as not deserving the honour which they appeared so desirous to repudiate; and he reminded them that O'Neill was the hereditary prince of Ulster, so, consequently, he maintained that, by his ancient pedigree, as well as by his high position, he was, in every respect, entitled to match even with their Queen, Mary of Scotland. Shane himself approached at this point in the conversation, indiscreetly took up his secretary's quarrel, and, no doubt, spoke his mind freely on the subject in dispute. The Macdonnells were exasperated by his insulting language, and, recollecting his former treachery to them, drew their dirks, hewed him to pieces, and threw his mutilated remains into a pit, near the place where he was slain. So the disaster on the field of Glentaisi was thus, to a certain extent, avenged, and Sorley Boy was restored to freedom, after a painful and mortifying captivity of more than two years.

Sorley Boy was now the chief leader among the Macdonnells of Antrim. In June, 1567, he crossed the Channel to Kintyre; but he did not go till he had assured himself that the Scottish settlers in Antrim remained on their lands. He spent the remainder of that summer in the Isles and among the hills of Argyllshire. He was successful in forming an alliance between the Campbells and the Macdonalds. So he collected eight hundred chosen men, and returned to Ballycastle on the 27th November, 1567. His return was speedily announced to the English Government by both Piers

and Malbie, two of its most energetic agents in the North. On his return, he re-introduced himself modestly to the authorities of the Pale, requesting to have quiet and immediate possession of the Glens, by grant from the Crown, which were his family possessions, and also of the lands of Monery and Carey. The Government hesitated and delayed. So Sorley found that he had no alternative but an appeal to arms, and he was not slow, when thus obliged, to commence a quarrel. By the beginning of 1568, the English garrisons along the coast, except that of Dunluce, had disappeared, and their places were occupied by bands of stern Islesmen and Highlanders. A few months thereafter Sorley was the central figure of a number of Ulster Lords, whom he had attracted around him. All these united in a league against the Government. Of these, the two most conspicuous, after Sorley himself, were Brian Felim O'Neill, the chief of Upper or Southern Clanaboy, and Turlough Luinech O'Neill, cousin of Shane, who now renounced his allegiance to Queen Elizabeth, and proclaimed himself the rightful hereditary Prince of Ulster. Not content with this significant movement, Sorley returned to Scotland, and secured an alliance with Donnell Gorme Macdonnell, the potent Chief of Sleat. With his aid the Chief of Antrim quickly assembled a force of 4000 men, which he sent to the Antrim coast without delay, by means of thirty-two galleys and several boats. The English offered no opposition to the landing of this formidable host, and there was no campaigning in Ulster during the two succeeding years. The Macdonnells, therefore, were allowed to till their lands, and enjoy the triumph of re-entering them in peace.

This was truly an auspicious interval for Scottish Antrim colonists, and during it the Ulster League was extended and strengthened by two distinguished marriage alliances. The widow of Sir James Macdonnell, known as Lady Kintyre, daughter to Colin, third Earl of Argyll, became the wife of Turlough Luinech O'Neill; and her daughter, Inneen Dubh Macdonnell was married to Hugh O'Donnell of Donegal. The lady of Kintyre was exceedingly influential among her own people, the Campbells, and soon after her husband's death she became an object of great interest with such Ulster chiefs as then happened to be in want of wives. Whether she possessed great personal charms is not recorded, but she could command the services of numerous redshanks; so with Irish chiefs this power on the lady's part constituted a superior claim, for that leader who could bring the greatest number of

Scottish soldiers into the field was usually very sure to come off a victor. The Northern League, which had shown symptoms of decline, was revived and strengthened, and the redshanks became again the most conspicuous people of Ulster. Sorley Boy fought for many years with the English in defence of his own and his people's rights. He outwitted and circumvented Essex and the other English rulers with whom he had to deal in diplomacy. He regained one after another all the fortresses in Antrim garrisoned by the English, and the last and strongest of them, Dunluce (*Dun-lios*, strong fort), was taken by him. After so long a struggle, which was carried out with consummate valour and sagacity, as he now understood that Queen Elizabeth was disposed to be favourable to him, he went to Dublin, and made his submission to her, and all his lands were granted him. His submission was made on the 11th of February, 1586. So terminated successfully Sorley's long and stormy disputes and conflicts with the State. He died in 1590. His wife, Mary O'Neill, daughter of Con, first Earl of Tyrone, died in 1582. Their sons were Donnell, Alexander, James, Randal, and Angus. Sorley Boy was succeeded by his third son James, who died at Dunluce on Easter Monday, April 13, 1601. He was a gay, a handsome, and a very hospitable knight. He was a frequent guest of James VI. of Scotland, from whom he received the honour of knighthood.

The accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England was a cause of rejoicing to the Macdonnells. Randal Macdonnell succeeded his brother James. He was the fourth son of Sorley Boy. He was fostered in Arran, and was hence called *Ràndall Arannach*, Anglicised Randal Arranach. He was created Earl of Antrim on the 12th December, 1620. His son Randal succeeded him as Earl, and the title of Marquis was subsequently conferred on him. On his death his youngest brother, Alexander, succeeded him as third Earl of Antrim; his son, Randal, was fourth Earl of Antrim: his son, Alexander, followed him as fifth Earl of Antrim; and his son, Randal William, was created second Marquis of Antrim. He died in 1791, and left no male issue. His eldest daughter Anne Katherine, succeeded him as Viscountess Dunluce and Countess of Antrim in her own right. On her death the Lady Charlotte, youngest daughter of the second Marquis of Antrim, succeeded as Countess of Antrim in her own right. In 1799 this lady married Rear-Admiral Lord Mark Robert Kerr, third son of the fifth Marquis of Lothian, and by him she had a numerous family. The Countess Charlotte died in 1835, and was succeeded by her fifth son, Hugh Seymour, as seventh Earl of

Antrim. He married the Lady Laura Cecilia Parker, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Macclesfield, and had by her one daughter, Helen Laura, who married Sir Malcolm Macgregor. His successor was his brother, Lord Mark Kerr, who married Jane, daughter of Major M'Cann of Castlewellan. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Randal William. This is a long line, all of whom were worthy, generous, and illustrious.

25th FEBRUARY, 1891.

At the meeting of the Society on this date Mr John Cameron, S.S.C., Edinburgh, was elected a member. Thereafter Mr William Mackay, solicitor, read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, on *Sutherland Place Names—Parishes of Farr and Tongue*. Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF FARR.

This is the most extensive parish of Sutherland, comprising an area of 195,197 acres, of which 343 are foreshore and 6442 water; it is throughout mountainous, and at the south-west boundary culminates at Meall-nan-eoin, one of the peaks of Ben-chlibric, in a height of 3154 feet above sea level.

The rivers Naver and Strathy, gently gliding along their courses, fall into the North Sea, and divide the parish into three parts, Strathnaver, Armadale, and Strathy.

Along the banks of these, more especially the Naver, are luxuriant meadow and arable lands, flanked by brown hills and fragrant birch woods. The hill pasture on the high grounds in the interior, away from the coast, is reckoned to be the best in the county.

It was from these two beautiful and fertile valleys, that in 1814-19, the inhabitants were ruthlessly driven to the sea coast, and congested into townships on the bays and sterile headlands, which will be hereafter described. The area alloted to the 300 families displaced did not exceed 8000 acres, and upon this small area of rough, sterile, rocky, tempest-exposed land, they have ever since subsisted. The average arable land to each family is even now only about $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, reclaimed by themselves from rocks,

moors, and mosses, and of enclosed land, or land susceptible of reclamation and cultivation, there is none, within the alloted area, to reclaim.

While the natives were thus huddled together and congested in the small townships on the coast, 180,000 acres were devoted to sheep farms, of which there are now eight, averaging 22,000 acres each, inclusive of the rich meadow lands along the Strathy, the Naver, and the Mudale rivers, and the sides of Lochnaver. In the face of this, the native population of upwards of 1800 are obliged to find subsistence upon 4½ acres per head, a less area of land than the sheep farmers allot to one sheep. Can the irony of events go further? Is a man said to be created in the image of his Maker of not more value than a sheep! "Tempora mutantur nos mutamur in illis."

In the not remotely past, this parish was a very nursery of soldiers. Until the dire evictions, the whole population was imbued with a martial spirit of no common order. At the call of its two best native chiefs, two or three companies, each 100 strong, responded to the "call to arms" for limited service in Fencible regiments, besides those who entered the regular Highland regiments of the line. In 1760 254 gallant young men marched out of Strathnaver in one day.

The coast line of this parish is indented by bays to such an extent that measured along this line it is 21½ miles, while measured in a straight line it is only 11 miles. These bays are Farr, Swordly, Kirtomy, Armadale, and Strathy, all of them well adapted for cod, haddock, ling and herring fishing. These kinds of fishes swarm along the coast, but for want of any kind of harbours, landing-places, or protection of boats, the population, esteemed able, expert, and intrepid seamen, are unable to avail themselves of the rich harvest the sea presents to them all the year round.

This neglect, inattention, and apathy to the best interests of the evicted population, evinced by the evictors and their successors, in not providing small harbours and curing-places for the evicted to earn a decent living in the townships situated on these bays, and into which they were forcibly congested, is really the most surprising in the astounding deeds committed in Sutherland.

The coast also projects the bold and sterile headlands of the Creag-ruadh, 331 feet high; Ard-Farr, 369 feet; Kirtomy, 467 feet; Creag-gharbh, 462 feet, and Strathy point, 267 feet. These headlands or promontories are composed of bold, perpendicular rocks, against which the North Sea beats with fearful and

thunderous violence, and are excavated into caves and caverns of varied dimensions, the resort of vast numbers of seals and sea birds. Upon such headlands, too, were the evicted of Strathnaver thrust and located.

In the Valley of the Naver, are still seen the ruins of many so-called Pictish towers and Picts' houses, so situated that a beacon fire could be seen from the one by the other, showing that even in prehistoric times a large population existed in the beautiful Strath. Scattered here and there throughout the district are numerous hut circles, and tumuli. Half way up the Strath, at Langdale, "were," says Pennant, "the noble remains of a Druidical temple, being a circle of 100 feet in diameter, surrounded by a trench, so that the earth formed a bank. In the midst of it a stone was erected like a pillar, where the Druid stood and taught. There was in the 'town' a large building and cemetery."

Lower down the strath, on the east side of the Naver, are the ruins of an ancient Dun, or fort, called Dun-Viden, probably Scandinavian, after Wodin, or Odin, the great deity of the Norse warriors.

"Between Kirtomy and Farr," says the same writer, "is a singular curiosity, well worth the pains of a traveller to view, being the remains of an old square tower or building, called 'Borwe,' standing on a small point of rock, joined to the mainland by a narrow neck ten feet wide. The point is very high, on both sides is deep water, and a tolerable harbour for boats. This tower seems to have been built by the Norwegians, and there is a tradition that one Torquil, a warrior mentioned by Torfaeus, was the person that built it. But what is most curious is, that, through the rock upon which the tower stands, there is a passage below of 200 feet in length, like a grand arch or vault, through which they row a boat. The writer (Mr Pope of Reay), has been one of a company that rowed through it. The passage is so long that, when you enter at one end, you fancy there is no possibility to get out at the other, and *vice versa*. How this hard rock was bored or excavated I cannot say, but it is one of the most curious natural arches in the whole known world."

Pennant was not informed by Mr Pope that this was a stronghold of the Mackays after the expulsion of the Norsemen; or that, about 1550, the Earl of Sutherland, assisted by the Gordons of Huntly and Aboyne, invading the Mackay territory, beseiged this stronghold, took it, and hanged its gallant defender, Rory Mac-Ian-Mhor. Probably it was at this time demolished, for its name has ever since disappeared from record. While the Earl was thus

engaged, the Mackays, by a flank march, descended into the south-east part of Sutherland, ravaged the land, defeated some Sutherlands and allies left to defend the country, carried away a great prey, and returned into their own country, eluding the Earl, who, after demolishing "Borwe," endeavoured to intercept them.

At the mouth of the Baligil burn are to be still seen the ruins of a similar fort, perched on a rocky pinnacle, the sea surrounding it on three sides. It is connected, like "Borwe," to the mainland by a very narrow neck, where it is "fossed," and over the fosse was probably a drawbridge. On the sea face the tower was circular, with a straight face landwards. This semi-circular portion seems to have been the hall. There are indications of walls leading to the drawbridge, as if forming an outer or entrance hall. In the floor of the semi-circular portion is an entrance to a subterranean passage dug in the rock, flagged on top, and led down to the sea. This passage is from three to four feet wide, and five to six feet high. There is no record or mention of this fort. The writer explored it in September, 1889, coming upon it by chance, having no idea that such a ruin existed.

The locality of this old fort presents to the geologist some very interesting features. Here there is a belt of limestone of very good quality, intercalated with old red strata, grey, and red, flagstones, and calcareous shales.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-Clibric.—A mountain mass, the highest in Sutherland, the highest peak of it, "Meall-an-Eoin," the hill or eminence of *the* bird, which was the resort of the ptarmigan. It has several other peaks, ranging from 2750 feet to 2367 feet in height, scarified and bare from the storms of winter and the violence of the elements. The definition of Clibric is doubtful, from the various significations that may be given to the first syllable. Cli, of which the gen. is chli, is an O.G. (obsolete, or oldGaelic) word signifying strength, and bric, gen. of breac, spotted or speckled. Hence the signification of the term Cli-breac would be, Spotted strength, the "Mountain of spotted strength," Spotted or speckled mountain of strength. It is a fact that the northern side of this mountain, looking down on Lochnaver at its foot, has a variegated or speckled appearance. "Cli" still means left hand or left side, as "deas" does the right hand or right side. In olden times, a man standing with his face to the Orient, his right hand represented the south, or the meridian line, his left, the north, or

Polar Star. If this analogy be accepted, Cli would signify the left or north side of the mountain, and the term Cli-breac would mean speckled north side, and the definition would become, The mountain of the speckled north side; but more probably the meaning of the word Clibric may be from Cleithe, O.G. for eminence or peak, of which, as we have said, the mountain has several. Hence we would have the term Ben-na-Cleithe-bric, or mountain of the spotted eminences. The change of pronunciation from Cleithe to Cli, in the lapse of ages, is easy. Cliathag (see Lhuyd) is O.G. word for back or spine. Hence, if we take the root word Cliath to have been anciently back, we have Ben-nan-Cliath-bric, or Mountain of the speckled back. Now we have to choose which is the more probable derivation of the word, or rather the syllable, Cli:—

1. Cli, meaning strength, Mountain of spotted strength, or rather Spotted mountain of strength.
2. Cli, left or north side, Mountain of the speckled north side.
3. Cleithe, eminences, Mountain of the speckled eminences.
4. Cliath, back, spine, Mountain of the speckled back or summit.

The writer favours No. 2, though No. 3 seems equally applicable.

Ben-stomino.—G., Beinn-an-tomain. *Stomino* is the Anglicised form of Na-tomain, tufts or bushes. The mountain of tufts or bushes, or small hillocks. 1728 feet high.

Ben-na-glas-choille, G.—Mountain of the grey or green wood. Glas in Welsh is both blue and verdant. Glas, O.G., green, verdant (see the 23rd Psalm, v. 2, "An chuainibh glas"—in green, or verdant, pasture); 1230 feet high; Ir., glas; Wel., glas, blue, green; Arm., glas; Corn., glas, blue, green; Corn., marc glas, a grey horse; Arm., march glas, a grey horse; Gael., each glas; and Ir., each glas., a grey horse.

Cnoc sgeireach, G.—Cnoc, hill, or hillock, a common prefix in Scottish, Irish, and Manx topography. It appears in Radnorshire as "knuck las," proper spelling, cnwc-glas, green hill; sgeireach, rocky, the rocky hill (1728 feet); sgeir = to Norse sker, Gr. Skiros, a rocky isle in the Greek Archipelago.

Greag-na-h-i laire, G.—Rock of the eagle, the eagle's rock. 2278 feet high. Creag is a primitive word of great antiquity, meaning everywhere the same; G., creag or craig, rock, or rocky cliff; Wel., careg; Ir., craig; Manx, creg, and cregg; Manx, Carrick, rock in the sea.

Creag dhu-mhor, G.—The big black rock, 1820 feet high; G., dubh; Ir., dubh; Wel., du.; Corn. Arm., douh, tou , smoked; du, black; Heb., dua; Malay, du, bad; Manx, doo, black, dark;

G., duine dubh ; Ir., duine dubh ; W., dyn du ; Arm., deen du ; Manx, doinney doo, black man.

Meall-an-amar, G.—Meall-an-amair, amair gen. of amar, a trough, a water channel, hill of the water channel ; Gr., amar-a, a drain.

Meall an-fhuaran, G.—Meall-an-fhuarain, gen. of fuaran, a spring, a well ; meall, common in Gaelic and Irish topography ; in Scotland, applied to hills with rounded summits ; in Ireland, generally applied to hills and promontories with bare, bald and rounded summits. The primary signification of meall is lump, mass. It is common in Wales with the same application, as moel ; Manx, mooyl ; Meall-an-fhuarain, the hill of the spring or well, 1549 feet high.

Meall-na tenga, G.—Hill jutting out in the shape of a tongue, 1200 feet high.

Meall-corr-preas-na-ruaig, G.—Hill of the bushy rock of the chase or pursuits.

Ben-cheir'eil, G.—Ceire, buttock, and geal, white, mountain of the white buttocks. Beinn-a-cheire-geal—It is said that all stags, hinds, and hares found on and round about this mountain have white buttocks ; 1032 feet high.

Monadh-stairneach, G.—Monadh, moor ; stairneach, noisy—the noisy moorland. Here it is an elevated moorland plain, from which streams issue to the north and south, and called so from the noise of the streams, or the bellowing of the deer in the corries below.

Meall-a-bhata, G.—Hill of the cudgels, probably in reference to disputes amongst herdsmen about disputed boundaries of grazing, when cudgels were drawn and used ; Ir., batta ; Arm., baz. ; Fr., baton ; Gr., bat-os ; Fr., bat-tre, to fight.

LAKE NAMES.

Loch-Naver, N.—Naver, from nafer, Icelandic and Norwegian for birch, refers to the birch bark, with which they cover their house-roofs (see Laing, "A Tour in Norway"). Hence birch wood, lake of the birch wood. Both sides of this lake are fringed with birch woods, so is Strathnaver, leading from this lake. The lake gave its name to the river, the river to the Strath. It is only 247 feet above sea level and therefore falls only 247 feet in 18 miles, with an equal fall all along its course. At its upper end it receives the waters of the Bagastle, the Harra, the Mudale rivers, with various smaller streams on each side of it. It is $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide. Notwithstanding the definition

giving here a Norse origin to the river or lake name Naver, ancient Greek and Roman geographies give another name to this river, as they had done to the Helmsdale river in Kildonan in the south-east of Sutherland, centuries previous to the Norse era. Ptolemy of Alexandria, who flourished in the year 140 of our era, improved the geographies of the times preceding his day, especially that of Marinus of Tyre. He calls "Iligh," Il-a, and the "Naver," Nabar-is. Contemporary and subsequent Roman geographers call it Navae-as. The change in the letter b to v frequently happens. Then Ptolemy's Nabar-is easily becomes Navar-is. The last syllable is added by the Greek geographer simply for declension. Hence we have Naver, the name probably given by the natives of the day to the Tyrian explorers and mariners, the same way as they gave "Iligh" to the same men. What does "Naver" then mean? In the Basque provinces of Spain we have a similar word, "Navarre," one of the Basque provinces, a Basque, or Iberian word, descriptive of the country. Naba or Nava, Highland, and erri, country: Nava-erri, highland country; Navar-re, Naver. May not this river be of the same origin, and signifying the river of or from the high lands?

Loch-coire-na-fearna, G.—Coire, corrie, and fearna, alders, which grow luxuriantly along its southern shore—lake of the corrie of the alder wood. It is 515 feet above sea level, ensconced by hills on each side, discharges its waters by the river Mallard into the Naver at Achness.

Loch na Cuinne, G.—Cuinne, O.G., corner, or angle—lake of the corner or angle, in reference to its shape. At this angle there is a channel connecting it with Loch-a-Chlar, and Loch-a-Chlar is in the same manner connected with Loch-bad-an-loch. The difference in level being small, the waters of one lake are discharged into the other, from the first-mentioned to the second, and from the second to the third, forming reservoirs for the Illigh, or Helmsdale river. These lake connections are locally called Uidh, O.G. for smoothly flowing water; Wel., gwy, now Wye, at Hereford, Wey, in Surrey, Sussex, and Dorset. The O.G. word, cuinne, an angle, is cognate with the Latin cune-us, a wedge; Ir., coin, wedge; modern Gaelic, geinn, wedge; Gr., genia, and konos, wedge; Wel., cyn, wedge, and gaing, wedge: Arm., guen, cuen, and cyn, wedge. This lake is 3 miles long, 1 mile wide at the angle, and 392 feet above sea level.

Loch-a-bhealaich, G.—Bealach, a pass between hills, a defile, lake of the defile; Wel., bwlch; Ir., bealach. 1⅝ mile by ¼ mile.

Loch-Coire-na-sith, G.—Coire, corrie, and sith, stillness, lake of the corrie of stillness, or lake of the still and quiet corrie.

Loch-Meadie, G.—Meide, O.G., neck, lake of the neck, in reference to one portion of it contracting into the shape of a neck, the other portions being wide. Another lake of the same name and shape is in Tongue parish.

Loch Buidhe mor, G.—The large yellow lake.

Loch Buidhe Beag, G.—The small yellow lake.

Loch na Caorach G.—Lake of the sheep.

Loch mo Naire, G.—Lake of my disgrace; hereby hangs a tale. This is a lake a mile below Dunviden, east side of Strathnaver, celebrated in the north for the extraordinary curative properties of its waters for certain diseases. The tradition relating to this lake name, and the healing virtues of its waters, is thus:—A woman from Ross-shire came to the heights of Strathnaver, pretending to cure diseases by means of water, into which she had previously immersed some pebbles she carried about with her. In her progress down the Strath, she lodged for the night in Dunviden. Her host wished to possess her charmed pebbles, but, suspecting his design, she decamped. Finding she was gone, he pursued her, and almost overtook her before arriving at the lake. Seeing she could not escape her pursuer, in her desperation on reaching the lake, she threw the pebbles into it, exclaiming, in Gaelic, mo naire! my shame! or, my disgrace! From this incidental exclamation, the lake received its name ever after, Loch mo Naire! lake of my disgrace! The pebbles were supposed to impart to the waters of the lake their curative efficacy. There are only four days in the year on which its supposed cures may be effected, "a cheud luain do'n raidh," the first Monday of the quarter, that is, of February, May, August, and November (old style). During February and November no one visited it, but in May and August numbers from Orkney, Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and even Inverness, came to this far-famed loch. The ceremonies to be observed were—Patients to be at the loch-side about twelve o'clock at night; as early as one to two o'clock on Monday the patient is to plunge, or be plunged, into the loch three times; is to drink of its waters; to throw a coin into it as a sort of tribute; and must be away from its banks, so as to be fairly out of sight of its waters before sunrise, otherwise no cure is supposed to be effected.

However much we may ridicule all this, it cannot be denied that the mind, fortified by belief, influences matter. Those who resorted to Loch-mo-Naire for cures, were persons afflicted by nervous complaints and disordered imaginations, to whom a journey of forty or fifty miles, plunges into the cold waters of the

loch, and the bracing, healthful air of the hills and glens contributed in no small degree to the improvement and even the restoration of health. If there was, in our modern opinions, a great deal of folly in the ways of "the days that were," we may not deny that there was a kernel of wisdom, too.

Loch-Suidhe, G.—Suidhe, seat, lake of the seat, see Joyce on Irish place names.

RIVER NAMES.

Naver, N.—Takes its name from the lake from which it issues; naefer, birch bark, birch copse wood. See lake names, ante.

Mallard, G.—Mala, brow, and ard, river of "the high brow," in reference to its rushing down the "brow" of Strathnaver, at Achness. It falls down this brow 150 feet in one mile, and forms a series of cascades which give the name to Achness, Achadh-nan-Eas. See place names, post.

Strathy.—G., srath, valley, and Uidhe, O.G., gently flowing water. The river gives the name to the strath; Ir., srath; Wel., ystrad; Corn., strath. The insertion of t between s and r is an expedient for avoiding the combination of sound. It is found in Norse, stromr, a stream; in the River Strymon in Thrace, both from the sanscrit root, sru, to flow. We have the same word in Gaelic, srath, strath, a stream. See Joyce Irish Place Names, vol. I. p. 61.

Allt-fada, G.—The long stream. Manx, foddey, far (G., fada 's giorad, far and near; Manx, foddey as gerrit, far and near).

Allt-na-harra, G.—Allt-na-h-aire, the stream or burn of watching; tigh-aire means observatory, and a house in which vigils are held over a corpse.

This word is locally pronounced as if spelled Allt-na-h-airbhe, hence, airbhe may mean in O.G. profit or produce, the definition then would be the profitable or producing stream, in reference to fish.

Allt-staing-a-choire, G.—Staing, gen. of stang, a pool or standing water; a-choire, gen. of coire, a corrie, the stream of the corrie pool; G., stang, a pool; Fr., etang, pond or pool from the Arm. stancy, pool; Scot., stank, the dam that forms the pool.

ISLANDS, PROMONTORIES, BAYS.

Boursay, N.—From bjārr, wall, and ey, island, the wall island, in reference to its perpendicular sides. It is an island on the west of Strathy, and quite close to the mainland. There is a Birsay in Orkney.

Ard-farr, G.—Farr, headland. See Farr.

Rudha-na-cloiche, G.—Promontory of the stone.

Rudha-na-craoibhe, G.—Promontory of the tree.

Geodha-glas, G.—The grey geo, or creek.

Geodha-ghamhan, G.—The creek of the stirk, geodh'-a-ghamh-dan.

Geodha-ruadh, G.—The red creek; Lat., rufus; Fr., rouge; Wel., rhudd; Pro., reeth; Arm., ryudh; Cor., rydh; Scot., roy, red haired; Gr., ereud-os.

PLACE NAMES.

Achina, G.—Pro., acheena, accent on the second syllable, achadh, field, and caoineadh, lamentation, achadh-a-chaoineadh, the field of lamentation.

Ach-na-burin—G., Achadh-na-buireadhean, field of the bellowing.

Acn-na-burin—G., Achadh-na-burraidhean, field of the boors, or the surly, uncouth fellows.

Achoul—G., Achadh-a-chuil, field at the back, or beyond a ridge.

Achineiskich—G., Achadh-an-iasgaich, field of the fishing, near the mouth of the Naver, where salmon were landed.

Achness—G., Achadh nan-eas, field of, or near, the cascade.

Ard-niskich—G., Ard-an-iasgaich, hight above the fishing place.

A-ghlasraich, G.—Green fields, or green spots.

Alt-vulin—G., Allt-a-mhuillinn, stream of the mill.

Altnaba—G., Allt-na bà, the cow stream, the stream giving the name to the place, or croft upon it.

Ault-a-phurist—G., Allt-a-phuirst, the stream of the port or landing-place, the hamlet named from the stream and landing place.

Baligil, N.—Boli-gil, the township of the ravine; bal, residence; gil, ravine; bol, Norse, is equivalent to baile, Gaelic.

Brawl—G., Braighe-a-bhaile, upper part of the township. In charters the spelling is, "brath-well." There is Brawl in Halkirk, Caithness.

Clerk-hill, anglicised form of Cnoc-a-chleireach, hill of the cleric.

Crask—G., Crasg, ridge between two valleys, common in Sutherland.

Clach-an-righ, G.—The King's Stone, a pillar on the battlefield of Dalharald.

Clach-an-t-sagart-ruadh, G.—Stone of the red priest; an ecclesiastic famous in the Reay country "in the days of yore," officiated

in Durness, Tongue and Strathnaver, where he is supposed to have ended his days. He is said to have predicted the evictions, and to have desired to be buried in a meadow near the banks of the Naver, in sight of his cell, or chapel, at Skail, saying, "when the river had worn away its banks to his grave, and carried away his remains, then the people would be restored to their possessions." Some ten years ago, the river had worn its way very near the stone of the red priest. The people were jubilant, recollecting the prophecy of the red priest, but Mr Sellar retarded its fulfilment by protecting the river bank, with wattles and stones, from further encroachments towards the "Clach-an-t sagart-ruadh." Nevertheless the people still believe in the prophesy of the red priest, and trust to the mutations brought about by time.

Carn-achie, G.—Carn-achadh, field of the cairn, township name derived from a field near a large Pictish tower by the side of Carnachie burn. There is a second Pictish tower at the upper end of this township, a bonnie place, in bonnie Strathnaver.

Ceanna Coille, G.—Ceann-na Coille, Wood end. Another sunny, bonnie place in the same Strath.

Coil-lyal, G.—Coille-liathail, greyish wood, giving its own appellation to the township at foot of the same Strath.

Corri-huran, G.—Coire-an-fhuaran, the corrie of the well.

Dal-charn, Dail-a-Chairn, field of the cairns or rocks, in reference to the numerous boulders of granite seen on its surface.

Dal-langal, compound or composite word: Gaelic and Norse. Dail G., meadow: langal N., langi-dalr, lang dale or long dale; hence, from both languages we have *tautology* in dal-lang-dal. The Norse called the dale, Langdale. The natives, on the expulsion of the Norse, and taking re-possession, named it after their own way, from the Norse, prefixing their own term Dal, or Dail, meadow—meadow of the long meadow as it is.

Dal-harald, G.—Harold's meadow. Torfæus relates that a severe battle was fought here between the forces of Reginald of the Isles (King of the Sudereys), sent by William the Lion to expel the Norse from Sutherland and Caithness, and Harold Maddadson (son of Maddad, Earl of Athole), Earl of Caithness. Here it was that in 1196 or 1198 the two warriors with their armies met on a plain, east side of the Naver, two miles from the east end of Lochnaver. It was a fair field for the contest of heroes. Judging from the numerous tumuli and cairns still to be seen on this battlefield, the conflict must have been very severe. The Norsemen, commanded by Earl Harold, were worsted, and retreated down the strath, pursued by the Scots, under Reginald. They

will be again heard of at Fiscary. On this battlefield is still seen a pillar stone commemorating Reginald's victory, and to this day called Clach-an-righ. There are also other stones and cairns, no doubt reared where commanders fought, fell, and were interred.

Dalvina—G., Dal na-beinne, or Dal-bheinne, the dal, at the foot of the hill. Here is a hill 200 feet in height; or Dal-mhin, the smooth, level dal.

Farr—G, Faire, watching; faire, a height. Norse, fjar, cattle; faer, sheep. The term Farr may be of Gaelic origin, from faire, watching, for the Norse pirates, or from the altitude of Ard-farr, a conspicuous object; or the Norsemen may have imposed it, from the number of cattle and sheep they found here and in the neighbourhood. A Norse writer, Dicuil, states that the *Far-oe* islands were so named from the multitude of sheep found in them by the Norse invaders. In like manner the Norse invaders and occupants of Farr may have given, from the same cause and for the same reason, its name to this place, Far, signifying, as given above, sheep and cattle. If there was a multitude of sheep in this parish at that time there are more now.

The township of Farr lies low, surrounded by hills all round, except at the bay, at the end of which it is. Here was an ancient church and cemetry. The township, with its ancient church, gave its name to the parish for ecclesiastical and civil purposes.

Fiscary—G., Faisg-airidh, faisg, near; airidh, sheiling—the near sheiling. In the valley of the Farr burn, in contradistinction to other sheilings away on the hills.

On the high grounds above Fiscary, the Norsemen, after their defeat on Dal-harold, made another stand, probably after being reinforced from Caithness. They chose their ground with great judgment on the steep hillside. Here they waited, and watched for the advance of Reginald. A bloody conflict must have ensued. The Scots fought their way up the hillside, gradually forcing the Norse men to the summit, upon which the battle of heroes was continued and fought till the Norse men were again defeated, and fled into Caithness, Harold taking himself off to the Orkneys, leaving Reginald to do as he thought best. Reginald remained in the country for some months, putting affairs in order for the King of Scots. He appointed three governors to rule, one in Thurso, one in the south of Sutherland—supposed to be in Dun-robin or in one of the Pictish towers in the vicinity—the third in Strath navernia. Probably this ruler was the ancestor of the Mackays, chiefs of Farr. No sooner was Reginald away than Harold ascertained the coast was clear. He sent some of his men over

from Orkney ; they assassinated the Thurso ruler and the South Sutherland ruler. Hearing this, Harold came over from Orkney and re-took possession. Having misgoverned the country, and mutilated the Bishop by cutting out his tongue, William the Lion marched into Caithness, and brought the whole district under his own control, putting an end to Norse superiority for ever.

Fiscary-hill still shows by the great number of tumuli and cairns upon its flank and summit the severity of the battle that was waged upon it. In the church-yard of Farr, which is but a short distance from this battlefield, is a most curious sepulchral monument, which may be of this date, 1196 or '98. It is of very hard granite, a kind unknown to the district, well cut and sculptured, considering its era. What the meaning of the sculpture may be cannot be made out. There being a cross upon it, the inference is that the warrior there buried was not a Pagan. That he was a warrior, and one of distinction, may be inferred from the shield upon it. He is supposed to have been one of the principal commanders of the Norsemen in the battle of Fiscary. Torfaeus has a long story about these battles.

Fleuchary—G., Fliuch airidh, the wet sheiling.

Grumbmor—G., Guirme-mhor, the big green patches, in reference to the large green glades in the place, interspersed with blue plants ; guirme, from gorm, blue, green, verdant ; Wel., gwrm, dun.

Grumb-beg—G., Guirme-bheag, the small green glades.

Invernaver—G., Inbhior naver, flat land at the Naver mouth.

Inshlampie—G., Innis-lamba, meadow of the thick milk, in reference to the cows fed upon its grass giving thick, rich, milk.

Kirtomy, N.—(Sea-side place), from Kjōr, copsewood, and tomr, valueless, thin ; Kjōr-tomr, place of thin scrub or brush-wood.

Ledmagulin—G., Leathad-na-gillean, slope of the lads, probably where they played.

Langdale—N., Langi-dalr, langi, long ; dalr, dale, long-dale. Langi, frequently appears in Norse place names as lang-ey, long-island, langi-fell, long moor.

Mullach, G.—The top, the summit.

Mudale—N., Mosa-dalr, mosa, moorland ; dalr, dale; mos-dale, moorland dale. It is to be observed that when dal, or dale, is an affix, the origin of the word is Norse ; when dal is prefix the origin of the whole must be looked for in the native language.

Newlands—Anglicised term adopted for a new township, at the evictions.

Poleriscaig—G., Poll-ùr-iasgaich, the new fishing pool, a township formed at the evictions. No fishing had been done from the same point before, hence the name. It is at the mouth of a small stream.

Rhe an chath—G., Ruighean-a-chatha, or chadha, slopes, or declivity of the narrow pass; ruighean, slopes; cadha, a narrow pass; or Ruighean-a-chath, the slopes of the battle.

Rhifail, G.—Ruighe, slope; fail, walls; circular enclosures, slope of the circles or circular enclosures; or Ruighe-a-Phail, Paul's slope.

Rhiloisk—G., Ruighe-loisge, the burnt slope or declivity, in reference to the thinness of its soil, the grass upon it soon withering by summer heat.

Rieroy—G., Ruighe-cruaidh, the hard slope; Wel., rhiw, slope.

Rhi chaisteil—G., Ruigh'-a-chaisteil, the declivity to or from the castle.

Rhi-sealbhag—G., Ruighe-na-sealbhaig, sealbhag, sorrel, slope upon which sorrel grew, the sorrel slope.

Rossal—G., Ros-aile, the rocky promontory, from ros, promontory or land jutting out, and aile, O.G., stone, rock, in reference here to a shoulder of a hill jutting out in the shape of a promontory, the face of which is rock. This conspicuous object gave the name to the township adjoining it, one of the first, with its 17 families, evicted in Sellar's campaign of 1814.

Skelpick—G., Sgeilpeach, shelvy, the natural aspect of this township, situated on the hill slopes east side of the Naver, the hill side rises in terraces from the haughs in the valley. It underwent the fate of all other townships in the Strath, evicted, burnt.

Skaal—N., Skali, a hall or dwelling better than the ordinary.

Skaal—N., Skjol, Pro., skiol, a sheltered place.

Skaal—N., Skaale, sheiling.

Skail, as it now is, answers to either of the above definitions. It is situated on the left or west side of the River Naver, which to favour it, as it were, makes a great bend away from it to the right or east side of the Strath, leaving in the bend a large area of excellent meadow land, right in front of the (once) township. It is well wooded at the back and flanks. There might have been a "skali" or hall here in Norse times. It is well sheltered, and it may be a certain fact that sheilings were attached to the township. Here was an ancient chapel, probably the one in which the "sagairt ruadh" was wont to officiate.

Swordley—N., Svordr, ljā, sward for mowing; svordr, sward, ljā, mowing grass. The hamlet gave its name to the bay, and to a small river running by it.

Syre—N., Saurr, sour, or swampy land, probably so named by the Norsemen from the injury done to the low lands adjoining by the frequent overflowing of the Syre Burn, which in rainy weather came down like a real mountain torrent.

Armadale, N.—From armar, an arm of the sea, or bay, and dalr, a dale, signifying, the dale of the bay, the bay-dale. It is situated at the end and west side of the bay.

Strathy—G., Srath-uidh, see River Names.

Totegan—G., Totuichean, plu. of tota, little knoll, hence totegan (totaichean), little knolls, miserable hamlet on Strathy Head or Strathy Point.

Truderscaig—G., Truid-na-sgithiche, starlings of the black thorns; truid, starlings; sgithiche, black thorns. Starlings frequenting these thorn bushes made the place to be noticed. When it became a "baile," or residence, it still retained the name originally given it. It is an outlandish place in hills eastward of Benchlibric, near the boundary of the upper part of Farr, with Kildonan. Some of the inhabitants of this hamlet figured in the last raid of the Mackays into Caithness to apprehend Smith, the counterfeit coiner of Thurso. It was not quite a bloodless affair. Notwithstanding the resistance of the Sinclairs, the Mackays succeeded. A more probable definition of this word is given in Kildonan.

Abbreviations.—G., Gaelic; O.G., Old, or absolete Gaelic; N., Norse or Icelandic; Wel., Welsh; Arm., Armonic or Basbreton; Corn., Cornish; Ir., Irish; Fr., French (moders); Lat., Latin; Gr., Greek.

TONGUE PARISH.

Previous to 1724 this district was called Kintail, and to distinguish it from other Kintails in the Highlands it was designated Kintail Mhic Aoidh, or Kintail of the Mackays. In 1724 Durness parish was divided into three—Tongue, Durness, Eddrachilis. Modern Tongue parish comprises an area of 87,329 acres, of which 4000 acres are water, 2284 acres foreshore, and 41½ tidal. In the parish are 100 fresh water lakes; two sheep farms, Ribigil, 30,000 acres, and Melness, 70,000; part of the latter is in Durness parish. The coast is bold and rocky, is intersected by several creeks, and the rocks hollowed into caves. Tongue was the seat of the Lords of Reay. The view from the bay of Tongue is remarkably grand. A lofty semicircular range of hills rises boldly and suddenly from the ocean, as it were, and sweeps all round the bay, forming the large enclosed valley into a stupendous amphitheatre. On the

west it commences with a range of hills, 1345 feet above the sea, runs along the rugged, trackless, boggy mountain waste of the Moine, and terminates in Ben Hope, one of the sublimest mountains in the Highlands. At the southern extremity of this extensive valley Ben Laoghal or Ben-loyal starts up. The summits of this pinnacled and almost perpendicular mountain mass, presents to the fancy at one point of view the outlines of a lion couchant, and at another, a close resemblance to the royal arms. On the east side, it consists of a series of rounded hills, whose inner declivities have been tracked with ancient cultivation.

There are not many objects of antiquity in the parish. Near Tongue stands the ruins of Castle Varrich. Its situation is very prominent, on a precipitous promontory. It was originally a square building of two stories, the first arched in stone, the second was covered with wood. It still forms a considerable ruin, figuring finely in the landscape, though lost in history and almost in tradition. Underneath it, in the face of the rock, is a cave, probably connected with the inside of the castle. Into this cave, it is stated, Ian Abrach was wont to retire in moments of danger. This cave is still called "leabaidh Ian Abrach." There are many circular towers in the parish, all of them so situated as to be in sight of each other, leading to the belief they were beacon towers to give warning to the natives of a Norse landing. At Melness is a great Dun, called Dun-buidhe, or yellow tower, or heap. It is ruinous, and covered with soil and grass, so that its original form cannot be distinctly traced. Tradition says that it was built by Dorna-dilla, King of the Scots. Near it some years ago two skeletons were unearthed, one of which was 7 feet long. They soon crumbled into dust. Farther towards the sea there are several large tumuli, circular in form, and seem to have been some structures, which some say were large folds to protect cattle from wolves, which infested the district. Others state that a battle had been fought on the spot between the natives and the Norse invaders, and according to the custom of the day, the cairns represent the burial places of the fallen commanders. Near Torrisdale, on a plain, are still seen the stones that surrounded a Druidic place of worship. There are several mineral springs round Tongue, the waters of one of them is said to resemble those of Moffat. Bog iron is frequently met with. Previously to the expulsion of the Scandinavians, Tongue was a Norse settlement, testified by the great number of place names in the vicinity, of undoubted Norse origin, as will be seen in the sequel.

MOUNTAINS.

Ben-loyal, said to be from leamh, elm, and coille, wood—mountain of the elm wood; leamh and leamhan, elm, elm tree. See Joyce on Irish Place Names, instanced Leven to be derived from leamhan, elm, and Lennox, anciently spelled Levenax, from leamhan, elm, and uisge, water—the water or river of the elms—this river giving its name to a district. Col. Robertson is of a different opinion. He derives Leven from the Gaelic adjective of colour, liath, grey, and amhuinn, river, in reference to the colour of its water. By similar analogy "loyal" may be "liathal," greyish, referring to the colour of the rocky precipices of syenite with which this mountain sides abound, hence its definition would be, the greyish mountain. No elm tree, or wood, is seen on its sides or at its foot, but there is at this day plenty of birch, and it is more than probable that this mountain received its name from the colour of its cliffy sides, or from the grey mist which almost always envelopes it.

On a summer morning, or after a summer shower, when the transparent mist is reposing on its bosom, or coiling among its peaks, the appearance of this mountain is very beautiful and often fantastic. Within the mountain chain formed by this lofty mountain, there are various objects that constitute marked features in the scenery of the district. Amongst them the Kyle of Tongue occupies a prominent place—so studded with islands at its mouth that from some points of view its connection with the ocean seems wholly intercepted. The view off "Ben-liathail," is universally admired. It is one of the most majestic mountains in the Highlands. It has been called the Queen of Mountains. At the southern extremity of a low extensive valley, it starts up majestically to the height of 2504 feet above sea level, presenting towards its base an expanded breast of two miles, and cleft at the top into four massy, towering, and splintered peaks, standing boldly aloof from each other. The highest peak stands proudly forward to occupy the foreground, the rest recede a little as if each were unwilling to protrude itself from a conscious inferiority to its predecessor. As a graceful finish to its outlines, it stretches out an arm on either side as if to embrace condescendingly the other mountain ranges, which may well acknowledge it as chief, and which may readily be fancied as doing it homage.

On its west side was the scene of Diarmid's death, so some bards say. Diarmid's grave is still shown to the tourist.

On the same side, at a place called Druim-na-Coup, is a mound where probably the slain were buried after the battle of that name,

in which the Sutherland invaders, though superior in numbers, were annihilated by the Mackays, commanded by Ian Aberach, in the beginning of the 15th century, as important in its results to the Mackays as Bannockburn was to the Scots and Scotland. Here, also, the French were taken prisoners in 1746.

Ben-Hope, given in Durness.

Hutig—G, Thutaig, cold blasts, mountain of the cold blasts when the winds blow from the north-west; thutaig, gen. plu. of tutag, cold blasts, Old Gaelic. It is sometimes pronounced Putig. It is spelled so in one of Rob Donn's poems. Putaig is also Old Gaelic for young grouse. It might therefore mean the mountain of young grouse. More likely it means the former, cold blasts. It is 1345 feet above sea level.

Ben-Eudainn—G., Eudainn, gen. of eudann, face, front—the front mountain, 1250 feet high, so called in reference to its fronting another mountain at its back, 1828 feet high, and named

Cnoc-àrach-na cuilean, G.—Cnoc, hill, eminence; àrach, rearing; and cuilean, cubs, whelps, probably of the the fox or wolf tribe—hill of the whelp rearing. "Arach," also means slaughter, therefore the definition might be, hill of the slaughter of whelps or paps.

Carn-ard-an-tionai, G.—Carn, a heap of stones; Manx, carn; W., carn; Corn., carn; Arm., caren; and tional, gathering—the cairn, or heap of the gathering. This is the southern point of Ben-loyal, 2000 feet high, probably so called from the gathering of the Mackays on its top, in anticipation of the invasion by the Sutherlands in 1429, which culminated in the conflict of Druim-na-coup, so disastrous to Sutherland. By the account we have of this battle, it may be inferred that the advance guard of the Mackays concealed themselves on the flanks of this mountain. The Sutherlands were permitted to pass unmolested, and having thus passed, this advance guard, or strong reconnoitering party, turned and attacked the rear, while Ian Aberach attacked them in flank. Anyway, the young Mackay commander must have used admirable strategy to defeat and annihiliate an enemy so much superior in numbers.

Sgor-a-chleirich, G.—Sgor, cliff, and cleirich, gen. pl. of cleireach, clerk, or clergyman, from "cleir," Gr., cleir, clergy; W., clêr, minstrels; Arm., cloer; Manx, cleragh, clerk. This is one of the pinnacles of "Ben Loyal." An ingenious antiquary observes that the learned men of the Druidic order, who, under the primitive bardic system, were employed in going periodical circuits to instruct the people, answered the purpose of a priesthood, but in later times the name implied a society of wanderers, or those bards

who strolled about like the English, Welsh, and Irish harpists. These wandering classes originated when the priesthood became a distinct branch from the bardic system, for the latter then ceased to have sufficient means to support its own members. As a compensation, a law was enacted that such as were of this description should have regular periodical circuits assigned to them, and receive fees, according to the quality of those they visited. This ended at last in mendicancy.

An Caisteal, G.—The castle, the fort ; another of the pinnacles of "Ben Loyal," and the highest, 2504 feet. On this pinnacle are the ruins of a building, called by the natives Caisteal na Druidhich, the Druids' castle ; Lat., castell-um ; W., castell ; Arm., castel, a fort, a castle.

Sgor-chonasaite, G.—See Conasaite in place names. Sgor, cliff, sharp-edged, also, a rock ; skor, N., an edge ; Ir., scor ; W., gor, rim, edge. This is the northern point of Ben Loyal, 2320 feet high.

Meallan-liath, G.—The grey hill.

LAKE NAMES.

Cuil-na-sith, G.—Corner of peace, or stillness, in reference to its sheltered position. Cul-na-moine, the peat corner.

Loch Chaluim, G.—Malcolm's lake, probably he was drowned in it.

Loch Craggie—G., Creagach, takes its name from a mountain near it. Beinne Chraggie, rocky mountain.

Loch an Dithrabh—G., Dithreabh, desert, or high ground, or district uninhabited, the lake in the high ground. Dithreabh or Dith-treabh is a common appellation in Sutherland for high uncultivated, uninhabited lands.

Loch na Meide, O.G.—Neck, lake of the neck, in reference to its middle narrowing like a neck.

Loch Slaim, G.—Great booty, lake of the great take, in reference to the great quantity of salmon and trout found and caught in it.

Loch Crocach, G.—Spread out like an open hand.

RIVERS.

Borgie—N., Borg, a fort, byrgi, an enclosure. This river takes its name from a fort built on its banks by the Norse.

Allt-an-rian, G.—Ruighan, dim. of ruighe, small pasture, used for summer grazing at a mountain foot ; W., rhiw, slope, declivity, the sheiling stream.

Allt-na-luibe-mor, G.—Luib, bends, stream of the big bends.

Allt-ach-na-tot—G., Achadh, a field, tota, knoll, stream of the field of knolls.

Allt-a-phuil, G.—Puil, gen. of poll, a pool, the stream of the pool, in reference to the sedgy little lake whence it issues.

Allt-an-t-sionnaich.—Stream of the fox, where foxes were often seen.

An Gárbhallt, G.—The rough stream ; an appellation common in Celtic language for rapid, turbulent streams, or rivers.

Allt-dion-a-choire, G.—Dion, shelter, protection ; choire, gen. of coire, corrie, or hollow—stream sheltered by the corrie.

ISLANDS, PROMONTORIES, BAYS.

Eilean-a-chaoil, G.—Chaoil, gen. of caol, a narrow strait, island of the narrow strait. This island is separated from the mainland at Melness by a narrow strait 100 yards wide.

Eilean-nan-ròn, G.—Island of the seals, that frequent its caverns. Separated from it by a very narrow channel on the north-west, is Eilean Iosal, so called from its greatly less altitude, being only 171 feet above sea level, while the highest point of Eilean-nan-roin is 747 feet. About 100 years ago, a phenomenon occurred on it, which terrified the natives—the middle of the island sank bodily down, forming a valley across it.

Eilean-na-coomb, G.—From caoimh, friends, the island of friends. More likely coomb is a contraction of Columb. Columba's isle, from a chapel on the island dedicated to Columba by his Culdee missionaries. There was also a burying-place attached to the chapel; traces of both are still to be seen. This island is also called Eilean-nan-naoimh, isle of saints.

When the wind blows from the north-west at half tide, a singular phenomenon is seen and heard on this island. The sea then rushes in on the south side, through a few yards of narrow channel, with such impetuosity, that it spouts up through a hole in the rocks to the height of 30 feet into the air, and a few seconds after a discharge of water takes place from the east side of the island with a noise resembling the firing of artillery.

Rabbit Islands.—Modern appellation, in reference to the great number of rabbits found and killed upon them. These islands, in the Bay of Tongue, of which there are two, are, in ancient charters, called "Ylen Gald," "Ellen Gild," "Ealan a Ghail," probably islands of the foreigners, no doubt from the Norsemen frequenting them in their piratical expeditions, and eventually taking and keeping possession of them. Tradition, however, has another origin for the name. That the island was so named after the great

Fingalian hero, Gaul, the son of Morni, who in the frequent war of the Fingalians with the men of Lochlinn, here slew, after a terrific hand-to-hand combat, a Lochlinn chief named Torquil, and ever since the island was named after the victorous hero, Eilean-a-Ghàil, Gaul's Isle.

Caol-beg, G.—A narrow strait between the mainland and Columba's Isle.

Caolas-raineach, G.—Raineach, ferns, the ferny strait. More probably Caolas-ràinaich, from ranaich, roaring, the roaring strait, in reference to the roar of the waves impelled by the N.W. storms through this narrow strait, and beating and breaking on the rocky cliffs of Eilean nan ròn on the one side, and those of the mainland on the other.

Cleit-an-t-Seabhag—G., Cleit, a perpendicular rock ; N , klette, a rock rising out of the sea, and seabhag, hawk, the hawk rock.

Dubh Sgeir, G.—Black rock. Sgeir, G., detached rock, covered by water ; N., sker, a rock in the sea, uncovered at low tide. The adjective is here placed before the noun to make it more expressive —a mode still retained in French, as in Gaelic.

Geo Beatain, G.—Geo, grodha, a creek, and Beaton, man's name ; probably Dr Beaton, a famous physician in the days of Robert the 2nd, who granted him several islands on the north coast. He afterwards became physician to the Mackays of Farr, who gave him Melness in lieu of the islands. This geo is in the district thus given him in exchange for the islands. He was called Ferchar Beaton, *lighe*, or doctor.

Geo-nan-eun, G.—Geo, a creek, and eun, birds, the creek of the birds.

Lamigo, N.—From lamb, lamb, and gja, geo, creek or chasm, into which the sea enters, the creek of the lambs.

Port-an-fheadairigaig, G.—Port, a port, and feadaireachd, whistling, the whistling port, in reference to the wind whistling through the crevices of its rocky sides.

Port-na-h-uaille, G.—The port of the boasting, in reference to a crew boasting of its safety, and shortly after losing their boat in it, to the delight of those who warned the crew of its dangers.

Port vasgo—G., Port-an-fhasgaidh, the port of shelter, which it naturally is, from the prevailing N.W. winds and storms. It is near Melness.

Rudha-thormaid, G.—Tormaid's or Norman's promontory. Tormaid is a Norse name, and is still met with in the Reay country.

Traighean Strahan, G.—From traigh, shore, and Strathan, place name, Strathan shores.

PLACE NAMES.

Achumore—G., Achadh, field, and mor, the big field—a very common Gaelic appellation.

Ach-na-bàt—G., Achadh-na-bata, being inland, the field of the cudgels, probably from the natives practising fencing upon it.

Ach-na-huagh—G., Achadh-na-h-uamh, field of the cave.

Ach-an-inver—G., Achadh-an-inbhir, field of the flat land at the river mouth.

Achin-ty-halvin—G., Achadh-an-tigh-ailbhinn, field of the house of flints, place, or hut, in which flint arrow-heads were made.

Achtaly—G., Achadh-an-tulaich, field of the hillocks or tumuli.

Achtotie—G., Achadh-an-tota, field of the little knoll.

Achroldrach—G,, Achadh-an-eile-thireach, field of the stranger or foreigner, or, achadh-an-toldairaich, field of the holes or borings.

Aird Torrisdale—G., Aird, height, of Torrisdale, which is close by.

Bad-chrask-bhacaidh—G., Bad, a clump of trees, or hamlet, chrasg, gen. of crasg, crossway, cross route, and bac, bacaidh, boggy, the clump of trees at the boggy crossway. The term crasg is frequently met with in Sutherland, locally meaning, across the intervening hill, from one valley to another.

Blandy—N., Blanda, intercourse, meeting, a place of meeting.

Borgie, N.—From byrgi, an enclosure. The place gives its name to the river that flows by it. There is a Borgie river in Kirkcudbright.

Brae-tongue—G., Braighe-tunga, the brae of Tongue. Tunga is Norse, and is pronounced to this day as Tunga, not like the Gaelic Teadnga, which means the same natural object, a spot of land in the shape of a tongue, jutting out into the sea or bay.

Clashvuie—G., Clais, hollow, and buidhe, yellow, the yellow hollow.

Clashedy—G., Clais fhada, the long hollow.

Clashvan—G., Clais-bhan, the pale or fair hollow, probably the former, on account of its unfruitfulness, or, it may be, clais-mhan, the lower hollow, in contradiction to an upper one.

Clach-clevan—G., Clach, and clamhan, kite, the stone of the kite.

Crossburn—Anglicised form of Allt-tarsuinn, the cross stream

Coldbackie—N., Kaldi, cold, and bakki, ridge, kald-bakki, the cold ridge. There are many place names of Norse origin round

about Tongue, proving its occupation by the Norse for more than a century.

Conasaid—N., Kvenna-setr, or sida, the lady's residence, spelled in charters, Kien-side It may be Gaelic, from caomhan-anar-aite, a place of thrift. More probably it is of Norse origin, as indicated.

Dalbhraid, G., Dal, plain, and braigheid, brae, the plain of the brae.

Dalchairn, G.—Dal, plain, meadow, and chairn, gen. of cairn, a heap of stones, plain or meadow of the heap of stones ; probably raised to commemorate an event of which no record remains.

Dalnafree—G., Frithe, deer forest, the plain of the deer forest.

Falside—N., Fell-setr, the hill residence or fell-side, the residence on the fell-side. The word fell is common in the Cheviot range, Cumberland, and Westmoreland.

Glack beath—G., Glaic-beithe, the birch hollow.

Hysbackie—N., Husa-bakki, the house back, in reference to the ridges at the back of the houses.

Kinloch—G., Ceann-na-loch, the lake end, in reference to the situation of a residence at the end of Tongue bay, usually occupied by a cadet of the Reay family up to 1829.

Kirkiboll—N., Kirkja-böll, equivalent to Kirkton, or, in Gaelic, Bal-na-h-eaglais, church town, church land, church town land. Here was till 1680 a chapel of ancient date, and the burial-place of the Mackay family. The chapel cemetery is still used. It lies at Kirkiboll, near the Clachan Burn, between which and the modern church-yard is a portion of the glebe, locally known as "Eilean tigh-an-t-sagairt," island of the priest's house. The Lords of Reay were the first in the north to embrace the Reformation doctrines and to propagate them, in their own territory, by providing ministers and building churches.

Kintail—G., Ceann-an-t-sail, the end of the salt or sea water. This was the ancient name of the district, and till 1724, when the parish, for ecclesiastical and civil purposes, assumed the present name, Tongue. It was called Kintail Mhic-Aoidh, to distinguish it from other Kintails in the Highlands.

Luib-Vulin—G., Luib-a-Mhuilean, the bends at the mill, in reference to several bends in the river near the mill.

Melness—N., Mel, benty grass, and ness, promontory, the promontory of the benty grass, and so it is to this day. Up to 1829, Melness was a seat of a cadet of the Mackay family, and rare warriors and swordsmen they used to be.

Midtown—An Anglicised form of "Baile Meadhonach," middle town.

Modsary—N., Moda-seyra, muddy moorland. Not cultivated till the evictions of 1809.

Rhiroy—G., Ruighe-ruadh, the red declivity.

Rhi tongue—G., Ruighe-thunga, the Tongue declivity, or the Tongue hillside. Rhi, as a prefix in place names, is very common in Sutherland, north and south. It is cammon also in Wales as rhiw, an affix. For instance, Troed-yr-rhiw, troead, the upper part of the foot, which slopes to the toes, and rhiw, declivity, signifying the declivity to the foot; G., troidh, foot.

Ribigill, N.—In ancient charters it is spelled Riga-bol, and Rege-boll; Norse spelling is Rygjar-böl, signifying the lady's house and farm. It seems in its modern form to have had the letters b and g transposed, not an unusual circumstance, to ease pronunciation.

Scrabster—N., Skara-bol-stadr, contracted in this case, as in Caithness, to Scrabster. Skara, outlying, bol-stadr, or bol-ster, homestead, the outlying homesteads.

Skerray—N., Skerja, isolated rocks in the sea, of which there are many on this township coast.

Skinid—N., Skinni, bleached, withered, in reference to the grass grown on it. This place is sometimes spelled "Sgianaid" in charters.

Scullomie—N., Skulda-möt, Skulda-domr, a court or place for the payments of debts, fines, taxes. Here rents, rates, and taxes and fines were paid to the Norse overmen, so long as they held authority in the district.

Slettel—N., Slettr, flat, smooth, in reference to the surface; slett-lendi, flat land.

Talmine—N., Tollr, toll, and minnr, less, or free, toll-minnr, toll free, a landing place at which no dues were charged; contracted to Toll-mnn, Talmine—the r changed to e for the euphony of the Gaelic.

Torrisdale—N., Thors-dalr, thor's-dal, the dal of Thor, as Thurso, from Thor-sae, the water of Thor.

Tubeg—G., Taobh-beag, the small side, in reference to area of land, often met with in Sutherland, as Tu-beg, Tu-mor; W., tu, side; Arm., tu, side; Arm., eus an tu all, from the other side; G., as an tu eile, from the other side. This is a remarkable similarity between Armonic and Gaelic. Tu, in Sutherland, is pronounced as it is written here in Welsh and Armonic. Welsh pronunciation is

tee, Armonic, tu. Taobh is Irish Gaelic, imported into Argyll. Tu must have been the ancient Caledonian pronunciation, still retained in Sutherland.

Tongue, N.—Noticed elsewhere. From Tunga, a spit of land jutting out into the bay in the shape or a tongue. There are many tongs in the Hebrides. There is a Tongue and Tongueland in Kirkcudbright, as well as a river Borgie, leading to the supposition that the Mackay chief with some followers may have come from this district of Galloway in the army of Reginald of the Isles in 1196 or '98; and, after defeating Harold Maddadson in Strathnaver, and compelling him to flee to Orkney, installed a Mackay of Galloway as ruler of the northern district, of which Tongue was the centre; and on the "Lion King," a year or two afterwards, being compelled to come north to expell Harold, confirmed the Gallowegian, left by Reginald in Tongue, in the territory; and at the same time gave Hugh Freaskin, ancestor of the Sutherland family, for his services during the last expedition, the southern part of the country—called by the Norse, Sudrland—from which Harold had Reginald's governor expelled by assassins, or, in other words, by assassination. At the same time, Hugh Freskyn's wife, Christina, was gifted by King William, or her husband, with the superiority of Farr.

Tongue is a beautiful locality, with its woodlands, natural and artificial, and superb gardens, its delightful sea views, and majestic mountain scenery.

Varrich—G., Bhar-raich, in reference to its situation on the highest point of a precipitous rock, facing the Bay of Tongue, 300 feet above sea level, supposed to have been built by the Norsemen, afterwards occupied by the Mackay chiefs. Tradition states that Ian Aberach, famed in Sutherland for heroism and patriotism, resided in it, and his father, Angus Du, before him. Caisteil Bhar-raich, signifies the castle on the highest point.

Uamh mhor Fhraisgil—Fraisgil's great cave, said to extend more than half a mile underground, and to be from 50 to 20 feet in height. There are in this parish several subterranean retreats, artificially constructed, into which the natives resorted in times of danger. There are also a number of tumuli in various localities in the parish.

4th MARCH, 1891.

The paper for this evening was by Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole, on *Perthshire Gaelic Songs and their Composers.* Mr Cameron was present himself and read his paper. The paper was as follows:—

PERTHSHIRE GAELIC SONGS.

A chinn suidhe, agus a dhaoin-uailse,—Tha e na thoileachas mor dhomh, bhi maille ribh air an oidhche nochd. Riamh o na ghabh mi eolas air bhur rùintean teo-chridheach, agus ur saothair luachmhoir as leth gach ni a bhuineas do "Thir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach" bha togradh agam, gu cuideacha' leibh, na'm b' urrainn domh aig àm sam bith, sin a dheanamh. Air dhomh cuireadh fhaotainn bho ur deagh rùn-chleireach Mr Macantoisich gu ni-eigin chuir thugaibh, dh' aontaich mi ri sin a dheanamh le beagan de Bhardachd Gaidhealach Shiorrachd Pheairt a thoirt fo 'r 'n aire. Tha 'n t-siorrachd bhoidheach sin co cheangailte ri 'r siorrachd ainmeil fein, agus bu mhaith an airidh an co-chomunn daimheil so bhi air a chumail suas. Tha luchd-labhairt na Gaidhlig a fàs na's lugha 's na's lugha 'an Siorrachd Pheairt, agus ma thuiteas gun teid a *Chainnt aosda* gu tur as an t-sealladh innte, saoile mi, nach beag an t-eolas, agus an tlachd (bidh sin an earbsa) a gheibhear bho na h-orain so ge b'e co a leughas iad.. Bi'dh am fear-eachdraidh, maith-dh-fhaoide ceudan bliadhna an deighe so, ga'n ramsacha' le mor-chùram, agus a togail suas fo 'chomhair cruth, us dreach, na h-inntinn a dheilbh iad, maille ris gach nòs, us cleachda, tha ainmichte nam measg. Cha ruig mi leas tuille a radha as an leth, ach gu bheil mi 'n dochas, gu'n toir e uiread de thaitneas dhuibhsa 'bhi ga'n eisdeachd, 's a thug e dhomhsa 'bhi ga'n tional. Tha cheud oran, air "Call Bàt Ionarghairridh," le

ALASTAIR CAIMBEUL,

a bha na thailear ann an Srath-ghruaidh 'an Athull, agus a chaochail mu'n bhliadhna 1810.

Tha 'n t-Ionarghairridh so a faotainn an ainm bho Ionar-na-h-amhna 'tha 'geiridh á Loch Gairridh air monadh Dhruim-uachdair, agus tha taoma a staigh do Amhainn Theamhail mu dha mhile suas bho Bhaile-chloichridh. B'e aobhair an orain chianail so; gun deach ochd pearsa diag a bhàthadh, air dhaibh bhi pilleadh dhachaidh bh' air na Feill-na-Chalmaig ann an toiseach a Mhart 1767. Thuit gu 'n robh an amhainn air na tiarraibh le tuil bhrais—agus

gun do dhiultar an t-aisig, ach mu dheireadh gun d' aontaich fear an aisig 'dhol leotha ; leum iad staigh cho brais anns a bhata agus reir coslais 's ann uaithe sin a dh' eirich an sgiorradh bronach.

Rinn Alastair oran eile, agus 's truagh nach gabhadh e faotainn, oir 's e oran ro bhuadhar a bha'n "Aoire nan Radan." Bha'n duine coir so ga sharach, mar bha ioma duine coire eile 's an t-saoghal so, 's bhiodh a reir cleachdadh na duthcha, poc aige 's a mhuilleann, chum cuideacha fhaighinn uapsa a b' urrainn a sheachna. Chaidh h-uile ni gu maith car moran tiom, ach mu dheire dhruidh, deudach gheur an radain air cuid Alastair, ach mo dhruidh, dhruidh briathran geura Alastair orrasan, oir theirear gun d' fhag gach aon dhiubh an duthaich—mar thubhairt fear araidh, "agus cabhag air an iosgaidean."

ORAN AIR CALL BAT IONARGHAIRRIDH.

Le Alastair Caimbeul.

Feasgar là Fheill-ma-Chalmaig
Bu mhor carchall na feille,
Chailear Bàt Ionarghairridh
Mu àm dhol fodha na greine ;
Ach a dhaoin' thugaibh aire
Cha 'n 'eil mearachd no breig ann
Am bas a dh' orduich an Triath dhuinn,
Cha ghabh e siacha no leumadh.

A Righ mhoir th' air a chaithir,
'S a tha feitheamh gu leir oirm,
'Thug na daoine o'n taighibh
'Dh' ionnsaidh aighir na feille ;
Chruinnich thus as gach ait iad
Thun a bhais o'n 's e b' eiginn,
'S 'nuair a chaidh iad 's a bhàta
Cha robh dail dhaibh ach geilleadh.

O bhòthu ! a dhaoine,
Nach fuaight an Saoghal rinn uile,
C' uim' nach cuireamaid faoin' e,
'S nach 'eil aon neach a' fuireach ;
Ged bu linne an saoghal
'Nuair thig am maor leis an t-suman,[1]
Cha-n fhag e sinn oidhche
'N deigh na troisde chaidh chumadh.

[1] leis a chuireadh.

O 'n bha 'n uair air a cumadh,
'S nach b' urrainn duine dhiubh 'tionndadh
'Sior iarguin na dh' fhuirich
Bu truagh turas[1] nam banntrach ;
'Nam taice nan traithean
Bhiodh na paisdean a drandail,
Iad a 'g eigheach 's a ràmaich
Mar uan 's a mhathair air faontra.

Mar uain gun mhathair air faontra
Gheibhte clann 's iad gun athair,
'S iad gu latha an crìche
Daonan dhi am fear taighe ;
Cha tog aighir gu dilinn
Na nì chi iad rì 'n latha,
'S cha tog fiodhal no *music*
Tuilleadh 'n inntinn mar bha i.[2]

Tha na mnathan fo chràdh dheth,
'S beag an t-ioghnadh dhoibh cinnte,
A Righ buin rinn gu baigheil
'Nuair thig am bàs nach gabh pilltinn ;
'Nuair a theid sinn 's an anart
Gleidh ar n-anamana priseil,
'S ann aig bàt Ionarghairridh
'Bha 'n uair chabhagach chriche.

'S ann 'bha 'n iolaich 's a ghlaoidhich
Da thaobh Ionarghairridh,
'S iad ag amharc nan daoine
Anns an fhaochaig ga 'm fairig ;
'Nuair a ghairmeas am maor sinn,
Cha-n fhaodar fuireach aig baile :
Aig ceann mu dheireadh àr saoghail
Ar 'n athair naomha 'bhi mar rinn.

Bha na Stiubhartaich speisealt,
'S bha greis diu' 's a bhàta ;
'S olc an treubhantas duine
Chuir an cumart a bhathadh ;
Nam bidh fios mar a thachair
Mu 'n do sgoilt e na chlaraibh,
'S mor a bheireadh iad seachad
'Chionn air talamh 'bhi sàbhailt.

[1] tuireadh. [2] no, mar chaidhe.

Bha caithris là agus oidhche
Aig oighre Fomchastail,
Ga 'n sireadh 's na bruachaibh
Is e fliuch fuar ann na chaiseart.
Thoill e beannachd na tuatha
Agus fhuair e gu pailt i,
Gu 'm paigh' an Righ math na dhuais e
'S geal a chluasag 's a leabaidh.

Tha Heiri mòr Stiubhart
Lan musgaim gun chadal,
Cha d'fhag e caislig no luban,
No grunnd puill gun dheadh bheachdach ;
Le dubhanan dubailt
'G iarraidh grunnd na dubh-aigein,
Agus mordhanan dubhghorm [1]
'S croinne ghiubhais gam brogadh.

'S ann an sid bha na bradain
Air a aigeal [2] nan sineadh,
Gun an duil ri dhol dhachaidh
Dh' fhag sid reachd air an dilsinn ;
Gun toir Ni-math dhuinn smuaineach
Mar shar bhuachaille cinnteach,
Bhi nu thionchal ar cuairte
'Nuair a bhuailear a' tiom sinn.

Cha b' ann fo camlaidh an t-sleibhe
Dh' fhag Heiri 'chuid daoine,
'Nuair a fhuair e ri cheil iad,
Bha eibhneas 'us aoidh air ;
Rinn e 'n ruidh 'us an caramh
Mac an aigh cha robh foill ann,
'S chuir e gearrain 's na tarnaibh,
'Nuair a dh' fhail'nich air daoine.

'Nuair bha 'n cuirp air a chlodach,
Bha iad dochart ri ghiulain,
'N sin chaidh cairtean nan siubhal,
'S cha-n aithnichte bruthach seach ùrlar ;
Cha robh baigh ri mac laire,
Ga 'n cuir do Bhlar chum na h-ùrach—
Cha-n 'eil e beo de Shiol Adhamh
Neach thug barr ann an iuil ort.

[1] no, du-ghorm. [2] chladach.

Bu tu seise na'm bamtrach,
Agus ceann nan diol-deirce,
'S tric a bha iad mu d' *chitchin*,
Cha d' iarr thu idir an treigsin ;
Faotainn càl agus aran
Mm 'us bainne le cheile—
Cha ghabh e innseadh na labhairt
Na rinn thu 'chaitheadh ri feumnaich.

Tha Oighre Fomchastail
Gu h-artneulach brònach,
An ti chumnaic 's nach fhacadh,
Bha dhuais aige 's bu mhor e ;
Dh' fhag e 'Bhaintighearna thlachdmhor,
Gun tinn, gun eas-shlaint, gun leonadh,
'Nuair a thainig e dhachaidh
Fhuair e paisgte air bord i.

'S mor a ghabh e de mhulad
'Us na chunnaic e 'dhòruinn ;
'S ann a thaisg e 'chlach-bhunait,
'Steach fo dhuileag a chota ;
Leag e 'n callach bu truime
Air an Ti a b' urraimn a chomhnadh ;
'S 'nuair thig am maor leis an t-shùman
A Righ glachd uile mar Iob sinn.

AONGHAS CAIMBEUL.

Ruga' an bard sunndach deas-bhriathrach so, mu na bhliadhna 1740, agus chaochail e mu 1814. Bha e posda air Anna Chaimbeul agus bha sia'nar theaghlaich aca. 'S e Iard Eadar a' Mhucaidh, a gheibheadh e na latha, agus bu mhath b'fhiach e bard a channtain ris 's ainmig a gheibhear smuain cho coileanta,na briathar cho lurach 's a gheibhear aigesan. B' fhiach an aon bhard so a Siorrachd Pheairt, oraid shuasmhor dha fhein gu a lan bhuaidhean iomlan a nochda' dhuibh. Ach fodhnadh an luimneag shugraidh so a leanas aig an am. Chuir Aonghas, mach a chuid oran ann an leabhar laghach beag anns a bhliadhna 1785. Ach c'ait an gabh e gleidhe, cha ghabh ach tearc, 's cinnte nach d' fhuair Mac Coinnich e, air neo bhiodh ribheid shunndaich Aonghais a' goirseinn ann measg sàr obair nam bard. Bithidh sinn an deagh dhochas gu faigh oigridh na Gaidhealtachd eolas airsan fhathast. Tha an aon fhonn air an luimneig so cho togarach 's is aithne dhomh measg nam fuinn Ghaidhealach. Saoile mi, car mar tha "Theid mi dhachaidh 'Chrò Chimntaile."

RANNAN BHO LUINNEAG GHAOIL.

Luinneag—O-ho nighean, hiri nighean,
O-ho nighean, 'chinn duinn aluinn,
Mo ghaol cailinn dhonn na buaile,
'S ann a tha mo luaidh 's an Airidh.

Thoir mo shoraidh 'us mo bheannachd
Dh' fhios na h-ainnir 'bheil mo ghradh-sa,
'S innis gu bheil mi fo smuainrean,
O na chaidh mi suas do 'n Bhraighe.

'S tric mi daonan 'g amhare suas uam,
Ris na bruachaibh 'n d' fhuarar m' arach
Far am b' abhaist duinn 'bhi sugradh,
Ged a chuir thu cùl an drast rium.

Ach mo chailinn gabhsa truas dhiam,
Pill gu luath rium as na fàg mi,
'S air a mhead 's gun can an sluagh rinn,
Bidh sinn cluaineis mar a b' àbhaist.

Deud mar chaile a d' bheulan dàthte,
Mar an eala gheal do bhragad,
Leam bu mhilse pog o 'n ribhinn
Na na fiogais fo mo chairean.

'S snasmhòr buaghach glan an cuailein,
Dh' fhas mar ghruaig ort suas mu 'd bhraighe,
Na h-uile ciabh a' sniomh mu'n cuairt
Gu bachlach, dualach, cuachach, fainneach.

Tha do mhuineal bian-gheal boidheach
Mar an neoinean air an fhasach,
Ciochan corrach liontach soluis
Air a bhroilleach 's ro-mhaith dearsa'.

Beul na firinn 'labhras siobhailt,
Da shuil mhiogach 's iad ro-mhàrach,
Cneas mar fhaoilinn, gruaidh mar chaorunn,
Mala chaol fo d' aodainn mhàlda.

'S ann thug mise an gaol falaich,
Dhut an latha chaidh mi 'n Bhràighe,
'S mor gu b' fhearr dhomh bhi am chadal,
Ged nach fairichean gu bràth as.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n ciste dhuinte
Anns an uir an deigh 's mo charamh,
Far nach cluinninn 'bhi ga d' phùsadh
Ri fear eile 's tu ga m' fhagail.

Gur am pill thu ga la-luain rium,
Ge nach truagh leat 'bhi ga m' aichsheun,
Gus an cairear anns an uaigh mi
Choidh cha toir mi fuath, ach gradh dhut.

O-ho nighean, hiri nighean,
O-ho nighean, chinn duinn aluinn,
Mo ghaol cailinn dhonn na buaile,
'S ann a tha mo luaidh 's an Airidh.

DA'IDH CAIMBEUL.

Rugadh Daibhidh Caimbeul air Sliosmìn, Locha Raineach, anns a bhliadhna 1798, agus chaochail e le bas sgiorail 's a bhliadhna 1830. B' e Daibhidh mac Dhòmhnuill mhic Ghilleasp' mhic Dhòmhnuill Bhain. Bha an t-òran a leanas air a dheanamh do Shesidh Mheinne an Cois-a-Bhileadh, agus uaithe sin, canar ris "Oran Seisidh Chois-a-Bhileadh."

ORAN LE GILLE OG, AIR DA CHLUINNTINN GUN DO PHOS A LEANNAN 'N UAIR A BHA E AS AN DUTHAICH.

Air fonn—"*Tha mi muladuch diomhair.*"

'S mi bhi tamull air astar,
O 'n ait an d' altrum mi òg,
Chualas sgeul nach cùis ghaire,
Mo ghradhsa 'bhi poisd;
'S ged tha cuid rium ag ràdhainn,
De 'n stà bhi ri bròn,
'N gaol a thug mi am phàistean,
Ni mi àrach ri m' bheó.

Luinneag—Oigh ùr a chùl dualaich,
Fhuair buaidh thar gach mnaoi,
'S e do ghaol rinn mo bhuaireadh,
'S chuir tuaileas 'am cheann;
Ged a chuir thu mi suarach,
'S ged a dh'fhuaraich do ghràdh;
Bidh mi tuille fu smuainrean,
O nach d' fhuair mi do làmh.

Cha robh mi dh' aois ach deich bliadhna,
'N uair 'ghabh mi ciat dhiot an tùs,
'S gach aon latha ga 'mhiadach
'S tù sior riarach mo shùl ;
'S beag an t-ioghn' mi bhi duilich,
Trom, muladach, ciùirt,
Thu 'bhi 'n diugh aig fear eile,
'S mise 'seasamh air chùl.

Ach 's e 's eiginn domh innseadh,
'S cha 'n eil brigh 'bhi ga chleith,
Gu 'n robh mi òg anns an tiom,
Is, air bheag prìs agus meas ;
Cha chumnta mo chaoirich,
'S cha deach taod ann am each ;
'S ni 's mo thug 'n Fheillmartuinn,
Riamh màl domh a steach.

Ach nan d' rinn thu leam lùbadh
'Gheug ùr nan suil tlàth,
Cha-n fhaicte luchd duth'ch thu,
Fo churam nu 'n mhàl ;
'S ann a bhidh-mid gu sùrdail,
'Dol am mùirne gach là ;
'S bhidh daoin-nailse na dùthcha,
Toirt ùmhlachd do m' ghràdh.

Ach nis sguiream do thuireadh,
'S leigeam mulad fo laimh,
'S innseam aogas na cruinneig,
'S deise cuir anns an damns' ;
Maighdeann shuairce, dheas, chuimeir,
Bha suidhicht, gun mheang ;
Mhealladh gaol o na gillean,
Ged is milis an caimt.

Gur e 's cleachd do luchd òran,
Bhi samhlach ròs ris gach gruaidh ;
'S ma bhios bilean car bòidheach,
Mar chaoran meoir iad 'n tra' bhuain ;
Bidh gach suil ac mar dhearcaig,
Bhios am fasgadh nam bruach,
'S gur samhladh do chasan,
Am bradan geal thig o 'n chuan.

Cha-n 'eil flùr ann an gàraidh,
Ge daicheil an snuadh,
No lus ann am fàsach
No 'n taobh gàirich a chuain,
Cha do chinn an glaic aonaich,
No air craobh an coill uain,
Na ni coimeas do m' ghaolsa,
Gradh nan daoin o 'n taobh-tuath.

Ach ge bòidheach do phearsa,
Is ge dreachmhor do ghnuis,
Ge binne do chòmhradh,
Nan smeòrach seinn ciùil :
Ged is gile nan canach,
Do dheud thana ghil dhlùth,
Is ge cùbhraidh leam t-anail,
Na croinn mheala fo dhriuchd.

Cha-n iad sin, ge bu leoir iad,
Chuir mi 'n tòir ort a ruin,
Ach miad do mhisnich is d' eolais,
Thair òigridh do dhùth'ch ;
'S e bhi cuimhneach do chòmhradh,
'S do rogha seòl anns gach cùis,
Is nach d' fhaod sinn bhi còmhladh,
Dh' fhag mi deoir air mo shuil.

Fhuair thusa mar fhàgail,
Gach buaidh a b' aill leinn air mnai,
Soinhe, stuama, na d' nàdur,
Caomh, càirdeil, ri saoi' ;
Caoimhneil, blàth, ri luchd éislein, [1]
Deanamh feum dhaibh fo laimh ;
'S tric a thug thu an deirce,
'S cha b' e 'n eigin bhiodh ann.

'S tric a thainig mi dhachaidh,
Bhar machair nan Gall,
Sgìth, fann, air bheag cadail,
Trom, airtneulach, màll ;
Gur e coinhneas mo chaileig,
'S i am ghlacabh gu teann,
Dh' fhogradh mi-ghean o m' aire, [2]
'S bheireadh dhomh fallaineachd slaint.

[1] eu-slaint. [2] m' aigne.

'S ann an dubhar nan craobh,
Far an taom an sruth uain',
Dh' eisdeachd ùr-luaidh mo ghaoil-sa,
'S tric a dh' aom mi mo chluas ;
Cha b' e tagradh na faoineachd,
Air 'm bu chaomh leat bhi luaidh
Ach rogha tuigs' agus ceille,
Mar bu bheus do mhnaoi nails'.

Na faighinns' mo dhùrachd,
Mo rùn, is mo mhiann,
Cha bhiodh iarrtas a' m' ùrnuigh,
Ach bhi dlùth riut a chiall ;
'S mor gu'm b' annsa na dùthaich,
Bhi riut sùgradh gun fhiamh,
Far an goireadh an smùdan,
Is an dluithe am fiar. [1]

Gu de 'n stà bhi ga chuimhneach,
Chuir a chuibhle car tual,
'S far 'n robh duil-leam ri caoimhneas,
Cha robh an raoir ann ach fuath ;
Gu bheil gaol nan òg-mhaighdeann,
Gearr mar bhoillsge na h-uair,
'S gu dlùth air na deighse,
Thig duibh'r' agus fuachd.

Na 'n do ghabh mi an leasan,
A bheirinn do chach,
A bhi gluasad gu teisteil,
'S gun cheist thoirt do mhnaoi :
Cha bhiodh m' aodainn co preasach,
Gun do leisgeul 'bhi ann ;
Ach gaol 'thoirt do thè dhiu',
Gun eirig ga cheann.

Ach ged rinn thu, 'ghaoil, m' fhagail,
Is do luamh 'thoirt dh' fhear ùr ;
Cha chluinnte gu bràth mi,
Ach ag àrdach do chliu :
'S ged tha mi an drasta,
Fad a thamh as an dù'ich,
'S toil-inntinn bhi 'g eisdeachd,
Deagh sgeul ort, a rùin.

[1] feur.

DONULL CAIMBEUL.

Rugadh Dònull Caimbeul aig an Spideal, na mar theirte ris an nis Dail-an-Spideil air rathad Dhruim-Uachdair, far an robh tuathanas aig athair, 's a bhliadhna, a reir mo bheachd, 1798, agus theasd e ann an Cinn-a-Ghiusaidh mu 1875. A bharrachd air an òran so, sgriobh mise, bho aithris fein, da òran eile de chuidsan, aon dhiubh sin "Duanag a Chiobair," agus an t-aon eile "Gu'm bu slan do na fearaibh theid thairis an cuan." Bu mhaith leam an t-òran so thoirt fo 'ur beachd, oir thug duin uasal coir, agus fior Ghael, a tha dileas do 'n Chomunn so, seachad dhuibh a cheart luinneag, bho cheann coig bliadhna mar gu 'm biodh i air a deanamh le Uilleim Mac Bheathan bha 'n Cinne-Ghiusaidh. Tha mi cinnteach nach b'e Maighstir Cailein Siosal a bheireadh urram, na ainm luinneig duine sam bith do dh' dhuin' eile, cha b' e. 'S ann tha easan agus gach aon eile, tha cruinneachadh air son a Chomuinn so a gabhail mar a gheibh iad, agus an uair a thachras ni mar so, cha 'n fhios domh doigh na 's fearr na barail agus ughdarras duine innse, chum 's gu bi eolas air a mheudachadh, agus mearachd air a lughdach. Tha "Duanag a Chiobair" a rinn Dònull Caimbeul mar an ceudna, cho aithnichte 's nach ruig mise leas an corr a radha mu deibhinn. B'i Peigidh Bhàn so piuthar Sheumais Stiubhart, 'bha ann am Baile-mhuillionn, Ghlinne-Banachair.

ORAN DO PHEIGIDH STIUBHART, AM BAILE-CHRODHAIN, AM BAIDEANACH.

A Pheigidh bhàn o'n tha thu laghach,
'Pheigidh bhàn o'n tha thu grinn,
'Pheigidh bhàn o'n tha thu briagha,
Bidh tu 'n bliadhna ann ad mhnaoi.

Am feasgair Sàbaid bha sinn comhla,
Chuir iad an ordugh dhombs' na suinn,
Gu'n robh ochdnar dhiubh ga d' iarraidh,
'S thoir leam fhin gur briagha 'n t-suim.
Pheigidh bhàn, &c.

Gu bheil breabair ruadh na Sroine
'G iarraidh coir ort-sa mar mhnaoi,
'S mor gum b'fhearr dhut Domacha Dho'nuill,
Chuireadh doigh air 'eich 'us croinn.

Gu bheil Alidh Neill ga d' iarraidh,
'S taighean sgliat aige 'tha grinn,
Ach ma bheir e suas an t-Sliabh thu,
Bidh sile dhiar ann tha mi cinnt'.

Tha Ian Toiseach, oigear suairc',
An duil do bhuanndacha' mar mhnaoi,
Ach ged 's iomadh fear tha 'n toir ort,
Cha 'n fhaod thu 'phosadh ach a h-aon.

Gu bheil Donnacha bàn mac Iain,
Gille cridheil 's e ro ghrinn,
Ach ma ni thu nise fiagail,
Cha toir e 'lamh do thè a choidh.

Gu bheil Aonghas ruadh an clachair,
An duil a d' fhacal-sa 'bhi cinnt',
'S mor gu'm b' fhearr leis 'bhi 's an teasaich,
Ma 's e 's nach freasdail thu e 'n tiom.

Gu bheil ciobair Noid an toir ort,
Giullan stoilte, laghach cruinn,
'S gar a bheil aig ach an oige,
Bhiodh e deonach leat mar mhnaoi.

Tha Mac-Gilip measg na h-aireamh,
Bhios a tàla, Peigidh ghrinn,
Ach 'nuair dhuin' iad air am bathaich,
Dh' fhag sid easan craiteach tinn.

'Nuair a theid thu sios do 'n t-searmain,
Tha maidseir airm a tamh 's an *inn*,
'S nuair a gheibh e 'n cota-dearg air,
'S deas a dh' fhalbhas sibh air *field*.

Cha robh ach ochdnar tos na bliadhne,
Bha ga d' iarraidh-sa mar mhnaoi,
Ach an nise, tha seachd-diag ann
Dhublaig sid an riadh 's an t-suim.

Ach nam bithinn-sa cho buadhar,
Is do bhuanndacha' dhonh fhin,
Bhidh i agam air mo chluasaig,
'S bheirinn suas do Ghoidhneag i.

GILLEASPUIC CAIMBEUL.

Air an fhicheadamh là 's a h-aon de *December* 1881, chaidh mi dh'fhaicinn Ghilleaspuic Chaimbeil aig Ceann Loch-eire, bha e an sin na sheann duine agus fior-dhroch fhuachd aige. Tha mi 'g ainmeachadh so do bhrigh mar biodh am fuachd sin aige, gu 'm faodadh moran tuille de dh' orain thaitneach bhi agam air an sgriobha bho'n duine choir. Ach bha mi gu mor an comain a mhnatha a dh'asluich ris ni-eigin thoirt dhomh, mar chaimhneachan air mo cheilidh. Dh' innis e dhomh mu 'mhathair, Searlait Nic an Toisich, odha an duine ainmeil sin, "Fear-fad a choin uidhir," agus mu dheighinn athar, agus gur ann an Ionarchadain am Buraineach a rugadh e air a choigeamh seachdain dhe 'n Earrach 1804, chuir e mach a chuid oran ann an leabhar an 1851. An deigh moran comhradh, thuirt e, "'S iomadh oran beag 'us duanag a rinn mi, air nach bi cuimhn' gu brath, ach tha aon oran a rinn mi nach bu mhaith leam dhol air di-chuimhn', 's e sin cumha Shir Iain." Sgriobh mi am cumha, 's thoir leam, gur maiseach smuain 'us briathar a bhaird.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GRIOGAIR,

A chaochail ann an Eileanan na h-Oigh, 's a bhliadhna 1851.

'S ann air di-ciadaimn thain an sgeul,
A dh' fhag na ceudan cianail,
An aon là deug de mhios a cheitein,
Dheug am fear bu mhiann leinn ;
Bha tuireadh bhroin aig aois 'us oig
A ghabh gne eolas riamh ort,
O'n chaill thu 'n deo 's nach eil thu beo,
Gur mor an aobhar iargainn.

'S ann air Eileanan na h-Oigh
A fhuair thu coir mar riaghlair,
O Bhann-righ Bhreatunn le lan deoin
Gu d' ordugh 'chuir an gniomh ann ;
Ach 's gearr an tùn a mhair thu beo,
Chuir Righ na gloir ga d' iarraidh,
O'n 's e fein a b' airidh coir
Air spiorad mor na fialachd.

'S e Sir Iain, tha mi luaidh
An gallan uasal fior ghlan,
'S e fath mo bhroin gu'n d'fhalbh thu bhuainn,
A null thair chuaintean fiadhaich ;

'S ann air di-luain chaidh chreubh bha fuar,
A chuir 's an uaigh le ciadan,
'S an tir aincoil fada bhuainn
'An ciste luaidh gu dionach.

Chaidh iomradh air do bhàs an cein
Air fad 's air lead na Criosdachd,
Gur ioma suil 'bha sileadh dheur,
'N uair thain an sgeul gu 'n chrioch thu ;
Do chairdean fein 's do chloinn gu leir,
Ri tuireadh dheur ga d' iargainn,
Is d' fhior bhean-chomain agus ghaoil,
Gu dubhach, caoineach, cianail.

Bha ciuchdran truagh a measg do thuath,
Mar uain an deigh 's an dioladh,
Na deoir a' tuiteam sios le 'n gruaidh
Is osnaich chruaidh ga'm pianadh :
O'n thain an sgeul thu bhi 's an uaigh,
'S nach d' fhuair iad thu ri thiodhlag,
Tha sid mar shaighde geur nam feoil
A' cuir am bron am miadachd.

O 's beag an t-ioghna leam air dhoigh,
Ged tha am bron ga'n leireadh,
'S a mhiad 's a phairtich thu de d' ghradh,
Ri tuath, ri daimh, 'us feuranaich ;
Air truaghan riamh cha d' rinn thu tair,
Cha b' e do nadur fhein e,
Ach iochd 'us blàs o chridhe tlath,
Nach tug bonn gradh do 'n eucoir.

'S ann thain am buille druiteach trom
A dh' fhag àr fonn neo-eibhinn,
An t-ùr chrann uaine 'b' aile snuagh,
Ceann feadhn' air sluagh 'bha treubhach ;
Do thilge sios o d' bhonn gu blàr
Thug faillinn air na geugan,
'S ged tha na fiurain og a' fas,
Tha sinn fo chradh mu d' dheimhinn.

'S e 'n ròs is trathaidh 'thig fo bhlath,
Gu tric is trathaidh 'chrionas,
'S e 'n t-ubhall aillidh 's fearr 's a gharadh,
'S trathaidh 'theid a spionadh.

'S e gaoth a Mhàrt a dhochainn tra
An crùn is aille fiamhachd,
'S e reoth' a Cheitein sgath a bhlath,
De 'n fhluran aluinn chiatach.

IAIN CAIMBEUL.

Mu thiomchall Iain Chaimbeul 's fheudar dhomh a radh nach aithne dhomh ni mu dheibhinn ach an t-oran caithreamach a dh' fhag e againn "Oran an t-Saighdeir," a sgriobh mi bho aithris Mhrs Stiubhart am Baile-na-Bodach, an Srath-teamhail, 's i dh' aois, deich 'us ceithir fichead. Thug mi taing dhi gun teagamh airson a deagh chuimhne, agus beannachd airson a deagh aois.

ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEAR.

Seisd—Illean bi'bh ullamh le 'r 'n armaibh guineach
Gu laidir duineil an onair an Righ,
Ma 'n tig oirnne fada bith'dh 'n rioghachd so againn,
Is pilleadh sinn dachaidh do Bhreatunn a ris.

B' e *Wolf* ar comanndair 's bu deas air àr ceann e,
'N uair thog e dhuinn campan air *Mount-Vonetsi;*
An Ti o 'n robh sinne cha b' e an run pilleadh,
Is eiridh àr gillean gu ruig *Fontebhi.*

A *Bostan* a mearsa bu bhoidheach ar treudan,[1]
Dol suas gu *Point-lebhi* dh' fheuch de dheireadh dhuinn,
Bha Iudhaich 'us Frangaich 's na preasan gu teann oirnn,
'S iad moidhidh gu tean air an sgalp a thoirt dinn.

Dar rainear *Portlebhi* bu phailt fear 'us te dhiubh,
Bha camntain ri cheile 's cruaidh 'n sgeul so ri sheinn,
'S ged thigeadh iad uile bu ghearr dhaibh an turas,
Fhuair Gaidheil riamh an t-urram air muir 'us air tir.

Mhic Shimidh na h-Airde 's leat onair 's buaidh-larach,
Thu fuileachdach dan' 'us cha b'abh'st dut bhi crion,
'S gu 'n faic mi thu sabhailt lan piseach 'us graise,
A 'm munchar na h-Airde an ait' Mhorrair Shiom.

Tháinig ordugh gu grad oirnn bho choirneal 's bho chaiptein,
Iain Chaimbeul, bi tapaidh is dean 'air bhi treun,
Thu fhein 's do chuid ghillean a dh' fhalbh, gar am pilleadh,
Dhol an Eaglais 'ud urrad a dh' fhuireach 's an oidhch'.

[1] no, sreudan.

Cha-n ann 'chrabhadh no dh' urnuigh chaidh sinne do'n Teampuil,
Ach choinneach àr naimhdean 's bu dana sid dhuinn,
'S na 'm biodh 'Do'tair Nocsa anis air a chrochadh,
Bhiodh m' inntinn aig soistinn 's aig socair a chaoidh.

Bheir mo shoraidh do Raineach do dhuthaich mo sheanair,
Far an deanadh iad m' fharraid le carthunn gun dith,
Ged tha mi na'm shaighdeir gu 'm faighinn cuid oidhch' ann,
Is dheanadh iad m' fhoighneachd le caoimhneas an cridh'.

S bheir an t-soraidh so sios bhuam a dh' ionnsaidh Chàtriona,
S na gabhadh i mi-thlachd cha do dhi-chuimhnich mi i,
Ged chuir iad an sas mi 's ann leis an lamh laidir,
'S ma bhitheas mi 'lathair cha-n aicheadh mi i.

Illean bi'bh ullamh le 'r n armaibh guineach,
Gu laidir duineil an onair an Righ,
Ma 'n tig oirnne fada bith'dh 'n rioghachd so againn,
Is pilleadh sinn dachaidh do Bhreatunn a ris.

PATRIC CAIMBEUL.

Tha Patric Caimbeul a tighinn a nis oirnn le "Marbhrann do'n Mhr Eoin Mac Alastair," a tha nochdadh ard bhuaidhean bardachd, agus grais, cha b' ioghna sin, oir bha 'n duine math so na lochrain iuil na dhuthaich fhein re leth chiad bliadhna. Rugadh e an Ruadhshruth-ghearr, an Gleann-liobhan, anns a bhliadhna 1789. Bha e na mhaighstir-sgoile car leth-chiad bliadhna anns a Ghleann sin. Phos e Mairearad nighean Dhòmnill Mhic Fharchair *M'Kercher*, an Ruadhshruth, agus bha naoinear theaghlaich aca. Theasd Patric ann an 1867.

MARBH-RANN AN CUIMHNE AIR MR EOIN MACALISTIR,

A bha air tus na Mhinisteir ann an Gleannliobhunn, a rithis' an Duneidein, na dheigh sin 'an Nygg, agus mu dheireadh ann an Eilein Arrainn, le aon de a luchd-eisdeachd.

O bhliadhna 'n dealachaidh mo thruaigh !
Och ! 's lionmhor teachdair 'chaidh thoirt uainn :
'S iad 'bhi na 'n luidhe 'n diugh sa'n uaigh ;
Gur iunndrainn chruaidh d' ar n-anmam e.

Tha aon dhiubh sud mu 'n deanainn sgeul,
Na 'n rachadh leam a chur an cèill,
'S is tearc an diugh, 's is fad o' chéil,
Am measg na cléir a shamhuil-sa.

Be sgeul a bhàis dhuinn fà ar broin,
'S bu lionmhor sùil on' shruth no deòir
'S air dichumhn' leinn cha d'theid d'ar deòin ;
Cliù Mhaighstir Eòin Mhic Alaistir.

'Sann aig' bha 'n t-shuil bha soilleir geur.
Is dreach a ghnùis 'g eur iùil an céill ;
Le pearsa inncalt 'dheas gun léig ;
Be 'n saighdear treun ra fhaicinn e.

'S mar bha r'a fhaicinn ann na ghnùis,
Bha ghnionih 's a chleachda anns gach cùis ;
Cha d'fhàillnich misneach e na lùth's,
'S cha teicheadh 'n cùil mar ghealtair' e.

An fhirinn bhiodh na chridhe steach,
Sud labhradh e, gu réidh a mach,
Sa choisneadh fabhoir riamh 'o neach ;
Se nach do chleachd bhi sodalach.

Le tuigse naduir, bha toirt bàrr ;
A bhreth 's gach gnothuch, cha bhiodh ceàrr :
'S on chitheadh roimhe ciod a b'fheárr,
Bhiodh ciall is gràdh na chomhairle.

Ach ged an cùisibh 'n t shaoghail fhaoin,
Bha chomhairl' ciallach riamh do dhaoin ;
Si cùis an anama fhuair a ghaol ;
'Sann rinn e saoithir bha barraichte.

Mu 'n deach e dh' fhaotuinn fòghlum cinn,
Tha nuth a's measail ann ar linn—
Chaidh dhearbhadh air gu robh e tinn,
Le plàigh le 'n d' mhillte anam air.

Chaidh dhearbhadh dha, gu robh e 'n sàs,
Aig ceartas Dhia, fo bhinn a bhàis :
'S mar sealladh Criosd air ann na ghràs,
Gu 'm bhiodh e caillt' gun teasraiginn.

Be gealladh Chriosd nu 'n deach e suas,
Gu 'n cuirte 'n Spioraid naomha nuas,
A dhearbhadh peacaidh air a shluagh ;
'S an neach ud fhuair sar aithne air.

'S cha b' ann air peacadh mhàin fhuair eòl ;
Ach fòs air Chriosd air teachd san fheòil ;
A riaraich ceartas air gach seòl ;
'S fhuair trocair do na ceannaircich.

Be sud a bhrosnaich e ma thrà,
Dhol 'sheirm dhuinn soisgeul nan saor ghràs ;
'S cha b' ann mar iomadh 'ruith n'ar là,
Gun ghairm on àird bhi 'n toiseach ac'.

'Sa se mo bheachd gu 'n seas e fior,
'S ni teisteas eachdraidh 'm beachd so dhion ;
Mar d'fhuair na 'n òig iad eagal Dia,
Gur teare fhuair riamh san Oilthigh e.

Is ged a dh' fhòghlum aon gu réidh,
'S gle sgairteil teagasg' chuir an céil,
Gun ghràs thoirt buaidh na chridhe féin ;
Fo 'n ghort' bith 'n treud da 'n aodhair e.

Ach dhasan b' aithne 'o chor féin,
C'or anama thruagh fo dhite Dhé,
Le nàdur truaillidh 's iad a 'n céill,
'S mo chreach ! iad fèin gun aithn' ac' air.

'N uair labhradh e riu ann an gràdh,
Bhiodh 'n cor 'g cuir air a chridhe cràdh,
Sud chit' sa 'n dùrachd is sa 'n spàirn,
Bhiodh teachd le cainnt na fairеachduinn.

Ach 's tur chaidh 'n fhaireachduinn air cùl,
Och ! 's teare r'a fhaicinn deur o shuil !
Is easbhuidh sud is eagal duinn,
Gu 'm bheil cinn-iùil nach gearain air.

'S is aobhar eagail leinn faraon,
Gu 'm bheil an dìugh 's gach ceàrn de 'n t-shaogh'l ;
Luchd aidich 's teachdairean araon,
A mheasas faoin air 'n eagal-ne.

Tha meas gur leòir an t-aideach lom,
'S gur easbhuidh creideamh cridhe trom ;
'S gach iomcheist dheireas anns a chom
Nach eil ann bonn, ach breisleach.

Tha cuid do theachdairean, mo thruaigh !
'S gann idir bheir air ath-breth luaidh,
'S ann shaoileadh tu dhoibh féin 's da 'n sluagh,
Nach robh iad fuaths' na h-eiseamail.

Ach cha be sud an teagasg chaon,
A bhiodh aig teachdaire mo ghaoil ;
Ach theireadh ris gach neach san t-saogh'l,
Gun chaochladh nach robh teasairg' dhoibh.

Is theagaisg gur h-e gin nan gràs,
A shaoradh anam truagh on bhàs ;
Le 'n sealladh e a ris an àird,
'S chuir beath' an làmh a chreidimh dha.

'S na h-anama bochd a bhiodh fo leòn,
Ga' mothach' féin gun neart 's gun treòir ;
Se stiùradh direach dh' iunnsaidh 'n stòir,
Sa'm bheil na leòir, 's ra sheachanadh.

'S cha b' ann mar neach bhiodh deanamh sgeul,
Air rathad mor, an dùthaich chéin ;
An rathad rianh nach fhac e féin,
'S nach d' rinn aon cheum a choiseachd dhe.

Ach dh' aithnicheadh tu, na gluth 's na ghnàis,
'N àm labhairt da, ri anama bràit,
Nach b' ann le aineolas mu 'n cùis,
Bha 'n stiùradh rinn e theagasg dhoibh.

Be iompach pheacach bha na shùil,
Mar dhleasnas àraidh gach ceann iuil ;
Sud rianh cha d' fhag e air a chùl,
'N aon chùpaid anns do sheasamh e.

An cridhe' bhiorradh, b' e a rùn,
Is peacaich mharbh, bhi air an dùsg' ;
O 'm fasg'aibh bréig' a bhi ga 'n rusg,'
'S an stiùr' gu dìdein diongmhalta :

O chùmhnant gnìomh an cur fa sgaoil ;
Sa'm pòs' ri Criosd an dainh a ghaoil,
Tre 'm bitheadh còir aca gu saor,
Do 'n oighreachd 's daor a cheannaich e.

Do 'n òigridh' bhuineadh dha mar threud,
'Sa ghleann sa 'n robh e 'n tùs a dhreuchd ;
Bu dian a dh' earail e gun éis'
Iad phill' o cheum an seachairain.

'S roimh chruinneach dhoibh gu pòs' no féill,
No àit' sa 'm biodh iad dol le chéil'.
'Se sparradh orr' á h-uchd a Dhé,
Gach lochd 's mi-bheus a sheachanadh.

'S bha earail daonnan faotuinn buaidh,
Air sean is òg a measg an t-shluaigh ;
A chum ri faicill iad nan gluas'd,
Nach toillt' leò naithsan achmhasan.

Bu dùrachdach, a bhiodh e 'n sàs,
A tagradh dian aig cathair gráis,
Air son na 'm frasan bheireadh fàs,
'S a lionodh làn na linneachan.

Oir b' fhiosrach e gu 'm biodh an sluagh,
A' fantuinn marbh, fo ghlais na h-uaigh,
Mar biodh an spiorad teachd le bhuaidh,
A dh' fhògradh 'n cruais, 's an aineolais,

Bu luachmhor ann na shealladh ùin',
'S do 'n fheòil thoirt socair cha b' e rùn ;
Bu mhoch gach là bhiodh air a ghlùn,
'S mar lumdaire cha chaid'leadh e.

Tha cuid ni ùrnuigh fhada fhuar
'San fhollais, ann am fianuis sluaigh ;
Ach iumdrainn anama nach cuir uair
Do 'n naigneas fad na seachdain iad.

Ach iadsan fhuair an cridhe ùr,
No 'm fradharc fhuair o 'n t-shàbh shùl ;
Bith gnothuch tric ac' air an glùn,
'S na cùilltibh far nach fhaicear iad.

Si 'n ùrnuigh dhìomhair do gach aon,
Mhol esan 's dh' earail, gu ro chaomh,
Sa cheist chuir ris gach òg is aosd,
'N robh 'n gaol di 's 'n robh ga coimhlionadh.

Bha cuideachd dha mar churam riamh,
Aon teaghlach' bhi gun aodhradh Dhia,
'S le dillseachd dh' innis dhoibh o 'n Triadh,
Mun chorruich dhian bha luidhe orr'.

Bu toigh leis tric, 'bhi deanamh sgeul
Mu 'n fhois tha feitheamh pobuill Dé ;
Ga' misneachadh, bhi ruith na réis ;
'S a réiteach dhoibh an deacairean.

'S mar aodhair dìleas bu mhòr eud,
A sholar lòin chum treòir a threud ;
Cha b' fhada riamh, air latha Dhé
Bhiodh 'ghrian air éiridh roimhesan.

'B iad luchd a chomuinn pobul Dé,
'S gach àit' an robh e fad a ré ;
Bhiodh 'ghuth, sa shealladh, dol le chéil
A nochd' a spéis gu soilleir dhoibh.

Se cliù a chomuinn gheibh do spéis,
'S tha taitneadh ruit na 'n caimt 's na 'm beus,
Le 'm feàrr a dh' aithnichear do ghné,
No ciod le d' bheul a theireadh tu.

Bu mhòr a ghnà, a nochd e dh' fhuath,
Lo pheacadh nàdair, agus gluas'd ;
'S cha cheadaicheadh e 'm feasd d' a shluagh,
Nan suain gu buan bhi luidhe ann.

Bha dhiadheachd follaiseach 's gach àit,
Mar bhail' air sliabh nach folaich sgàil,
Is chum sud peacaich féin fo sgàth ;
Bha laithreachd dhoibh mar chronachadh.

'S gach teachdaire a chualas riamh,
Air 'n deach an onoir' chur le Dia.
Air peacaich choisneadh 'dh' iunnsaidh Chriosd,
Bha tlachd do 'n diadheachd soilleir annt'.

'S a shluagh Ghlinnliobhuinn, 's Nigg ma thuath,
A Ghàel Dhunéidin, 's Arrrain shuas ;
Nach e an teistes th' air a luaidh,
A fhuair sibh a Mac Alastair.

Ach se a their sibh, 's gun bhi ceàrr,
"'S fad air a chliù a thàin' thu geàrr;
Sa 'n diugh se 's cùram dhuinn, gur nàr
Nach d' lean gu slàn sinn eiseimpleir."

Nis sguiridh mise a bhi strì,
Ri 'chliù a chur an céill gu mìn;
Cha mhòr a chual' e bhiodh dhe sgìth,
Oir sann bha bhrì na theagasg-san.

Tha nis e seach' gach bròn is cràdh;
Oir chaidh e steach do ghlòir nach traigh:
'S an Slànuighear do 'n tug e gràdh,
Thug seilbh gu bràth air sonas da.

Is thubhairt ris 'nuair ràin' e shuas,
"On bha thu firinneach 's na fhuair,
Thig nis, is gabhsa mar do dhuais,
Làn aoibhneas buan do Thighearna."

Nis shluagh na h-ùrnuigh anns gach àit,
O! chum ar glùinibh leibh gu 'n dàil!
'S bhur cridhe dòirtibh mach an làith'r!
An Tì le bhàs a cheannaich sibh.

Gu faic sinn fathasd e na ghlòir,
Aig imeachd' measg na 'n coimhleir òir;
'S a tarruing pheacach steach da chrò,
'S 'g cur deòin na 'n inntinn cheannaircich.

Sa 'n sin bheir ceannaircich dha géill,
'S bidh annadain a faigheil céill;
Na bacaich thruagh a ruith 'sa leum,
'S na naoimh ri èibhneas maille riu.

'S gu 'n deonuich Dia, na shaoibhreas gràis,
Gu 'n doirt e 'n Spioraid, oirnn gu 'n dàil;
Gu 'n toir do 'n t-shiol chaidh chur bhi fàs,
'S gu'n tog e 'm bàs de 'r comhthionail.

MOR CHAMSHRON.

Dh' fhag Mòr Chamshron da òran againn tha làn de ghaol searghe, mo thruaigh. Bha i fuireach 'an Cille-chonnain 'an Raineach, far 'n do choachail i mu 1815.

NA FEARAIBH OGA.

Le Mor Chamshron, no mar a theirte rithe, Mor'in Aonghais, a bha conachadh an Cille-chonnain an Raineach.

'S meallt' an cridhe tha 'n an com'
Aig na fearaibh oga,
'S milis an teanga tha na 'n ceann,
A mhealladh gach og bhean ;
Ged a bhios e 'n diugh an geall ort,
'S e air thith do phosadh,
Bidhs e maireach ann na laimh
Air luing 's i dol a sheoladh.
Ged a bhios, etc.

Ach oganaich a tha mi cumhadh,
Dh' fhag thu 'n diugh fo leon mi,
Mheall thu mi mar mheall an t-ubhal
'Bhean bu mhutha solas ;
Gus 'n do mhiannaich i le 'suil e,
'N duil nach robh e neo-ghlan,
'S e 'meas bu bhuirbe chaidh a thoirmeasg,
Dh' fhag sid searbh gu leoir e.
Gus 'n do, etc.

Nach cealgach dhutsa bhi 'g a m' chumail
Anns na h-uille dochas,
Na 'n geillinn-se do d' bhriathran blasd,
Cha tigeadh dad ri m' bheo orm ;
Na 'n geilleadh ! ach cha d'gheill mi d'chainnt,
'S gach gealladh ann toirt solais,
Ach 'n uair a theid mi as an t-sealladh,
" 'S coma leam an oinseach !"
Na 'n geilleadh, etc.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh na fleasgaichean
Is deis a theid an ordugh,
Am fiuran 's boidhche theid a mach,
Bidh maighdeann dheas an toir air ;
Ach dh' fhaoidte gu 'm bi gaoid fo chois
Na taobh ri bean a cota,
Mar bhuirb' an eas o'n gharbh-ghleann chas,
Toirt oilbheum deas gu leoir di.
Ach dh' fhaoidte, etc.

Gur blasda briathrach cainnt nan gillean,
Tighinn o 'm bilean boidheach,
Threiginn mo chairdean 's mo chinneadh,
'S cha tillinn-se ri m' bheo riu ;
'Us shiubhlain leat 's cha 'n iarrainn spreidh,
Na 'm biodh tu fein leam deonach,
Tha 'cheilg a d' bheul 'ga chur an ceill,
'S e sid an sgeul bha comhdaicht.
'Us shiubhlain, etc.

'S mor a tha de dh' amaideachd,
'An aoradh na cloinn' oige,
'S cha lugha tha de 'n amharas
Na 'n caithe-beatha gorach ;
Bidh 'n teanga chiuin a' labhairt rinn,
'S am beul o 'm binn 'thig comhradh,
'S an cridhe fiomar fada uainn,
Cho luath ri gaillean reota.
Bidh 'n teanga, etc.

Beannachd leat, 's gun mhairg a d' dheigh,
'Us taobh ri te is boidhche,
Mu 's tu fein a' d' ghealladh 'threig,
'S nach mi do cheile deonach ;
Mar bhàt air chuan 's e tarruinn uainn,
'S luchd m' fhuath a' cur nan seol rith',
'S do nadur fhein mar ghaoth ro fhuar,
'S e 'tilgeadh uam a bhoidhchead.
Mar bhàt air chuan, etc.

PARRA CAMSHRON.

Bu mhac Parra Camshron do dh' Alastair Camshron, aig Socach Shruthan an Athull. Chaochail Paraig mu 1836 na sheann duine.

ORAN DO ISBEIL STIUBHART,

Nighean Shandi Stiubhart, bh' anns na chuaintean an Gleanna-Garra' Athuill, air dhi Sannd Coinneach an Ruidh-nan-Coileach, a phosadh mu 'n bhliadhna 1791.

Gur tuirseach oidhche 'n Nollaig sinn
'N tigh-osd ag ol ar gloineachan,
Sior chuimhneach air an ainnir sin,
Chaidh bhuainn air bhannan pòsd'.
Sior chuimhneach air an ainnir sin,
Chaidh bhuainn air bhannan pòsd'.

Gur e do nadur furanach,
A ghaoil a dh' fhag fo mhulad sinn,
'S mor d' ionndrachdainn 'n taigh cuideacha',
Na'm cruinneach na'm ban og.
'S mor d' ionndrachdainn 'n taigh cuideacha',
Na 'm cruinneach na'm ban og.

Gur iomadh fleasgach suairce,
Dh' fhag thu 's an tir fo smuainrean dheth,
A chumta spreidh air fuar-bheanntan,
Is buaile chruidh air lon.
A chumta spreidh air fuar-bheanntan,
Is buaile chruidh air lon.

Tha fir a Bhraigh' gu cinnteach ann,
'S tha roinn air sràth na tire ann,
De fhleasgaich uasal shiobhailte,
Do 'n grinn 'n tig ad 'us cleoc.
De fhleasgaich uasal shiobhailte,
Do 'n grinn 'n tig ad 'us cleoc.

An am bhi falbh air astar leat,
Righ gu'm bu sunndach sgairteil iad,
Na fleasgaich shiubhlach bhras-bhuilleach,
Fo 'n lasadh fudar gorm.
Na fleasgaich shiubhlach bhras-bhuilleach,
Fo 'n lasadh fuadar gorm.

Dar rain' iad taigh-na-bainnse leth'
Ged b' arda anns na gleanntan e,
Bha coinnlean laist' 's na seomraichean,
Is aighir ann le ceol.
Bha coinnlean laist' 's na seomraichean,
Is aighir ann le ceol.

Bha togsaidean gan taomach ann,
Bha fion 'us liocair daora ann,
Bha uisge beatha craobhach ann,
'S e milis caomh ri òl.
Bha uisge beatha craobhach ann,
'S e milis caomh ri òl.

Bha nigh'neagan ri sugradh ann,
'S daoin' og a' danns air urlar ann

Bha deochan-slainte dubailt ann,
Cuir cairean dlu' mu'n bhord.
Bha deochan-slainte dubailt ann,
Cuir cairean dlu' mu'n bhord.

Bha beoir 'us branndaidh làdair ann,
'S bha fidhleireachd gu 'r 'n àiles ann,
'S gach ni a dheanadh stà dhuinn ann,
Cur blàth's air gillean òg.
'S gach ni a dheanadh stà dhuinn ann,
Cur blàth's air gillean òg.

A Shanndi oig gur uallach thu,
Tha ceist bhan og 'us ghruagach ort,
Gu'n siubhladh iad am fuadach leat,
Gu ard taigh-tuath nam bo.
Gu'n shiubhladh iad am fuadach leat,
Gu ard taigh-tuath nam bo.

Ach 'nis, o 'n thain' an latha oirm,
'S gar eigin duinn bhi dealachadh,
Gu'm bu slan ga'n tachair dhut,
'S thu 'n glacaibh Shanndi oig.
Gu'm bu slan gu'n tachair dhut,
'S thu 'n glacaibh Shanndi oig.

Deoch slaint' an fhir tha sinnte riut,
Bho 'n 's e do cheile cinnteach e,
'S e mheudaich dhuinn cho dileas e,
Gu'n d'fhuair e 'n ribhinn posd.
'S e mheudaich dhuinn cho dileas e,
Gu'n d'fhuair e 'n ribhinn posd.

SOMHAIRLE CAMSHRON.

Bha Somhairle Camshron na fhigheadair aig Bun-chadain, mu mhile dh' astar o Cheannloch Raineach. Dh'eug e mu 1792. B' i a mhaighdeann aillidh a choisinn gaol, is cliù a Bhàird, Seonaid bhàn Stiubhart, nighean Ghilleasp' an Ionarchadain. Bha i na h-ighinn air leth boidheach, ach, air dhi sealladh na darna suil a chàlla leis a bhric, bhòidich i, nach pòsadh i duine gu bràth. Chaidh òran Shomhairle, chuir an clò 'an leabhar á Ghilleasaich an 1786, agus do bhrigh gu faighear e gun mhòr dragh 'an leabhraichean eile mar an ceudna, fòghnaidh a cheud rann dhe 'n òran ainmeil so.

MI 'M SHUIDHE 'M ONAR.

Le Somhairle Camshron, 'an Raineach.

Air fonn—"*Coire-cheathaich*"

Mi 'm shuidhe 'm ònar, air tulaich bhòidhich,
'S mi gabhail òrain, 's cha téid e leam;
Mo chridhe 'n còmhnuidh mar chloich air mòintich,
Is mòran seoil aig' air dol gu grùnnd.
Gu grùnnd cha téid e gun fhios do 'n Eucaig;
'S ma ni i 'n réite gur fheairrd a chuis;
'S mur tagh i fein mi, gur leis an Eug mi,
Le shaighdibh geura tigh'n orm ás ùr.

ALASTAIR CANNANACH.

Chaidh an fhailte a leanas a dheanamh le Alastair Cannanach aig taobh a Ghaelbh-uisg teann air Cillmachùg, tha suas bho Chalasraid. Faic an Teachdaire Gaelach 1830, slios 193, tha 'g radha—"Tha uiread de fhior chaoimhneas anns an litir a fhuair sinn o 'n t-seana Ghael o thaobh a Gharbh-uisg, agus nach urrainn duinn an dàn a leanas a chumail air ais, ged theagamh, gun abair cuid de dhaoine, nach bu choir dhuinne ni tha moladh an Teachdaire co mòr a chur ann."

FAILT AN TEACHDAIRE GHAELAICH.

Failt ort fein a Theachdaire Ghaelich,
A cheud la de 'n bhliadhn' uir,
'S gu ma h-iomadh [1] bliadhn' a chi thu dhiubh
Mu'n dall an t-eug do shuil.

Is fiuran og tha flathail thu,
Tha air teachd oirm as ùr,
'S mar thuirt Eoghann Brocaire,
O! 's ann ad' cheann tha 'n tùr.

O! 's ann tha 'n t-iul 's an sgoileireachd,
Ged tha thu fhathast òg,
'S ann shaoileadh daoin' gur co-aois thu
Do 'n chomachaig bhán 's an t-sroin.[2]

[1] Gu b'ioma. [2] Do chomhachag na sroin?

Gach inneal smuid le 'n carbadan,
'S tu dhealbhas dhuinn gu'n strigh—
Tha thu [1] eolach mu na rionnagan—
Co maith 's air muir is tìr,

Tha eachdraidh shean mu'n Phrionns' [2] agad
Ga 'n aithris duinn as ùr,
Co soilleir 's thug mo shean-athair dhuinn
A sheasamh 'm Prionns' gu chùl.

Do dhain is t-orain luinneagach,
Tha iad co blasd' r'an luaidh ;
'S gur deimhin leam gur caraid thu
Do Mhairi nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh.

'S fear luthar anns a choiseachd thu
Do chosan 's iad tha luath ;
Gheibhear 'n Eilean Arainn thu,
'S aig Tigh Iain Ghròt 's taobh-tuath.[3]

'Sior ghuidheam failt' is furan dùt,
Is cridhe sunndach [4] slan,
'S gu'm biodh do thaigh gun snidhe ann
'S do chiste mhine lán.

DONNACHA CUIMEANACH,

Mac a Chuimeanaich Mhoir an Camghouran an Raineach.

Rugadh Donnacha so mu 'n bhliadhna 1778. Phos e Floraidh Chamshron, nighean Aonghais mhic Dhonuill mhic Dhonnacha ; agus bha aca 'theaghlach mu 'n d'fhalbh iad do America mu 1822, Iain, Seumas, agus Iasbail. Chaidh an t-orain a leanas a dheanamh do Pheigidh Chamshron, nighean Iain Chamshroin, 's an Tigh-mhòr an Camghouran shuas.

EALA NAN CUAINTEAN.

Mi air m' uilinn am leabaidh,
O' ! cha chadal 's cha tamh,
Chi mi Eala nan Cuaintean,
Ga toirt uam th' air mo cheann ;
'N deigh 's mo lion 'chuir ma'n cuairt di,
'S a cuairteach gu traigh,
Bha mo dhubhan gun bhiadh air,
'S gu 'm bu diamhain mo dhan.

[1] 'S tu ? [2] eachdraidhean mu 'n Phrionns. [3] gu tuath. [4] subhach.

Bha mo dhubhan gun bhiadh air,
'S mi gun airgiod am phòc,
No mo chrodh air na buailtean,
No caoirich ga 'n cuairteach gu cro,
No mo laraichean scaraich,
Ga 'n tearnadh gu baile le ceol ;
Och ! 's ann rinn thu mo mhealladh
Mar rinn Iudas 'nuair dh' iarr e 'phog.

B' olc an car a rinn Iudas,
'Nuair dhiult e bhi dileas do 'n choir,
Ghabh e comhairl' a mhealltair,
'S thug e mhaighstir thairis do 'n mhod ;
Ged a thug mi dhut samhladh
Le tuit'mas cainnte mo bheoil,
B' e mo dhurachd gu'n teagamh,
Bha sinte ri d' leisreadh ri m' bheo.

Ged b' e sid mo lan durachd,
O na dhiult thu mo chaidreamh an drast,
Cha 'n ioghna dhomhsa bhi dileas,
Ge b' e neach do 'n innsinn mar bha ;
Ge b' e aon neach do 'n innsinn,
Miad ur briodal thar chach,
'S thu ann ghlacan gu diomhair,
'S do ghealladh cho cinnteach 's am bàs.

Bha do ghealladh cho cinnteach,
'S ged a sgriobht e le peann,
Air a dhaimhneach o 'n Bhiobull
Gu 'm bith tu dileas 's gach am ;
Ach mo theid mi gu coir leat,
Mar bu chor dhomh dol ann,
'S mi a dheanadh do phosadh,
Le m' uile dheoin 's ann gu 'n taing.

Nach 'eil eagal ortsa a d' anam
Airson 'bhi eathaich a' d' chainnt,
Nach 'eil thu fo churam
Airson nan cumhnantan teann ;
Airson nan cumhnantan daimhneach,
A bh' againn 's a ghleann,
Pos 'us ceangal gun fhios,
Ged bhithinn brist le do ghradh.

Gur tu 'meann anns a gharadh,
'S cubhraidh faile ri m' shroin,
'S tu 'gheug ùr a dh' fhas aluinn,
Null 's a nall le gaoith mhoir ;
Thainig osag de 'n ioma-ghaoith,
Sguab i aon de na meoir,
'S an ath-sgriob thug i rithist,
Rinn i 'n t-slighe bu chor.

Ged 'rinn thusa an t-slighe,
'S dh' fhag thu mise fo bhron,
Mar fhear garadh gun mhios mi,
Mar dhuine misgeach ag ol,
Mar shaighdeir gun chlaidheamh,
Mar ghobhainn gun ord,
Mar shealgair gun ghunna,
No mar chuilean gun sroin.

Mar chuilean gun sroin mi,
'S mi air cul-luirg an roin,
'Nuair shaoil leis bhi aige,
Damh cabrach na croic ;
Fhleasgaich oig na cuir d' earbsa
Anns a chalg th' air an fhiadh,
Ged fhaigh thu greim air bhar croic air
Na cuir do dhochas na bhian.

Na cuir dochas ro laidir
Ann am bata gun stiuir,
No 's a bhreac air an linne,
No an eilid nan stuc,
Anns an ron th' air a chladach
Na cuir idir do dhuil,
No 's an t-siomach bheag charrach,
Ged robh e 'm fagas do d' chu.

Greim air earr air a bhradan,
No air chois deiridh air fiadh,
No air sgeith muice-mara,
'S gu 'm bu sleamhain i riamh ;
Greim air chliathaich air loingheas,
'S ceart co-ionnan an gniomh,
'Us air lamh na h-ur chailinn
Bha ga m' mhealladh seachd bliadhn'.

Ach c'uim am bithinn fo mhulad,
Fo thuireadh no pramh,
Agus fios aig an t-saoghal
Co a dh'aom anns an fhail'n ;
Mar thug Eubh 'n car as an duin aic,
'Nuair bha iad 's a ghar',
'S ann mar sin tha mis' leatsa
Air mo mhealladh an drast.

Air mo mhealladh a tha mi
Le do mhanran 's gach uair,
Ach c'uim an cuirinn ort coirre,
Na 'n fana' tu bhuam ;
'Nuair bhithinn fo amghar,
Bhidh do lamh orm mu'n cuairt,
'G radh—" De 'n smuainrean th'air d'aire,"
Cha toir fear gu brath mise bhuat.

Is ionnan sid 's mar a thachair
Do 'n aisleachan ùr,
'N gaol, chaolaich a chasan,
Agus dh' fhail e a chruu ;
Ghoid e 'bhoichead a bh' aige,
Agus phrap e a ghnuis,
Mar chraoibh gun fhreumhan air seachda,
'S i neo-dhreachmhor do 'n t-suil.

Bu tu an rimhinn uir uasail
Le d' chuman 'us buarach a' d' dhorn,
Tarruing suas le d' chuid ghruagach,
Air feadh 'chruidh ruaidh thain' a Boid,
A chruidh dhuibh thain' a Ile,
'S a chruidh bhain thain' a Leobhs',
'S car thu 'Dhrobhair nan ciadan,
Fear thionnda lionmhor nan corn.

'S tu 'n fhaoilinn is gile,
No sneachd ga chur air an lon,
'S tu 'n tarmachan ceutach,
'S a Bheinn-Eibhinn 'm bi 'n ceo ;
'S tu 'chuthag ghorm cheutach,
Maduinn cheitein chiuinn cheoth'r.
'S tu 'n smeorach air gheugan,
'S fheadan gleuiste chum ceoil.

Gur tu 'n liath-chearc 's an doire,
'S muich' a ghoirreas le fuaim,
'S tu mo cheol dol a chadal
'S anns a mhaduinn 'n am gluasd ;
An Tigh-mora nan uinneag,
'S ard a chluinncan mo rùn,
'S ann an coille nam badan,
'S tric am ghlacan bha thu.

DONULL DEORA.

A bha fanachd ann an Ardtrasgairt, teann air Fairtechill.

Tha e air a radha gun do chuir Dònull so mach leabhar orain, de shaothair fein, agus 's e an cliu a fhuair mi oirre gu'n robh iad blasda, sunndach, agus lan tuigse. Bho nach fhaca mi an leabhar riamh cha 'n urrainn mi an cor a radha, ach na rannan a leanas a thoirt seachad. Fhuair mi iad bho mo charaid Mr Camshron ann am Fairtechill.

BEAGAN RANN BHO ORAN GAOIL.

Gur mor an guin cridhe dhomh
O'n chaidh mi 'n Ruidhe nairde,
Far am bheil na h-ionagan
'S gu 'm bithinn riutha mairan ;
Tha iad suairce beusach
Ro phailt' an ceill 's an naire,
Cha cheilinn-se air neach fo 'n ghrein,
Nach b' ait leam fhein bhi lamh-riu.

Dh' fhagainnse am baile so
Le cabhaig gun bhonn sgath orm,
'S ann leam fhein nach b' aireach e
Na'm bidh a chailinn blath rium ;
Na'm faighean le toil cleir i,
'Toil fhein 'us toil a cairdean,
Am fad 's a bhithinn marunn beo,
Le m' dheoin cha deanain d' aicheadh.

Am fad 's bu bheo gu dilinn mi,
'S mi fhin nach deanadh d' aicheadh
Bu mhor a ghaoil 'thoil-inntinn leam,
Na 'm bithinn cinnt' ad' ghradhsa ;
Nan gealladh tu mo phosadh,
'S nach biodh do dhoigh ri m' fhagail,
Chuirinn seol air thu bhi mar-rium
Gus an sgarradh bas sinn.

'S lionmhor buaidh nach aithris mi,
Tha air a chaileag bheusach,
Tha suairc' na gnuis mar eala
Rinn mo chridh' a mhealla 'm chreubhaig ;
Cha-n 'eil ròs an garadh,
'N uair is boidhche 'bhlath air gheugan,
Bheir barrachd ann am fiamhachd ort,
'S gu'm b' e mo mhiann bhi re riut.

ALASTAIR FOIRBEIS.

Bha Alastair na Sheairtsean, anns an "Fhreiceadan-Dhubh An deigh dha an t-arm fhagail, bha e fanachd 'am Fas re ioma bliadhna. Chaochail e 'am Peairt.

ORAN DO CHORNAIL DAIBHIDH STIUBHART, TRIATH GHART.

Am Brat sròl th' anns an Fhraing
Nach d' fhuair tamailt o thus,
Chuirte sios e do 'n Eaphaid
A dh' fheuchainn a chliu ;
Bha thusa 'us do reiseamaid
Fhein air do chul,
An da-fhichead 'us a dha
Sid luchd caramh gach cuis.

Chuir sibh Frangaich nan smur
Aig Alexandria nan tur,
'S thug sibh nap an cular riomhach,
Bha miaghail nan cùirt.

'S ann air faiche Mhaida
'S an t-Samhradh thuig sibh buaidh,
Ged bu lionmhor na Frangaich
'S gach camp a bha shuas ;
"Bha 'n Tri-fichead 's an ochd-deug ann,"
Na treun-fhir ri d' chluais,
B' iad sid na seoid a Dha'idh
Nach fhaghadh tu 'n cruas.

Na fior Ghaidheil gun ghruaim,
Reachadh dàn anns an ruaig,
'S chuireadh iomain air do naimhdean,
'S gach blar anns do bhuail.

'Nuair chaidh sibh Mhartinica
'S do na Innsean 's an Iar,
Chaidh do chabhlach air traigh ann
'S gu'm b' ailte an triall;
'N uair d' eight tu *advans!*
Sid a b' annsa leat riamh,
Bhidh tri-chlaisich ga 'n rusgadh
'S fuil a bruchd' air an fhiar.

Aig na fiurain gu'n ghiomh,
Ghuineach chlaidheach gu'n fhiamh,
'S 'nuair bheireadh tu dhaibh òrdugh,
'S iad nach sòradh dhol sios.

Tha thu dh' fhuil nan righrean,
Bha miaghail nan là,
Siol Bhanco do rireamh
Nach diobradh do chàs;
'S iomadh baintighearna phriseil,
Tha 'n tith air do lamh,
'S cha 'n fhacas anns an tir so
Na dhiobradh dhut gradh.

Bu tu Coirneal nan buadh,
Roimh bhragàd tarruinn suas,
B' ard a chluinnt' do chomannd
Anns na rangan de 'n t-sluaigh.

Ach mo dh' fhalbh thu bhuainn air sgrlob
'S tu air thith dhol an Fhraing,
Gu 'm bu slan a bhios tu
Ri linn do dhol ann;
Cha-n 'eil trian de na b' fhiach thu
Fo d' riaghailt anns an am,
'S na faighinns' e gu 'm dhurachd
B' e 'n crun chuir mu d' cheann.

'S fhada leam, fhir tha thu bhuainn,
'S guidheam buaidh leat 's gach uair,
'S ann tha 'n aoidh ri fhaicinn daonnan
'N a d' aodainn gun ghruaim.

CEIT FHOIRBEIS,

A rugadh, agus a chaochail an Cairidh an Raineach, na fior sheana-aois mu 'n bhliadhna 1826.

ORAN GAOIL,

Air a dheanamh do Mhac-Fhir Dhùnteamhalach.

Le Ceit Fhoirbeis, á Cairidh an Raineach as leth banacharaid dhi.

Tha mo chridhe ciuirte,
'S neo-shunndach mi 'n drast ;
Mu dheibhinn an fhiurain,
Dh' fhag an duthaich di-mairt ;
Mu dheibhinn an oigeir,
Is boichche na each ;
Gur gile thu fo d' chòta
Na'n sneachd og ga chur tlath.

Oganaich threibhich,
'S mor t-fheum anns gach càs ;
Gur mor thug mi ghaol dhuit,
'S cha bhreug tha mi 'g radh,
Gur mor thug mi ghaol dhuit,
Ge faontrach mi 'n drast ;
'S gus an dean thu pilltinn,
Bidh m' inntinn gu lar.

Tha mo chridhe mar an luaidh',
Cha ghluais e ach mar lic ;
Ged theid mi measg oigridh,
Ged oil mi 's ged ith ;
Tha m' aigne trom fo thùrsadh,
Gar an ruisg mi i ri each ;
Mu dheibhinn an fhiurain
Dh' fhag an duthaich di-mairt.

Oig ghasta a chul-dualaich,
Marcaich uaibhreach nan sramn ;
B' e sud an ni bu deoin leat,
Bhi 'n coisridh nach gann ;
Cha b' ann mar bhalach ùmaidh,
A ruisgeadh leat cainnt ;
Beul a labhradh an fhirinn,
Mar gu'n sgriobht' i le peann.

Mar ùr-ros an garadh,
Nach d' fhas air mheangan dris ;
Ceann-tighe na 'm fear ùra,
Mar chraoibh a lubadh le meas ;
Gur mise bha ro dheonach,
Air do phosadh gun fhios ;
B' fhearr na mar rinn thu m' fhagail,
Mo charamh fo lic.

O's beag an t ioghnadh dhomhsa,
'Bhi bronach ad dheigh ;
'S a liuthad latha bha sinn,
A manran leinn fhein ;
A mire 'ns a chaineis
An uagneas air chàch,
'S ma dh' fhalbh thu uainn air chuantain,
Mo thruaighe mi gu brath.

Easan—O ! cha 'n aobhar thruais thu,
Mo ghruagach ghlan og ;
Gar an deau mi pilltinn,
Tha thu cinnteach a' m' stòr ;
'S tric shiubhail mi 'n oidhche
Air caoimhneas do phoig,
'S bu bhrdach mi na 'n di-chuimhnimn,
Briodal do bheoil.

Ise—'S neo-bhalachail a dh' fhas thu,
'S tu 's aille th' anu mo bheachd ;
Gur guirme do shuilean,
Na 'n driuchd air an t-slait ;
Gur binne leam do chòmhradh
Na smeorach 'ann preas ;
'S gur miise leam do phogan,
Na beoir agus mil.

Ach a Chaiptein oig,
Cha-n e do stòr air 'bheil mi 'n deigh ;
Gu 'm b' annsa na 'n crodh guaill-fhionn,
Bhi gluasad ad' dheigh ;
O 'n fhuair thu 'n t-eideadh ùr
'S tric na deoir a ruith le m' ghruaidh ;
'S mor a b' annas thu bhi 's duthaich,
'S annis an Dùn [1] mar bu dual.

[1] Annis an Dùn

Thug mise anns an Dùn ud,
Gle shumndach car seal ;
A mire 'us a sugradh
Am muirn 'us an gean,
Ach tha mi nis mar chluaran,
Ga 'n dualchas fas bàn,
Gus am pill an t-uasal,
A ghluais uainn di-mairt.

ANNA GHAIRNEIR,

Nighean Garradair bha fuireach ann Ceann-na-laimhe, aig Ardláraich 'an Raineach.

ORAN DO MHAIDSEIR MEINNE.

Le Anna Ghairnear, a bha tamh aig Ceann-na-laimhe, 'an Ardláirich an Raineach.

Guidheam buaidh leis an fhiuran,
Dh' fhas measail suairce na ghiulain,
Ghlac thu cruadal 'us curam,
'S og a fhag thu an duthaich ;
'S cha nan a bhuidhinn droch cliu dhut a bha sin.

Ach gach neach a chuir iuil ort,
Fad no goirrid a dh' uine,
No na dh' iarradh tighinn dluth ort,
Bho 'n là thainig thu 'n tus oirnn,
Bha thu leirsinneach iulunhor,
'S dhearbh thu fhein anns gach cuis e ;
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram on chrìm 's do luchd pairtidh.

Sgathan maiseach na h-armailt,
Dh' fhas gu cruinn-bhallach dealbhach,
Sar chomandair fo armachd
'S mairg a thogadh am feirg thu.
'S maith thig claidheamh chiun-airgeid.
Ann a d' lamh bu neo-chearbach ;
Fear do mhisnich 's gle 'ainmig a tha e.

Chinn thu 'bhroilleach nan ogan,
An ti chuir fala a' d' phoraibh.
'Shiol nam Meinnearach mora
Ga 'm bi na Tallachadh boidheach,
Gheibhte cuirt ann a' d' Sheomar,
Muirneach aighearach ceolmhor ;
'S fion Spainteach nam ol do dheoch slainte.

Bho thaobh eile na còrach,
Cha bu shuarach do sheorsa,
Na fir ghrinne dheas bhoidheach,
O Ghleann-eibheis nan comhlan,
Mar sin 'us bun Lochaidh,
Far am faighte luchd comhraig,
Reachadh brais leis na seoid bu neo-sgàthach.

Gu 'm b' e cleachda do dhualchuis,
Bhi gu iorasal uasal,
Bhi gu siobhailte suairce,
Bhi gu baigheil ri sluagh thu ;
Bidh deagh iomradh 'g a luaidh ort,
Anns gach cearn anns an gluais thu ;
'S toileach inntinn do 'n t-sluagh sin o'n d' fhas thu.

An t-og misneachail treubhach,
Cha b'ann do'n ghealtachd a gheil thu ;
'S maith thig deis' air fear d' éugais,
'Dh' aon alt air an teid i,
Breacan balla-bhreac na feile,
Osain ghearr 'bhi 'g a reir sin :
'S gach beairt 'bhiodh an cididh nan Gaidheil.

Tha thu farasta fiorghlic,
'S toigh leat ceartas 'us firinn ;
Cha-n 'eil gnothach mu 'm bi thu,
Nach fhaighte gun stri leat,
Fhuair thu nis na bha dhith ort
Ann an ath-ghoirrid thioma ;
Na fir ghlana cho ghrinn 's theid air sàile.

Luchd nan leadanan cul-donn
'S nam boineidean du-ghorm,
Le bhur cuilbhearan dubailt
Air an cumail le curam,
Dheanadh marbhá 'us sgiursa',
'N am 'ar 'n armachd a rusgadh,
'S 'ur 'n aghaidh gu dluth air bhur naimhdean.

Guidheam deagh thoileach inntinn,
Do na dh' fhalbh as an tir leat,
Eadar uaislean 'us islean,
'S d 'n Ghriogarach fhior-ghlan,
Nach dean a mhisneach a dhiobairt,
'N fhuil arda nach striochda,
'S bheireadh seachad lan diola' do 'naimhdean.

Sgeul a b' ait leam 's an t-saoghal,
De na b' urrainn mi fhaotainn,
'N deigh 's na h-uile ni 'sgaoile,
'S gach blar a bhi dh' aon taobh ;
Gu 'm biodh urram gach aon diubh
Aig Maidseir Meinne 's a dhaoine,
Dream mileanta, faobhach, 's an àrfhaich.

ANNA GHOBHA,

Nighean Mairearad Ghobha, a bha fuireachd aig Cuiltelosgainn am Gleann-eireachdidh.

Bha i comharaichte air eideinean Chathdathan a dheanamh agus tha dearbh agam gu'n robh an taigh aice ri beo gun mhàl. Tha "Luinneag an Fhoghairidh," a toirt soileireach dhuinn air an t-saothair, a bha ri dheanamh air son am beo-shlaint 's an am sin. Chaidh Anna Ghobha gu a dachaidh bhuan mu dha fhichead bliadhna air ais.

LUINNEAG AN FHOGHAIRIDH.

Le Anna Ghobha, air dhi dhol thun an Fhoghairidh Ghalld anns a bhliadhna 1827.

Air fonn—"Pòsda, ceangailte tra."

Seisd—O b' fhearr nach tigimn 's an am,
A dh'ionnsaidh machair nan Gall,
Gun airde, gun leabaidh, gun fhodar,
A 'g iarraidh obair 's gach ait.

Gun d' rainig mi 'n Leitir an toiseach,
'S mi 'n duil ri cosnadh na b' fhearr,
Gun deanainse airgiod 'us òr ann,
'N uair reachain air doigh mar a b'abh'ist ;
Ach labhair na fior-ghillean coire,
'S e 'm bron thu thighinn cho tra ;
Cha-n 'eil againn coirce no corna,
Bhios abuich na's leoir gu dimairt.

Na 'm biodh fior fhios aig Clann Donnachaidh,
An t-uisig tha ormsa an drast,
Mi 'm luidhe gun aodach gun fhodar,
Air grainean de chliseagan chlar ;
Gu 'n cuireadh iad each agus gille,
Gu h-eatlamh ga 'm shireadh a nall,
'S cha-n fhagadh iad nise na b' fhaide,
A frithead air obair nan Gall.

Mo bhitheas mo shaoghal-sa marunn,
'S gu 'm pill mi Bhraigh Athull gun dail,
A dh' innse do m' chairdean 's luchd eolais,
Gach drid-fhortan chomhlaich mi 'n drast;
Bidh botal 'us gloine air bord ann,
'S sinn ola' deoch slainte nan Gael,
Am caistealan toilicht' glan, ordail,
Gun churam ri m' bheo orm o'n mhal.

'N uair ruigeas mi dhachaidh, 's chan-fhada,
Theid surd air an tartan gun dail,
Bidh deis' ann do Choirneal Mac Dhònuill,
Is te do Mhac Choinnich Chinntail;
'S bidh mise nam shuidhe 'a m' sheomar,
Le m' choinneal air bord mar a b'abh'ist,
A deanamh a Chadath 's a Chlòthain,
'S cha-n fhaic iad ri m' bheo mi measg Ghall.

O b' fhear nach tiginn 's an am,
A dh'iomsuidh machair nan Gall,
Gun airde, gun leabaidh, gun fhodar,
A 'g iarraidh obair 's gach ait.

DONNACHA GOBHA,

Mac Phadruig Mhic Dhònuill Ruaidh Ghobha bha 'n Ach-an-ruidhe.

B' e Donnacha Gobha so a chuir a mach orain bhinn beau a sheanar, mnaoi Dhònuill Ruaidh Ghobha, agus a chuir ainm fhein air toiseach an leabhair sin, mar Dhonnach Mac-an-Toisich, 1831. Rugadh Donnacha anns an Tulaich 'an Gleann-eireachdidh mu 1806. Phos e te mhuinntir Shiorrachd Rois, theasd e 'n Dunneidinn mu 1846. Bha mi fior eolach air Iain Camshron do 'n deach an t-òran smiorail so a dheanamh, agus b' e an duine flathail, suaire e. Theasd e na thaigh fein, an Cillechonnain, mu dheich bliadhn' air ais.

ORAN DO DH' IAIN CAMSHRON,

'An Cille-chonnain 'an Raineach, tha 'n drast an Dun-eidinn.

Le Donnacha Gobha.

Air fonn—"A chuachag nan craobh."

Bheir an t-soraidh so bhuam
Gu Iain Camshron le buaidh,
Air d' ainm dheanamh luaidh le eibhneas;
Na 'm bu bhard mi gu duan,
Chuirinn aird air 's an uair,
Dheanainn oran gu luath chuir an ceill dut.

Fleasgach siobhailte suairc',
Fearail fior-ghlic gu 'n ghruaim,
Cha-n 'eil mi-thlachda fuaighte ri bheusan ;
'S iomad ribhinn dheas og,
Bheireadh mìlte de 'n òr
Anns an tiom chionn bhi poiste o'n chleir riut.

Fear do ghliocais 's do riagh'lt',
Tha e tearc feadh nan crioch,
Bu sheachranach ciad dhiu an Albainn ;
Thig an aird riut 's gach rian
Ann an caimnt 's ann an gniomh,
Ann an iomsach, 'an cial is an camachainn.
Bu tu poiteir an fhion,
Dheanadh òl 'us a dhiol,
Cha b'ann an geocaireachd fhiar no le cealg'reachd ;
Nan deanainn comhnard chuir sios,
Miad do mhorachd 'us t-fhiach,
Bha cor agus mios ann gu seanachas.

'S ann 'm Braigh Raineach na 'm bo,
Fhuair thu d' arach as t-oig,
Cha do chleachd thu fo 'd' bhrogan an cabhsair ;
Ach siubhal ghlacan feoir,
'S do ghunna fo d' sgoid,
Bhidh daimh-mhulluich nan croc dol air chall leat.
Aon damusair a b'fhearr,
Cha do shaltair air blàr,
No sgriobhair air clàr 'chaidh 'n taobh thall dhut ;
Bu tu 'n sgoileir thair chaich,
Ann am Beurla 's an Gailig,
Ciod a cheaird thigeadh cearr gu do laimh ort.

'S math thig breacan 'am feil,
Os cionn bacan do shleisd,
Air a phleata gu reidh ann an ordugh ;
Cota tartain ga reir,
Air a bhasadh ri cheil,
Bu mhaiseach fear t-eugais measg coisridh.
Osain mheanbh-bhallach ùr,
Mu do chalpan cruinn dluth,
Paidhir ghartan o'n bhuth chosta òr dhut ;

Boineid dhatht' air a chrun
Anns an fhasan is ùir',
Bu tlachdmhor air thus na 'm fear òg thu.

Thig sid ort 's an uair
Mu do leasra' mu 'n cuairt,
Crios an leathar 's e nuadh as an Olainnd ;
Claidhe' ceanna-bheairteach cruaidh,
Air a thasga' na thruaill,
Paidhir dhag air a chruachainn mar chomhla'.
Plasg lan 'n fhudar lom chruaidh,
Gunna dùbailt 's crios guaill,
Dheana udlaich nam bruachan a leona ;
Bheireadh tarmach a nuas,
Coileach-dubh is eoin ruadh',
Bhiodh an eal air a chuan 's i gu 'n deo leat.

Tha thu ciuin ann an sith,
Tha thu borb ann an strith,
Gur mairg bhiodh an ti air d' fheuchainn ;
'N uair a thionndadh ort fearg,
Tha thu ceannsgalach garg,
'S tearc fear ann an Alb' bheireadh beum dhut.
Nan tigeadh naimhdean a' d' dhail,
Chum do chàll gun chion-fath,
Bu lionmhor 'a d' phairt iad a dheireadh ;
'S ionad Camshronach ailt,
Reachadh dian ann a d' chàs,
'Sgáthadh sios mar an cal do luchd eucoir.

Bidh Lochiall leat air thùs,
Ard Thriath na 'm fear ùr,
Cha b' fhiamhach na 'm cuis a reiteach ;
Bhiodh na ciadan ri chul,
Claidheach, sgiathach, nach diult,
Reachadh sios leis an tusa na streupaid.
Sid an ceannard fhuair ainm
Anns an t-seann tiom an Alb',
'S tric a fhuair e a dhearbh ann an deuchainn ;
Ged bha naimhdean air sealg
Ann an gamhlas ro gharbh,
Fhuair e onair 'us ainm o Righ Seumas.[1]

[1] Seurlas ?

Dh' eireadh rist leat ri 'thaobh,
Fear an Farrachd le dhaoin',
Sid a cheatharn, nach bidh faoin' na 'n eight iad ;
'S iad a gearra le faob'har,
Mar fhalaisg ri fraoch,
Feasgar Earraich 's a ghaoth ga seide.
Dh' innseadh Bonipart thall,
Gu 'm bu trom leis a chall,
Gu 'n d' thachair ris ceann an leir-sgrios ;
'S lionmhor marcaich eich-sheang,
Rinn thu chasgart 's an Fhraing,
Chuir thu dhachaidh gun cheann gu 'n leirsinn.

O Ghleann-Ibheis 'm bi 'n ceo,
Thig na fir tha gu 'n gho,
Doch-an-Fhasaidh 's an t-Sroin le cheile ;
Clann 'Ic Mhairtein na sceoil,
Reachadh dan leat 's an toir,
Dheanadh cnamhan 'us feoil a reubt'.
'S iomad milte a bhàrr,
Nach inns' mi an drast,
Bheireadh binn-ghrad a bhais air luchd t-eucoir ;
Bhiodh droch dhiol air a ghraisg,
'S mairg a dh'iarradh na 'r dail,
'N uair dheante leibh claidheam a gheurach.

Co thagradh tu 'n strith,
No bhagradh dhiot cis.
Gu 'm b' fhaoin doibh an ni 'nd ga fheuchainn ;
Mach o armachd an Righ,
C'ait an coinneachadh tu ni,
A thairgeadh bonn spideag no beum dhut.
'Sluar Chamshronaich o'n Iar,
Tha mo sheanachas gu crioch,
'S cha d' ainmich mi trian de do bheusan ;
Dean a ghloine a lion',
'S do dheoch slainte theid sios,
De 'n rùm thain' a nios a' Simèea.

MAIREARAD GHOBHA.

S i so mo roghainn de àr luchd-oran, am boireannach aoidheil bhanail. Tha sruthanan blatha caoimhneil, a ghnath a' ruith am measg a cuid luinneagan sunndach ; mòr ghràdh do 'cardean agus fior speis do duthaich. Bu nighean i do Pharra mòr Mac-

griogair, bh' anu an Camuseireachd-mor 'am Braigh-Raineach. Phos' i Dònull ruadh Gobha 'an Ach-an-ruidhe, agus bha ceathrar theaghlach aca a thainig gu aois. Theasd Mairearad mu 1820.

CRONAN.

Le Mairearad Ghobha, bean Dhòmhnuill Ruaidh Ghobha, bha na thuathanach an Ach-an-ruidhe, teann air Socach-Shrùthain an Athull.

Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
A-ill o na hi ri ù,
Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
'S i mo rùn mo leanabhsa.

Baidh, baidh bà, mo ghradh,
Meigeag bheag a chinneim bhain,
Meigeag bheag a chinneim bhain,
Gur i annsach mannaidh i.

Chaidh na caoirich oirm o stath,
Cha-n 'eil bainne ac no àl,
Ciod an comas th' air a ghraidh,
Ged thainig call an Earraich oirm.

Tha na h-eich air dol gum fheum,
Am biricheau 's e crom nan deigh,
Ach mo dh' fhalbhas iad gu leir,
'S ann their mi-fhein gur breamas e.

Cha-n ann an saibhreas mor an t-saoghail,
Tha sonas buan a chinne daoin :
'S nairg a bheireadh moran gaoil
Do nitheau faoine faileasach.

Ged a chairneinide stòr,
Chumeadh saibheir sinn ri 'r beo,
'N uair a chairear sinn fo 'n fhoid,
Cha mhor a theid 's an takamh leinn.

Ged robh ni 'us maoin aig neach,
'S trie an smaoin so ann a m' bheachd,
Mar stiuirear leis a chuis gu ceart,
Gur fhearr an neach tha aimbeartach.

Mar dean iad iochd ri daoine truagh,
Is luigheachd 'reir am maoin thoirt 'uap,
Sud an ni do 'n tug mi fuath,
Cridhe cruaidh air teannachadh.

Ach mo bhitheas t-athair beo,
Gleidheas e dhuinn erodh air lon,
Caoirich agus uain mu'n chrò,
Is bheir a bhòtach searrach dhuinn.

Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
A-ill o na hi ri ù.
Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
'S i mo rùn mo leanabhsa.

11th MARCH, 1891.

At the meeting of the Society on this date, the Rev. Mr Thomas Sinton, Dores, was to have read a paper on the *Celtic Church in Badenoch*, but Mr Sinton having been unavoidably detained, the meeting formed into a "Ceilidh," when a very pleasant evening was spent with songs and stories.

18th MARCH, 1891.

At the meeting on this date Mr David Nairne read a paper on *Highland Woods, Ancient and Modern*. Mr Nairne's paper was as follows :—

NOTES ON HIGHLAND WOODS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Inverness-shire is not only the largest county in Great Britain, but the best wooded, and whether taken from an archaic or a modern point of view, it affords us the most interesting illustrations of what the ancient forests of Scotland were, and what modern plantations have become. In its glens and straths there are many evidences to be found of the great forests of oak and fir which constituted the primeval grandeur of our country ; in other places, on its heaths and moors, we can vividly imagine what a naked and

desolate land Scotland must have been in the seventeenth century when, as the result of centuries of waste and wanton destruction, the forests had disappeared, and the nation cried out for more timber; and now, the flourishing plantations which grace our straths, glens, and hillsides suggest to one the silvan glories of a thousand years ago. These remarks indicate the lines upon which I propose dealing with my subject—and it is one which, by the way, has not yet found a place in the Transactions of the Society. This latter circumstance reminds me that a little latitude might be taken with the earlier and more general aspects of tree history, especially as I have found the literature of the subject scarce and fragmentary. It will be interesting to glance at the condition of Scotland prior to and during the dark ages; the middle ages, when the nation was consolidating itself, and laying the foundation of its agricultural and commercial importance, are instructive, chiefly through the enactments of Parliaments which had became distracted over the treeless condition of the country; while the disappearance and re-appearance of the woods within the last two centuries form a curious chapter in Scottish history. In Invernessshire itself, with its 163,000 acres of woods, it will only be necessary to deal with the leading estates, so far as they illustrate the matter. In Strathspey, we have on the Seafield property the greatest planting experiment on record, viz., 50,000 acres; the Lovat country it is important to deal with as a noted instance of perpetuating woods by natural reproduction; and on the Lochiel estate we will find, perhaps, more relics of byegone ages, and better examples of the fir in its native fastnesses, than can be found elsewhere in Scotland.

Historians invariably remind us, in a poetic form of language, that at the dawn of our history, when the Roman legions made their advent, Scotland was one dark and dreary forest, as impenetrable as that of Central Africa, and inhabitated by a race only a little bigger and scarcely less savage. I am not disposed to adopt that extreme view of our ancestors, nor do I think the country was so densely tree-grown as some imaginative writers represent. The red haired, large limbed, naked, and bare-footed Caledonians of Tacitus fought in chariots, with themselves, and when they opposed the Roman hosts. Chariots suggest large open spaces; the rearing of black cattle required pasture. But, generally speaking, Scotland was then a tree-grown country, with its greatest forest extending into Badenoch and Strathspey, and ramifying into every Highland strath until it spread over Sutherlandshire, and vanished in the sterility of Caithness. Let us

pass this early chapter of forest history in hurried review. As the eye dwells on the natural pine forests of Strathspey, their vast expanse swelling boldly up the mountain sides, the contrast of the dazzling snow patches on the Cairngorms deepening the hue of their sombre green, the imagination takes a roving excursion far into the retreating centuries, and one is speedily entranced with the kaleidoscope of a silvan romance. First comes Scotland in its primeval grandeur of mountain, forest, and flood, the war cry of the sturdy aborigines finding an echo in the woods wherever the tribal battle was waged; or the shout of the barbarian sportsmen as they merrily, with bow, sling, and lance, pursue the crusade against the wolves, and the bears, and the reindeer in the fastnesses. Here is Scottish freedom in embryo; and what a curious picture the imagination makes of that mysterious period. The peaceful scene changes, and there is commotion in the forest, and a rendezvous by the river of Spey. Tribal differences are forgotten, and the wild denizens of the wood are allowed to range unmolested. The long heard of invader has at last planted his foot on Caledonian soil, and the ancient race of the Highlands gather, in their rude panoply of war, to make common cause against the foe. Blood flows freely in the Grampian forests, and many brave deeds are done, but steadily the Roman legions cut their way through the pathless tracks of Strathspey, and bye-and-by they stand victorious on the gently-lapped shores of the Moray Firth. Victorious! but at what a cost. Sullenly, the native warriors seek the silent forest glades, happy only in the thought that 50,000 men of the invading hosts have fallen as the trees they felled, and that their carcases make sleek the wolves of Strathspey and the Don. Time has passed, and there is again a gathering of Caledonians in Strathspey. The instruments of war have been laid aside. Huge carcases of the native bull, the elk, and the reindeer are brought in, and fires are ablaze; the plunder of war is exhibited, and preparations are made for a feast such as has not yet been witnessed by Spey's marshy banks. For the strongholds of the Roman invader are deserted, the forests no longer resound to their martial tread, and the mighty firs of Duthil cease to bend to their axes. Barbarian tactics and courage have succeeded, in the long run, against the gleaming battalions of Rome, and North Scotland is once more a free country. Another period passes, and the warriors of the Highland forests march westward to fight an invader who defies them and refuses to be shaken off. The clash of battle is heard through the whole century long; forest fires

blacken and desolate the country ; gradually the turmoil ceases, and there is a mingling and an absorption of races. The scene ends peacefully at Scone, in the heart of a forest, where the clans gather to do homage to the Scottish king. Caledonia retains its pine woods in diminished plenty ; and the foundation of its rude agriculture is to be laid ; but the times are still rude, and the early kings have rough work before them. The struggles in which they engage with the Vikings and the Danes slowly weld the kingdom into unity and consistency, and Scottish nationality emerges a concrete thing. And so we glide into the middle ages ; and nothing seems so permanent as the Strathspey pine forests in the midst of so much revolution and change. But they, too, give way, as in other parts of the country. At last the law comes to the rescue of the outraged forests, now threatened with extinction, except in the remote Highlands, by the cry for more land and less timber. It was a hard struggle, this one about timber, against evil design and accident, carelessness and cupidity ; and as the eye rests to-day on the forests of Duthil, and Abernethy and Rothiemurchus, one feels thankful that remnants of the primeval pines survived the destructive centuries to associate the present with the past silvan glories of the land.

ANCIENT FOREST LEGISLATION.

During the two hundred years which intervened between the death of William the Lion and the ascent of King James the First to the throne of Scotland, the woods and forests of the country suffered great destruction. From the time John Baliol servilely sold the independence of his country, revolted, and, attired in his shirt and drawers, again abjectly submitted to the haughty King Edward in the kirkyard of Strickathrow—fit place for such a circumstance—the country was being almost perpetually wasted by the ravages of war. Wallace, Robert the Bruce, his son David II., the false Albany, and King Blearie (Robert II.) rose in succession and acted their eventful and chequered parts ; the tide of war flowed and ebbed over the land ; and, latterly, outrage and violence prevailed, and security for life and property was unknown. When King James reached Scotland in 1424, happy in the restoration of his freedom, and in the possession of his "milk-white dove," now become his Queen, he found his kingdom in a wretched condition. The feudal nobles, accustomed to a weak and feeble Government, kept the whole country in confusion with their feuds and revenges, their fierce wars on one another, and their cruel oppressions of the people. The law was a dead letter, and

theft and robbery were acts almost licensed by custom. James in his second Parliament found it necessary to pass, among other beneficent laws, an Act for the preservation of forest trees and greenwood, a proof that the immense forests which had once covered the face of the country, and were so strictly guarded by William the Lion, were fast disappearing, and that a scarcity of timber had begun to be apprehended. The houses of the people were in those days for the most part constructed of wood, and if there was growing timber in the vicinity paterfamilias did not scruple to provide himself with the best of materials in the shape of matured oak, without reckoning with the owner. The first enactment was directed against the stealers of greenwood and fruit, the breakers of orchards, the peelers of trees, and the destroyers of wood. Such depredations were generally committed under cover of darkness, and under the statute here referred to a modern lawyer would have no difficulty in getting off his client if the offence happened to have taken place during the day time. Clear and to the point, so far as they went, those ancient laws were, however, suited to the rough administration of the times. Technical objections as to relevancy and irrelevancies were then unknown; but as the nation grew in civilisation and intelligence it is interesting to observe the increasing complexity with which the legal net was woven. The penalty attached to any of the crimes mentioned in the Act described was forty shillings to the King should a conviction be obtained before the justice, and the stealers of wood had, in addition, to indemnify the party "skaithed."

The year after the discovery of America, James the Fourth, considering "the great and unnumerable riches that is tinte in fault of schippes," set himself to create a Scottish fleet. All burghs and towns within the realm suitably situated were ordered to build, according to their substance, ships of not less than twenty tons, properly equipped for fishing and commerce, for the desire of the king in the first place, though he had "policie and conquest" as his ulterior aim, was to create a nursery of skilled and hardy seamen. Shipwrights and cannon founders were brought from abroad, and the king, in his enthusiasm, personally superintended the building of ships of war. In course of time he made the navy of Scotland a powerful one for that period, and the Scottish flag inspired respect in all seas. The construction of so many ships was an enormous drain upon the woods and forests of the country; and some ten years afterwards we find another law on the statute book "anent the artickle of greene wood, because

that the wood of Scotland is utterly destroyed." Strangely enough, however, the scarcity of timber is not even partly referred to the building of a navy, but to the circumstance that the fine for the malicious felling or burning of it was so little Henceforth the penalty was to be five pounds, and the old Act was renewed with this exception. That this was not exactly the policy required in the circumstances is proved by subsequent enactments. For the protection of trees a heavy fine was all good enough if vigorously enforced, but as regards the restoration of the woods and forests that had been destroyed it was of no practical moment. In the course of some thirty years the general barren condition of the country called into existence a law for the planting of woods, forests, and orchards. This was in the fourth Parliament of King James the Fifth (1535). It was ordained that every man, spiritual or temporal, having lands of the value of a hundred pounds, and in whose lands there was no timber, was to plant trees to the extent of three acres, or under, "as his heritage is mair or less;" and tenants of such lands were to plant yearly "for every marke land ane tree." The penalty for non-compliance was ten pounds. At the same time the crime of destroying green wood by cutting, peeling, burning, or felling was to be more seriously punished. For the first offence a fine of ten pounds was to be exacted, for the second offence twenty pounds, and if a person broke the law a third time he was to suffer *death*.' The adoption of these extreme measures indicates the straits to which the nation was reduced for timber. Even the King's own forests had suffered, and it became necessary to pass an Act for their better preservation and protection for the pasturing of wild beasts and hunting. Horse, sheep, and cattle found trespassing in the Royal forests in future were to be escheated to the King. Timber now came to be imported, and in 1540 a law was passed empounding the Provosts, Bailies, and Councils of Burghs to fix the prices of wine, salt, and timber at all ports at which cargoes were landed, including Inverness. The cause of this enactment was "the exorbitant dearth and prices of wine, salt, and timmer." A reasonable price having been fixed, the King was to be first served, then the nobles of the realm, such as prelates and barons, and afterwards the lieges of lower degree. In order that the civic functionaries might be able to act as arbiters in the matter of prices, they were required to make inquiry as to how timber, wine, and salt were selling in other countries. The Parliament of Queen Mary amended this law in so far as the price fixed had to be published for four days before any sales could be effected.

The forest laws of King James the Sixth consisted of three Acts, all having particular reference to the destruction and decay of the royal forests. As to the necessity for, and the tenor of those statutes, they form a significant comment on the character of the period. It would seem that the people continued to study their own convenience and perpetuate their habits in preference to the royal commands, for in no other department of law-making in the olden times was there so much enacting, and re-enacting, and confessions of failure than in forest legislation. The three Acts to which we allude are an illustration in point. In 1592 James the Sixth passed a law for the better keeping of the royal parks and forests. The preamble states that great skaith had been done to such property in consequence of the liberty "every man" usurped by putting all kinds of "guddes" in them. The parks and forests had been utterly destroyed, and rendered unprofitable for his Majesty's use. It was therefore ordained that whatever animals were pastured in the forests without a licence were to be forfeited to the King, and proclamation of the law was ordered to be made in the parochial kirks and at the market crosses in the burghs next adjacent to the parks and forests. Instead of being diminished, the evil increased, and so in the short space of two years after, Parliament is again found legislating on the subject more comprehensively and severely. It was observed, says the new statute, that the woods, forests, deer, and fowl were daily decreasing, by reason of the Acts and statutes set down against the destroyers of woods and forests, and slayers of wild beasts, not being put into execution. Persons took the liberty to destroy and slay "at their awin appetites" The burden of the new Act was that, "for the better entertainment of his royal pastime in the time coming," persons who cut timber or green wood within his Majesty's woods or parks, or should slay deer, pheasants, fowls, partridges, or other wild fowl with gun, cross-bow, handbow, dogs or girn, without special licence and tolerance, or who killed deer which had strayed in times of storms to barnyards, were to have their whole goods escheated, and a criminal prosecution instituted. All animals found pasturing within the confines of the forests were to be confiscated. Hunting or shooting within even a radius of six miles of the royal woods, parks, castles, and palaces were to be punished with a fine of a hundred pounds, or imprisonment if the person was not good for that amount. These sweeping measures did not, however, restrain the law-breakers, and twenty-three years afterwards, for the third time in the reign of James the Sixth, Parliament again had forest legislation under review. The

tone of this Act was even more bewailing than the others. It is regretted that the forests within the realm in which deer are kept are altogether wasted and decayed by shiellings, pasturing of horses, mares, cattle, oxen and other bestial, cutting of woods within the said forests, shooting and slaying of deer, venison, and wild fowl, and that divers "loveable" Acts, laws, and statutes for the punishment of transgressors had not been put duly into execution in time gone bye. The reason mentioned for the inefficacy of the laws is that the keepers of the forests and others having right thereto had no power or jurisdiction to punish, and accordingly in all time coming foresters have conferred on them full power, privilege, and jurisdiction to call, convene, and pursue before them all transgressors of the Acts and statutes, hold courts, and inflict punishments.

The unique proceeding of constituting keepers of forests judges in breaches of forest laws appears to have been effectual in checking theft, trespass, and poaching. At all events, the suppression of such offences was not again made the subject of exceptional legislation. By the time Charles the Second came to the throne in 1661, all the ancient Acts, including the one last quoted, had fallen into desuetude. Henceforward legislation had for its object more the encouragement of planting than the punishment of thieves and poachers. The first Parliament of Charles revived the Act above noticed for the planting of woods, forests, and orchards, passed by the fourth Parliament of James the *Fifth*, and not, as the Act in question has it, by the fourth Parliament of James the *First*. At this period a small beginning had been made in planting the country, and the little that had been done only showed how expedient and necessary it was that more be accomplished in this line, alike for the purposes of shipping and building and the improvement of the country. According to Sheriff Barclay, the Act of Charles the Second is still partly in observance. It was ordained that every heritor, life-renter, and wodsetter within the ancient kingdom of Scotland, with £1000 of yearly valued rent, shall enclose four acres of land yearly at least, and plant the same about with oak, elm, ash, plain, sauch, and other timber at three yards distance. The enclosing of lands by planting and ditching was also provided for; and for the better encouragement of heritors, and for the preserving of the planting and enclosures, it was farther enacted that whoever cut or broke trees should pay the heritors £20 for each tree, and in the event of the offending party not being able to meet the fine, he was to be liable to labour for the space of six weeks to the heritor, in return for "meat and

drink allanerly." It will be observed that tree cutting was again lifted out of the category of crime, and no doubt at the state of civilisation the country had reached, the penalty of death attached by James the Fifth to such offences was considered barbarous. Various other laws were passed in the seventeenth century for the punishment of timber thieves and malicious destroyers of trees, but the fine does not exceed £10 Scots. About the end of this century proprietors had taken up tree planting with something like earnestness, but there is reason to believe that they were induced to do so by considerations of profit more than by the statutes anent planting.

THE DESTRUCTION AND RE-APPEARANCE OF WOODS IN SCOTLAND—CURIOUS BOOK BY THE LAIRD OF BORLUM—DR JOHNSON'S TOUR.

The history of every country shows that forests have decayed before the advance of civilization, by a law which was perhaps never in more vigorous operation than at the present time, when colonisation is proceeding briskly, and vast tracts of country are being cleared for the plough. But there is a material difference between decay and total disappearance. Colonists of to-day foresee the suicidal policy of clearing the country of their adoption entirely of timber, but our forefathers seem to have been charmingly oblivious to the ultimate result of continually cutting down, and never growing, either by guarding the natural forests, or by planting. However, the circumstances were extenuating. National wars and intestinal broils for centuries absorbed the attention and the energies of the nobles, and prevented them giving much attention to the beautifying of their estates, or to the future wants of the nation, particularly in the Highlands. It was only after the Crowns had been joined by the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the throne vacated by Queen Elizabeth, that plantations began to be formed sparingly, and the ecclesiastical peace of Scotland had been secured before anything like a taste for planting was general. By this time the eighteenth century had been ushered in. England was far in advance of this country in respect of planting, thanks to such men as Evelyn, who took up the cause of tree culture with enthusiasm. For in England the clearances of timber had been no less remarkable than they were in Scotland. In the extensive transference of property on the seizure of Church lands by Henry the Eighth (1537), much timber was sold by the new owners, for the cowled occupants of the monasteries in the fertile districts in which they settled, both in England and Scotland, took a pride in surrounding their

establishments with silvan beauty. Some of the oldest and most noted trees in Scotland, such, for instance, as the Capon Oak at Jedburgh, reared themselves under the shadows of the monasteries and abbeys. Hollingshead states that so much timber was thrown into the market after the downfall of the monasteries that cottagers who formerly built their dwellings of the willow and other cheap and common woods now constructed them of the best oak. The demand for timber constantly increased, and the value of arable land rising at the same time, the natural forests became greatly circumscribed, till at last timber came to be imported. Then, and not till then, did proprietors of lands think of protecting the native woods, and afterwards of enclosing waste ground and allowing it to be naturally sown. Planting was not general in England till about the middle of the seventeenth century, half a century and more sooner than in Scotland.

John Evelyn was, as has been said, the first who, in 1664, rendered an extremely important service to the cause of arboriculture by the publication of his *Silva*, a quaint and interesting work which excited much interest at the time, and is now regarded as a valuable curiosity. He pleads the national importance of timber-growing with all the force of argument and eloquence at the command of a facile pen, and cites some strange things in support of his contention. "I have heard," he says, "that in the great expedition of 1588 it was expressly enjoined the Spanish commanders of that classical Armada that if, after landing, they should not be able to subdue our nation and make good their conquest, they should yet be sure not to leave a tree standing in the forest of Dean." This by way of showing that the country's enemies appreciated the value of timber to a nation so much that they planned its destruction as a means of weakening the British Empire. Coal had not come into anything like general use in Evelyn's time, and much wood was consumed as fuel. The increase of "devouring iron mills," or foundries, he accordingly condemns as a sore drain on the timber of the country, and he exclaims in his indignation, "Oh that some of them were even removed *into another country*," as they threatened to ruin old England. It would be better, he thinks, for the nation to purchase its iron ready-made from America than to exhaust the woods at home in its manufacture. He also mentions with approval a curious statute passed by Queen Elizabeth against the converting of timber trees into charcoal or other fuel for the use of iron mills if the trees were one foot square and grew within fourteen miles of the sea or navigable rivers. King James the

First of England granted a patent to one of his subjects in 1612 for a scheme which the patentee estimated would effect a saving of £300,000 a year in timber. His secret was to melt iron and other metals with pit coal and sea coal (the name coal first went by in London, as it was mostly conveyed to the metropolis in ships), but, like many another patent, it did not succeed. That is a great pity, says Evelyn. At one time, he says in another part of his discourse, the whole island was one vast forest, and wood was so abounding that the people got as much as they liked for the carrying, whereas as he wrote it was so scarce that it was sold by weight. Even the great Caledonian Forest of Scotland had been demolished, so that there was not a single tree to show for it. His lament in this particular is, by the way, an exaggeration of the case. So much for John Evelyn; he died in 1706 at the age of 86, thus proving, as he says in his book, that the planting of many trees conduces to long life. Let us hope that it was also equally true of him, as he ventures to predict of others, that his plantations ensured his entrance into "those glorious regions above, the celestial Paradise planted with perennial groves and trees, all bearing immortal fruit."

In 1727 a very curious book bearing on the bleak and barren aspect of Scotland was issued from the Edinburgh press. A pencilled note on the copy before us states that it was written by Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, while a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh. We believe there is no reason to doubt the statement, though there is no clue to the authorship on the title page, which simply bears that it is the work of "a lover of his country." The title of the volume is, after the fashion of the time, ample and explanatory — "An essay on ways and means for enclosing, fallowing, planting, &c., Scotland; and that in sixteen years at farthest." On the same page is the announcement that the volume was "printed and sold at Mr Fairbairn's shop in the Parliament Close (Edinburgh); and at Mr Millar's, over against St Clemen's Church in the Strand, London." The author gives many evidences of a classical education; indeed, the allusions to Greek and Roman literature are somewhat pedantic and obtrusive in a work devoted to the discussion of practical agriculture. However, there is a great deal of shrewd thinking and pointed speaking in the essay, and whatever its influence may have been, the policy advocated for improving the appearance of the country, the system of agriculture, and the condition of the people, was timeous, and proceeded on correct lines, barring perhaps his proposal that his scheme should be

carried out by force of statute. It appears to have been the case that in the reafforesting of the country, enlightened sentiment had greater effect than the terrors of the law, and by the time this publication saw the light, proprietors had begun to turn their attention both to planting and fallowing. The essay is addressed to the British Parliament, and it would seem, from the opening sentences of the dedication, that the author in his retirement had some doubts concerning its reception in high quarters. "No doubt," he says, "but some of your lordships' too officious friends in Scotland, to show how zealous they are to serve you, and how watchful against any attempts may touch your interest or dignity, may not only anticipate but endeavour to give to your lordships a wrong turn of my only design in writing this little essay; and by the first post write:—*Here is an anonymous and saucy fellow has writ a piece, and pretends improvements, but in it he squints at your superiorities: we advise your lordships you knock this plausible pamphlet on the head, and not allow it a motion in Parliament.*" While repudiating any attempt against superiorities, he boldly states his opinion that if he was superior he would prefer "the solid greatness of enlarging his estate, to the empty, very often useless, one of being superior." Vassals, he points out, are unsuited to the altered circumstances of the times. In days gone by they were useful in the hunting field, but the word hunting was now obsolete, for there was a standing law against such convocations; and even if there was not a law, there was nothing to hunt, as the few mountains and wastes left to red deer were rented by the superiors themselves for the raising of black cattle.

Our author describes Scotland as barren and uninteresting. Generally speaking, the country was destitute of woods, and some shires were entirely without a bush or stake in them. But he observed a more general disposition among the gentry towards improving than formerly, and in many shires some "virtuous and generous gentlemen" had already given a good example in planting and enclosing. Those worthy patriots who had begun to give a new aspect of beauty to their seats, he considers worthy of having their names transmitted to posterity in letters of gold. Among others he mentions the Duchess of Gordon; Sir William Gordon of Invergordon; a Mr Murray, who had reclaimed many acres of rich meadow out of a large lake in Moray; and General Ross, the laird of Balnagown, "a favourite of the virtuous and beneficent goddess Ceres, as well as of the martial and eloquent gods Mars and Mercury, for in his retirement he has convinced the world that he can, in a remote country seat, make himself conspicuous

as well as in the army and senate house." Since the union of the two kingdoms, proprietors had generally been in the habit of spending their time and money in London, and as their estates were entrusted, as regards management, to chamberlains and factors, whose principal object was to supply their employers with money, there was not much incentive to rapid improvement. Mr Mackintosh regrets the indolence of the proprietors, and reminds them of the industry of the people of former ages. Had the people of a former period not torn the land then ploughed out of moors, woods, and even rocks, and that at a time when they were constantly in arms, they of the later ages would, he thought, certainly have starved. On what estate had a rig of arable land been added since the union of the two crowns, though there had been better opportunities for improving the acres left by industrious predecessors? Forests and woods which formerly covered so much of the country had disappeared, and left room for the enlargement of the patrimony left by industrious ancestors, but things went from bad to worse, and luxury and spend-thriftiness held sway. The land was slovenly tilled, the system of agriculture wretched, and the country starving for wood—truly a terrible state of things for a patriotic mind to contemplate.

The scheme here propounded for the planting and enclosing of the nation was simple enough. Proprietors and tenants were to be compelled to enclose and plant so many acres of their lands yearly, the former obtaining the means for estate improvements by staying at home, free from the importunate attacks of "duns and harpies," and so retrenching their expenditure; the latter affording the means in return for being relieved of all manner of service to his landlord, except the furnishing of firewood. "For in Scotland, the nation being entirely destitute of forest, or, indeed, any quantity of woods to furnish burnwood, and pit-coal being found but in a little corner of it, both of which firing might be carried by a few loads; and a cellar of coals, or a moderate stack of burnwood, will serve for firing to a gentleman's house in England or in the south of Scotland a year; whereas 20, yea 40, that bulk or number of loads will not serve of the dried moss they use in the most parts of Scotland; wherefore, I am afraid my farmer must serve his landlord in firing as formerly." Besides throwing some light on the household economy of the beginning of the eighteenth century, this passage illustrates the strange literary style of the book. At this period, it was one thing to resolve upon planting, and quite another thing to obtain plants. Transit was not only difficult and expensive, but plants were

exceedingly scarce. At a much later period, when planting was begun in Strathspey, we believe the plants were carried in baskets on people's backs all the way from Perth. At the time of which our author speaks, the country had been so denuded of woods, forests, and even hedgerows, that quicksets were not obtainable. Speaking to this great obstacle to a policy of planting, the laird of Borlum suggests that the quicksets must be procured from England or Holland until this nation could raise nurseries of its own. There were but few nurserymen in Scotland then, and scarcity gave rise to extortion. To obviate this drawback, he proposed the formation of nurseries in each shire, to be managed by a well skilled gardener, who was to be allowed a competent salary by public contribution until he raised trees sufficient to sell at a profit, procuring the seedlings from England or Holland, where they were sold at a cheap rate, with public money. In England much had already been accomplished in the way of planting, and our author proposes the employment of English labourers in the beautifying of Scotch acres, so that it might be said that Scotland, from being one of the poorest, ugliest, and most barren countries of Europe, had become in a very few years one of the richest, most beautiful, and fertile of the nations of the earth. It was a strange circumstance that the general population regarded enclosing and planting with aversion, and did everything they could to prevent the improvement. The public seemed to view the new policy with alarm, as threatening their liberties and privileges, and weakening their hold on the land. On this point, Borlum says:—"If we don't procure their concurrence we shall very hardly improve either our mains or some parcels of our estates, much less the whole: for generally these men, women, and children have conceived such aversion to enclosing, that they will and do, and I have felt it, destroy by night what you do by day; they'll drive their cattle and break down your new and unsolid bank, break, yea, cut your trees, and that so cunningly that next day he who did, or ordered the doing of it, shall bestir himself the most active to find out the wicked folks that last night broke so many of the laird's planting." Several Acts were passed to prevent such enormities, and there was a continual hunt for criminals. Money was scarce too, consequent in a great measure on a more luxurious style of living introduced since the Union, and there were many objections to the planting policy on the ground that it cost money, and that there was more necessity for encouraging the native industries, the herring fishing for example, and so create wealth

before going in for ornament. But as Defoe says in his Caledonia :—

> "With wealth and people happy, rich, and free,
> You'd first improve the land and then the sea."

About half-a-century later (1773) Dr Samuel Johnson made his celebrated tour to the Hebrides. In the interval between this famous journey of the lexicographer and the publication we have just given an account of, a great deal had been accomplished, and was still being accomplished, in the beautifying of the countryside, but such had been the nakedness of the land that an enormous amount of planting had to be done before the appearance of the country was much altered. Dr Johnson seems to have overlooked the comparatively young plantations, and countenanced only old trees, remnants of the silvan grandeur of a former age. Such monarchs were, of course, few and far between. Bearing this in mind, the Doctor's observations on the want of trees are more intelligible :—

"From the bank of the Tweed to St Andrews I had never seen a single tree, which I did not believe to have grown up far within the present century. Now and then about a gentleman's house stands a small plantation, which in Scotch is called a policy, but of these there are few, and those few all very young. The variety of sun and shade is here utterly unknown. There is no tree for either shelter or timber. The oak and the thorn is equally a stranger, and the whole country is extended in uniform nakedness, except that in the road between Kirkcaldy and Cowpar, I passed for a few yards between two hedges. A tree might be a show in Scotland as a horse in Venice. At St Andrews Mr Boswell found only one, and recommended it to my notice ; I told him that it was rough and low, or looked as if I thought so. This, said he, is nothing to another a few miles off. I was still less delighted to hear that another tree was not to be seen nearer. Nay, said a gentleman that stood by, I know but of this and that tree in the country. The lowlands of Scotland had once undoubtedly an equal portion of woods with other countries. Forests are everywhere gradually diminished, as architecture and cultivation prevail by the increase of people and the introduction of arts. But I believe few regions have been denuded like this, where many centuries must have passed in waste without the least thought of future supply. Davies observes, in his account of Ireland, that no Irishman had ever planted an orchard. For that negligence some excuse might be drawn from an unsettled state of life, and

the instability of property; but in Scotland possession has long been secure and inheritance regular, yet it may be doubtful whether, before the Union, any man between Edinburgh and England had ever set a tree."

Scotch proprietors had begun to feel a little proud of their plantations, and Johnson's "Journey" was much abused on account of what was said on the subject of trees. Boswell smoothed matters considerably in his "Journal," published after the death of Johnson, by explaining his friend's mental attitude on the subject. He expected to find a landscape similarly clothed in foliage to that of England, and was disappointed, for, comparatively speaking, Scotland was naked, even in the estimation of the conscientious biographer of the great man. When Dr Johnson refers to the country in the neighbourhood of Fort-Augustus, he again remarks that the country is totally denuded of its wood, but that stumps both of oaks and firs showed that there had once been a forest of large timber. Curiously enough, Boswell did not come across quite so much desolation; but then he is more correct in detail, and Johnson is delightfully general in what he says of his journey, excepting perhaps when he speaks of his dinner. "It was a delightful day," says Boswell, "Loch Ness, and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch trees, and the hills above it, pleased us much." The woods, had he penetrated some of our Highland glens, would have pleased him as much as the magnificence of the scenery; for, as will be shown farther on, there were at this time many large areas of natural forest in existence. The Doctor generalised too much in his narrative. When leaving Fort-Augustus he must have passed through a fringe of the old forest of Dalcattack, which lies on the west of the Moriston River, and facing Loch Ness, where many old trees should have been visible. On the Loch Ness side, this extensive forest was composed of oak and birch; and on the shady side of the glen the native fir flourished and still flourishes, some of the trees being at least 150 years old. In 1665, we are told that a ship of prodigious bigness, for bulk and burden—never such a one had been seen on the north seas—was built at Inverness from fir and oak wood supplied from Dalcattack by Lord Lovat, who still owns the property. The antiquity of the forests of the Caledonian valley is attested by the circumstance that while Loch Dochfour was being deepened in connection with the construction of the canal, a piece of oak tree was dredged up which measured 30 feet round, and it appeared to be a small portion of the original tree, which probably contained 220 cubic feet of timber. It was black

as ebony, and perfectly fresh at heart. Trees of a size never seen growing in this country have been dug up on the mainland of Scotland, and also in the islands, where nowadays a tree will not grow.

THE BEGINNING OF PLANTING IN SCOTLAND—PLANTATIONS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE—PREMIUMS FOR PLANTING—ACREAGE UNDER WOOD.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the little planting effected in Scotland, and particularly in the Northern Counties, consisted principally of ornamental avenues and clumps to beautify the ancestral homes of the landed gentry. The taste for these embellishments was mainly acquired in England. After the union of the English and Scottish Crowns in the person of James the Sixth, the nobility and gentry followed the Court to London, and there spent the incomes their estates yielded, and from which Scotland was wont to be benefitted. The Highland Chiefs tasted the gaieties and luxuries of metropolitan life when they journeyed thither with loyal or business motives, and gradually they fell in with the fashion of their day. At the period of which we speak, the hoary clansman might have said—

"Mansions once
Knew their own masters.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest."

But undoubtedly one beneficial result of this intercourse with England was the spread of more enlightened views regarding tillage and planting. The homes of old England were generally enshrined in a wealth of silvan beauty, and tree culture was becoming an important department with English landholders, who had a view both to profit and embellishment. Arboriculture was now a distinct science, and a progressive one too. As far back as the middle of the sixteenth century new trees had been extensively introduced into England, among others the spruce fir, the stone pine, the evergreen cypress, the sweet bay, and the walnut. Some time later the evergreen oak and arborvitæ made their appearance. The first accounts we have of the introduction of many of the timber trees are given by botanists and apothecaries in London, who gathered together every description of foreign herbage, and formed the most extensive collections of medicinal plants extant at the time. Botanic gardens began to be established throughout England about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the introduction of hardy trees was thus greatly facilitated.

In Scotland the Botanic Garden was formed in 1680, and in 1683 the cedar of Lebanon was one of the trees introduced into it. The most important foreign trees which made their appearance in this country during the seventeenth century were the cedar, the silver fir, the larch, horse chestnut, American plane, black and white American spruce firs, scarlet oak, Norway maple, weeping willow, and many others. During the eighteenth century the number of species of foreign plants introduced was very large, amounting to nearly 500, but three-fourths of these were shrubs. The timber trees consisted chiefly of oaks, pines, poplars, maples, and thorns, species or varieties of trees formerly introduced. It will be seen from these extensive importations that the British arboretum stood much in need of improvement, enlarged though it had been to some extent by the Romans, and the monks of the middle ages. In their intercourse with England, Scotch lairds came into full contact with the new enthusiasm for tree planting, and they could not but notice the beneficial effect produced on the country, both from a beautifying and a commercial aspect. Scotland, as we have seen, was experiencing a timber famine, the natural forests having been destroyed through indiscriminate cutting and the pasturing of cattle in them, for the young trees were eaten up as they appeared. Had this practice of pasturing flocks been put a stoppage to sooner than it was, the native forests of Scotland would have been of much greater extent than they are to-day. When once the Scotch nobility took up planting in earnest, they carried out their ideas with characteristic vigour. They were no longer content just to see their castles

"Embosomed deep in tufted trees,"

but set about making the most of the ground on their respective estates considered suitable for the growth of profitable wood. Notwithstanding the numerous importations of foreign trees, it is remarkable that the introduction of the larch into Scotland from England (where it had existed for a century) in the early part of the eighteenth century, was the greatest acquisition of the time, and distinguished the period beyond any other circumstance connected with British arboriculture. A writer on this subject states that between 1730 and 1740 larch plants were in great request by many of the Scottish landowners, who planted them to a small extent as an experiment, and generally ruined them by inserting them in soil too rich and cultivated for their future success. The only distinct account we have of the planting of these trees, however, is given in a statement published in the Transactions of the High-

land Society, which says that the first larches planted in Athole were brought from London by Mr Menzies of Migevy in 1738, and consisted of sixteen plants. Five were planted at Dunkeld and eleven at Blair. Of the five, two still grace the lawn at Dunkeld, and are known by the name of "the parent larches." The largest of them at present measures 22 ft. in girth at one foot from the ground. Of those planted at Blair, one 106 ft. high was cut down, from which a coffin was made for the celebrated Duke of Athole, who planted the tree so extensively. About 10,000 imperial acres of larches were planted on the Athole estate between 1738 and 1826.

The Laird of Culloden seems to have been among the earliest planters in Inverness-shire, having completed a considerable plantation of Scotch fir between 1730 and 1740. About 1760 an extensive planting was begun on the estate of Kinmyles, where every acre of land that was incapable of being improved to arable land was planted. The utilisation of ground that is unimprovable, by planting trees suited to the character of the soil, is the great secret of the profitable growth of timber, and we are told that other proprietors followed the example given at Kinmyles. "One gentleman in particular," says the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish of Inverness (1794), "who kept an account of his operations, planted 15,000 forest trees of the following kind, elm, birch, oak, and sycamore, which occupied a space of 800 acres on Dunean, one of the Drumalbin range of mountains; in short, the face of this range to the east, and as far as the property of this gentleman in this parish extends to the west—with the exception of what was fit for arable—in all, about six miles is covered with thriving plantations. Planting is still going on with little remission, so that in a few years there will probably not be a single acre useless in this parish." The woods here referred to are still perpetuated, and contain much valuable timber.

Hugh Rose of Kilravock is mentioned by the writer of the second Statistical Account (1845), the Rev. Alex. Campbell, minister of the parish of Croy and Dalcross, as one of the earliest planters in Inverness-shire. He must have made the plantation referred to in the following paragraph about 1740, if Mr Campbell is correct.—"About 100 years ago," says our authority, "Hugh Rose, the thirteenth of that name, planted a considerable extent of moor to the north of the castle; and such was the state of the country and want of roads that the fir plants were carried from Perth in creels suspended from crook saddles. They have grown to a large size, and are of the best quality. It appears, however,

that in the same place there had been a plantation of the Caledonian pine, some of which are still standing, and of uncommon dimensions, serving for years as landmarks to mariners in the Moray Firth. Their lateral branches are equal in size to planted fir of forty years' growth. One lately cut down shewed the venerable age of 180 years, and there are some remaining apparently much more ancient; whereas, the fir of Canadian origin, now generally planted, seldom lives above 80 years, and, in most cases, shows before that period symptoms of decay. It were well that the seeds of our ancient forest pines were sown, as they are more congenial to our soil and climate. About the year 1776, Mr Davidson of Cantray planted about 300 acres on a useless and arid waste not worth 6d per acre, the proceeds of which, being carefully marked from the time of thinning, till the whole was sold about twelve years ago, were found to exceed the simple fee of that part of the Cantray property, yielding now about £1000 of rent, by nearly double the original purchase price; besides, the moor, formerly useless, is now, by the foliage of the trees, converted into excellent pasture. That venerable patriot, at various periods, planted nearly 1000 acres. Plantations were made to much the same extent, and much about the same time, by the late Mrs Rose of Kilravock—a lady remarkable for all those graces and accomplishments that adorn the female character, as well as for high literary acquirements and practical good sense. The proprietors of Culloden, Holm, and Leys contributed their share in beautifying the country by planting; and lately the proprietor of Inshes has planted upwards of 400 acres with larch, oak, and other kinds of wood."

Leaving the eighteenth century and scanning the present, we find that the Highland and Agricultural Society, by offering various premiums for the introduction of new timber trees, and for extensive planting, has done much to increase the tree acreage throughout the country. The Seafield plantations are the most remarkable achievement of the kind in Scotland, not omitting those of Athole. We are indebted to Mr Thos. Hunter's "Woods, Forests, and Estates of Perthshire," an admirable book lately issued, for our account of the Highland Society's operations in the way of encouraging planting between 1809 and 1823. "When the Highland and Agricultural Society was founded in 1784, another decided advance was made. In 1809 the Society, convinced that there was a good deal of ground, especially on the north-west coast of Scotland, which it would be advantageous both for proprietors and the country to have

planted, offered honorary premiums to proprietors in this part of the country who should, betwixt February, 1810, and 10th April, 1812, plant the greatest extent of ground, after being properly enclosed; one half of the plants to be larch or hardwood. The premiums excited considerable attention, and the result was that a gold medal, bearing a suitable inscription, was awarded to each of the following gentlemen:—Alex. Maclean of Ardgour, Alex. Maclean of Coll, Ranald Macdonald of Staffa, Hugh Innes of Lochalsh, M.P., and John Mackenzie of Applecross, all of whom had formed extensive plantations on their properties. In 1821 and 1822 honorary premiums were awarded for the greatest extent of ground planted and enclosed within the county of Dumbarton, the Isle of Skye and small islands adjacent, as well as the Black Isle in Ross-shire. The first premium (a piece of plate valued at 15 guineas) for the islands was awarded to Lord Macdonald of the Isles (who thus in part redeemed a promise made in 1616 at Edinburgh, when he was engaged to build civil and comlie houses, and have planting about them), who planted 149,600 trees; and a similar premium for the mainland was awarded to Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, who planted 501,000 trees, on about 379 acres. A piece of plate, value 15 guineas, was also awarded to H. Macdonald Buchanan or Drumakill, Dumbartonshire, and Sir James Colquhoun of Luss. The first premium awarded to a tenant for planting appears to have been in 1823, when eight guineas were granted to Lachlan M'Lean, tacksman of Tallisker, Isle of Skye, as a mark of the Society's approbation for his having planted a considerable extent of ground, after being properly enclosed, upon his farm. In the following year we note that a piece of plate, valued 15 guineas, was voted to Colonel M'Neill, of Barra, for extensive planting." With reference to the last-mentioned undertaking, we believe Colonel M'Neill transplanted his trees, which were doing extremely well, in ground about his mansion-house, as an embellishment; but they had not the same shelter, and, the soil being light sand, they pined away.

So much has been accomplished, and is still being accomplished, in Inverness-shire by planting, that the county at the present moment contains about 60,000 acres of wood more than any other county in Scotland. According to a return obtained in 1812, the acreage then under wood in Scotland was 913,695. Writing in 1727, Mr Mackintosh of Borlum, already referred to, remarks:—"Generally our country is destitute of woods, some shires entirely without a bush or a stake in them;" so that the energy of Scotch proprietors in beautifying the country was something remarkable

during the eighteenth century. In a state of nakedness at the opening of one century, when it entered upon the next, every Scottish hill, dale, and plain was richly and luxuriantly bestowed with that silvan scenery which never palls. The demand for timber lessening about the year 1815, proprietors preferred to reap what profit they could rather than commence new undertakings, and the consequence was that the timber began to disappear, and was not replaced to the same extent, nor so much with a view to profit. Sixty years elapsed ere Government called for another return for woods, and then, that is in 1872, it appeared that there had been a falling off to the extent of 179,205 acres in Scotland since 1812. The next return shewed that plantations in Scotland had again rapidly recovered lost ground, there being an increase of 95,000 acres in nine years, but that progress has not been maintained. A comparison of four of the returns obtained for Scotland during the century gives the following result :—

	Acres.	Decrease.	Increase.
1812	918,695	—	—
1872	734,490	179,205	—
1881	829,476	89,219	94,986
1888	829,000	476	—

According to the acreage of the two countries it is interesting to observe that Scotland, notwithstanding its mountainous surface, is equally well wooded as England. The following extract from the returns for Scotland will show the relative positions of Inverness and the Northern Counties in respect of woods, orchards, and nursery grounds :—

COUNTIES.	WOODS. Coppices or plantations, excepting gorse land and garden shrubbery.	ORCHARDS. Acreage of arable or grass lands, but also used for fruit trees of any kind	NURSERY GROUNDS. Lands used by nurserymen for growing trees, shrubs, &c.
Inverness	162,795	26	80
Aberdeen	106,677	34	214
Perth	94,563	398	105
Elgin or Moray	50,130	26	93
Ross and Cromarty	43,201	18	10
Argyle	42,741	3	2
Sutherland	12,260	—	—
Nairn	13,241	12	3
Caithness	210	—	—

The four counties which head the list in the Agricultural Returns for 1888 are as follows :

	Acres of Wood.
Inverness	162,795
Surrey	114,375
Hants	111,863
Aberdeen	106,677

STRATHSPEY—PROTECTING THE OLD FORESTS—FIRES—IRONWORKS—REMARKABE SALES OF PINE—YORK COMPANY'S OPERATIONS.

Upper Strathspey would, in remote times, form about the centre of the great Caledonian forest, which is said to have extended from Glenlyon and Ranmoch to Strathspey and Strathglass, and from Glencoe eastward to the Braes of Mar. Rothiemurchus derives its etymology from the Gaelic *Rath-mor-giùs* or the great stretch of fir, a designation not inappropriate at the present time. In many parts of Strathspey, now bleak and bare, labourers in the course of excavating operations have turned up trunks of trees, enormous in their dimensions, from the moss—which is, as everybody knows, remarkable for its preservative qualities—where they had lain for centuries. From its inland, inaccessible situation—speaking of times gone by—Strathspey must have been less exposed to the ravages of the invading foe, who, in ancient days, waged incessant war against the aboriginal inhabitants of the Caledonian mountains, and hence the Spey portion of the historic forest remained for a much longer period comparatively intact. The extreme suitability of the soil in Strathspey also favoured the perpetuation of the forest, new generations of the pine springing up quickly on ground which had been cleared either by fire or axe. As civilisation progressed, and the growing population took to the peaceful pursuits of husbandry, the Strathspey forests, like those in other parts of Scotland, disappeared before the plough, neglect, and the other human agencies at work in tree destruction. Had the land been more adapted than it is for agriculture, the pine tree might, nay would, have been unable to hold its ground against the encroachments of the farmer. But there were vast stretches, some of them now peaty bogs, where the pine was nature's best and only crop, and there it was left in all its wild glory. The farmer demanded, however, that his flocks should have the liberty of the forest herbage, which added another danger; for the naturally sown seedlings were eaten up or trampled upon, and the younger generations of pines were neither

so numerous nor so grand as their ancestors. Sometimes, too, devastating fires would break out and lay bare whole districts. Such fires, says Mr W. Fraser in his "Chiefs of Grant," were of frequent occurrence. One occurred accidentally in the forest of Abernethy in the year 1746, and resulted in the destruction of near 2½ million trees before the progress of the conflagration was arrested. On the occasion of another forest fire, said to have taken place about 1770, and to have threatened disastrous consequences, the laird sent the "fiery cross" through Glen-Urquhart, to summon his dependants. These assembled to the number of 500, armed with axes, but they succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames only by cutting a gap 500 yards in width between the burning wood and the rest of the forest. In the days of the clan feuds, it can well be imagined that forest fires were not always accidental in their origin. It was always a sweet revenge to see the sky ruddy with the glare of flames in an enemy's country, and the deed was easily and quickly done, without a hostile marshalling of the clan. The forests on the Urquhart estate of the Grant family were peculiarly liable to such revengeful visitations, and the lairds had frequent recourse to the powers of law, and the more effectual power, in these days, of arms, in defence of the extensive woods which then, as now, beautify the glen. Nor did such dangers all come from without.

The people of Urquhart, whom the Government were so anxious that the lairds of Grant should civilise, appear to have subjected the woods to very harsh measures, the depredators no doubt feeling secure because of their remoteness from the home of the chief in Strathspey. A case arising out of these practices was settled by the Earl of Moray in the Sheriff-Court at Inverness, on 17th October, 1563. Quite a trade in stolen wood seems to have sprung up, and William Fraser of Stronie, son-in-law of the laird of Grant, who appears to have had charge of Urquhart and some of the Lovat property, adopted as a repressive measure the expedient of stopping the passage of Loch Ness. One Donald M'Ihnes Mor complained of the blockade, and the question went into Court. The defender, in his reply, admitted the charge, and gave as his reason the damage done to the woods "pertenying to him. to my Lord Lowet, and the Laird of Grant, of the quhilkis he beris in charge, continuallie cuttit, pelit, and destroiit be the travellores upon the said loucht." The decision in the complaint was—First, that the passage of the loch should be "frie and unstoppit" in all time to come, and that no impediment be made to any of the lieges. Secondly, to prevent the woods being "cuttit,

pelit, and destroiit," a power of search was henceforth given to the provost and bailies of Inverness, that they might arrest all green timber and bark brought to the town's market for sale, in any way, and from any place, unless the bringer of the wood could produce a certificate from the baron on whose lands he had got the trees. Failing such certificate, all such wood, sold or unsold, was to be forfeited, and any one who had bought the wood before the official inspection was to lose his money if the wood was arrested. This Act was to come into operation on 1st November, 1563; and stringent provisions were also made for staying the transit of all timber from the port of Inverness. From the thorough nature of these precautions, the offence seems to have developed into a very serious one; but the effect was not lasting on the timber thieves of Glen-Urquhart. Probably also the Magistrates of Inverness got tired of certificate-collecting; at all events, ten years after, we find the laird of Grant again complaining that his woods of Urquhart, which he had been at great pains to preserve, were being wantonly destroyed by the tenants. It is said that Highlanders never counted it a theft to take a tree from the forest or a fish from the river; and it seems from the terms of the complaint, that in this instance the Urquhart people were simply enforcing an old right, including forest pasturage, which had belonged to their ancestors in the loose times in which they lived. The enclosing and preserving of the forest of Clunie would very probably be regarded as an unwarranted withdrawal of an important privilege, and we can imagine the lieges of that glen as much incensed over the new fangled ways of the laird as any small crofter in Skye feels over the deer forests of the present day. The laird's petition drew a letter of inhibition from King James the Sixth, dated 13 March, 1573. It sets forth that "Johne Grant of Frewchye," that being then the name of the Grant estate in Strathspey, had been at great expense in "dyking, parking, and haining of the green woode and gowand trees and medoes," within Clunie parish, but that the tenants and occupiers, having their steadings in the vicinity, had been as busy "be day as vunder scilence and cloude of nycht," in breaking down the dykes, and allowing their cattle and horses to destroy the growing trees, which were also cut down and appropriated to the purposes of the tenants. As a "scharp remid thereto," the King ordained that the names of the offenders were to be proclaimed in public in their parish kirks; and a further proclamation was to be made at Inverness, inhibiting all from destroying the woods, under pain of the penalties already enforced by Parliament for their protection.

These cases are worth mentioning, as local illustrations of the causes which were at work in the destruction of woods during this period, notwithstanding the energetic efforts that were made to preserve them.

The Highland forests began to acquire a more distinct commercial value, such as it was, about the beginning of the 17th century. Scotch and English merchants became the purchasers of vast stretches of wood in the north, and the bulk of the timber found its way into the shipbuilding yards and the smelting furnaces both in England and Scotland. The foundation of the great British Navy was being laid in England. After the struggle of the Spanish Armada, the tonnage of English ships was steadily increased, and the style of building revolutionised. The lofty forecastles and poops, which had made earlier ships resemble Chinese junks, were abolished, and the modern two-deckers, which, between then and the era of iron ships, rendered such effective service in British battles, came in their place. These shipbuilding operations gave an impetus to the trade in timber, and as the English forests had been very much eaten up by this time between shipbuilding and ironworking, Scotland must have benefitted to a considerable extent by the demand for wood. About this period, it would also appear, several ironworks were founded in various parts of the Highlands in convenient proximity to the native pine forests. How the promoters of these enterprises were induced to enter upon such undertakings in remote Highland glens are geological and economical mysteries which have not yet been satisfactorily explained. A minimum of ironstone and a maximum of wood, which was the only fuel then used for smelting, must have been the general conditions which a little experience revealed. Highland ironworks had a shortlived career, and tradition knows very little about the mining operations connected with their working. In an estate settlement entered into by Sir John Grant in the year 1634, he reserves "liberty to draw dams and passages to the ironworks in Urquhart, with liberty to put and build the said ironworks on the lands, providing Sir John and his foresaids upheld the rental of the lands wherethrough and whereon the said dams, passages, and ironworks should be drawn and built, and reserving in the same way the use of the whole woods thereof for the use of the ironworks, 'except to serve the use of the countrey furthe of the woodis of Lochliter, Inshebreines, Gartalie, and Dulsangie,' at the will of the tenants and inhabitants." The minister of Urquhart makes no mention of ironworks in his statistical account, and his geological remarks do not

favour the supposition of their having existed, at least owing to ore found in the glen. "No beds of cromate of iron or other useful minerals have as yet been discovered," he says, speaking of a formation of unstratified serpentine rock. Probably the explanation is that Sir John Grant was about this time prosecuting a diligent search for ironstone on his estates as a profitable means of disposing of his pine forests. Three years before the settlement just mentioned he concluded a big sale of wood in Strathspey with one Captain Mason, and the contract bears that if any ironstone or minerals shall be found during its fulfilment within the lands described, Sir John binds himself to join in co-partnership with Captain Mason, and to furnish half the charges for erecting ironworks. No discovery of this nature appears, however, to have been made.

Sir John Grant, who succeeded to the Grant estates in 1622, entered into several important transactions in Highland timber, the principal one being the sale of his own woods in Strathspey, which indicates that the forests there still existed in luxuriance in the seventeenth century. A sale was concluded with Capt. John Mason, who seems to have represented the Earl of Tullibardine, of a strangely unbusiness-like character. It included the woods of the parishes of Abernethie, Kincardine, and Glencairnie (or Duthil), which were placed at the pleasure of the purchaser for a period of forty-one years, the only stipulation being, that the rights of Sir John and his tenants to cut and transport as much wood as they required should be respected. The purchase price was £20,000 Scots, or £1666 of our money, a figure which shows the low value of timber in Strathspey over 250 years ago, owing, to want of facilities for transport. Sir John guaranteed the purchaser "free transport, carriage, and convoy of the said woods and timber throw and doune the river of Spey to the sea, without paying toll or tax to ony persone or persones," and liberty to build a house and a timber wharf at the mouth of the river. Shortly after his accession to the estate, Sir John entered into a contract with the Laird of Lundie, whereby he became purchaser of the woods of certain lands in Morar. Lundie, it may be mentioned, was one of the principal actors in the historical "raid of Gillechriost," which took place in 1603. By his agreement with Lundie, Sir John became possessor of all the woods and growing trees on the lands of "Killeismorache, Kilnamuk, Swordelane, Arethomechanane, and Brakegarrowneintoir"—names it is scarcely possible now to recognise—on lease for 31 years, he undertaking to sell the timber and give two-thirds of the price he obtained to

the laird of Lundie. The contract relates that the woods here mentioned were altogether unprofitable; that hatred and deadly feuds had been incurred in guarding them from molestation, and that no merchant would buy the woods owing to the risk of losing his life. The latter sentence forms a singular comment on the state of Glengarry at this period; and the fact that the laird of Lundie could not sign his name to the above contract, but had to get his hand guided by the notary, also throws some light on the educational acquirements of Highland proprietors of the time. Sir John—a love for trees appears to have run in the family—had also a transaction in timber which has a connection with the three century quarrel between the Mackintoshes and Lochiel for the possession of Glenlui and Locharkaig. He was the means of bringing about a temporary understanding with Lochiel, while the young chief of clan Mackintosh, to whom Sir John was tutor and uncle, was in his minority. The terms of agreement were that, in the meantime, Lochiel should obtain a lease of the lands of Glenlui and Locharkaig, until The Mackintosh was in a position to deal with the dispute himself, and that all the woods on the lands so leased should be reserved to the laird of Grant, who expressed his intention of selling them for the benefit of his nephew's estate. Security was given by Lochiel that the purchasers and workers would be respected, he receiving the tenth part of the price for which the woods should be sold. He bound himself to defend the merchants, cutters, and transporters, not only from molestation by his clansmen, but "frae all vither forraine peopill," as Lords Lovat and Kintail were bound to the merchants that had bought their woods.

The woods of Strathspey were nature's own sowing in the 17th and 18th centuries, there being no attempt at forest management. The contracts with wood merchants were cheap, loose in their terms, and prolonged, and the tenants of the adjacent lands had their own sweet will of the forests, both in respect of grazing and taking timber. That the forests, in these circumstances, should have yielded even the fitful revenue they did says a good deal for nature, and the capabilities of the tree and the soil. By the beginning of the 18th century, timber had acquired a very much greater value, and the transactions were of a more business-like character. This appears from a sale effected in 1728 by Sir James Grant with the great York Buildings Company. By the terms of the contract this Company was granted a lease of the forests of Abernethy for fifteen years, during which they were to cut and transport to sea 60,000 fir trees. For this right the

Company were to pay the sum of £7000 sterling in the course of seven years. The principal station of the Company was at Coulnakyle, which was also leased to them, and they began by erecting sawmills and iron furnaces, and making roads and bridges in the woods. Their chief agent and superintendent was Mr Stephens, who resided at Coulnakyle. He had previously been a member of Parliament, and such, we are told, was the credit and influence of the Company, that for some years his notes of hand passed readily for cash in Strathspey and the neighbourhood, as bank notes now do. Rev. Mr Grant, in his Statistical Account, 1794, designated the Company as "the most profuse and profligate sets that were ever heard of in this country." "They used to display their vanity by bonfires, and opening hogsheads of brandy to the country people, by which five of them died in one night." The Company ultimately became insolvent, leaving the place without clearing off their debt to the laird of Grant, but also leaving among the inhabitants a knowledge of their improved system of working the forests, the effect of which was, in some respects, beneficial. One of the improvements introduced was the making of rafts, whereby large quantities of timber were floated down to the sea. Before this time, Mr Grant observes, some trifling rafts were sent down the river in a very awkward and hazardous manner. Ten or twelve dozens of deals were tied together, and conducted down stream by a man, sitting in what was called a *currach*. This vessel was made of a hide, in the shape and about the size of a brewery kettle, broader above than below, with ribs or hoops of wood, and a cross stick for the man to sit on, who, with a paddle in his hand, went before the raft, to which the *currach* was attached by a rope. *Currachs* were so light that men carried them on their backs home from Speymouth. The Grants of Tulchan are reported to have been the first to attempt the transport of timber from the rich pine forests of Rothiemurchus, Abernethy, and Glenmore to the river's mouth by the *currach*. It may here be mentioned, in 1730, The Chisholm sold to the York Buildings Company, "his wood of whatever kind, lying, standing, and growing on his lands and estate for the space of thirty years, together with all mines and minerals that may be discovered on the said lands, with power to the Company to manufacture, use, and dispose upon the subjects disposed as their property at pleasure," for the sum of £2000. But by this time the Company had got into difficulties, and the contract was not fulfilled. Soon after it was signed wood cutters set to work, and cut down 2,400 great trees, which were allowed to lie and rot, and all the return

received by The Chisholm was a decree, in absence, for payment of the contract price.

After the failure of the York Buildings Company, in 1731, contracts were frequently entered into by the lairds of Grant for the sale of woods; and one made by Sir James Grant with two London merchants, for the sale of 100,000 of the best pines of Abernethy and Duthil, stipulated that his eldest son, Mr Ludovick Grant, should become partner with them. A still later contract was made, in 1769, for the sale of one million choice fir trees of Abernethy and Dulnain, to be cut during the ensuing fifteen years. Other evidence is extant that Scotland was not so destitute of woods as was represented. So late as 1790 the Glenmore fir woods sold for £10,000, and shipbuilding was busy at Speymouth, from timber here supplied. But while this is so, it was, as we have said, only in these remote places (Glenmore defied many a wood contractor before then) it survived in any quantity. Aberneth, Glenmore (Duke of Gordon), Rothiemurchus, and Glenfishie (Mr Mackintosh) were, in 1790, said to contain more wood than was to be found in Scotland altogether.

STRATHSPEY—EXTENT OF PLANTATIONS—PLANTING FROM THE NURSERY.

After the extensive clearances incessantly carried on during the 18th century, Strathspey looked bleak and naked, and the eye sought in vain for that silvan charm which was its native glory, but had passed away under the woodman's axe. But a new era was about to dawn; and just as last century is noted for the disappearance of Speyside woods, so will the 19th century be memorable for their re-appearance in even greater luxuriance. Planting seems to have been commenced on the Strathspey possessions of the House of Grant in 1811; at least the memoranda do not go farther back than that year, and if any planting had been effected before then it must have been on a small scale. Sir Francis W. Grant—1840-53—was the largest planter of trees in Great Britain in the present century. By 1847, it is recorded that he had planted 31,686,482 young trees—Scotch fir, larch, and hardwoods—an extent which had not been approached by a British landowner since the vast plantations made by the Duke of Athole, in the middle of the previous century. For these plantations, which were effected in the districts of Cullen, Strathspey, and Glen-Urquhart, he was awarded the gold medal of the Highland and Agricultural Society. His successor continued these operations even on a more gigantic scale, and with the intention of

extending the whole area of woods on the property to 60,000 acres. But death stepped in ; two chiefs were laid in the grave in rapid succession ; and when 50,000 acres had been placed under wood the policy of the estate was in this matter changed. Tree planting was entirely and abruptly stopped. On a rough estimate, the number of trees planted on the Seafield estates during the last half century cannot be much short of two hundred millions. The three great divisional forests are those of Duthil, Grantown, and Abernethy, where crops of grand timber are being reared, such as never before clad the hillsides in this old home of the pine. Tree planting may be a slow method of making a fortune, but it must be a marvellously sure one. Between thirty and fifty years hence, the revenue these mighty forests will yield should prove tremendous, and a wood-cutting industry will be set up such as was never eclipsed even in the palmy days of the famous York Company. With planting on such a magnitude in progress, the establishment of a nursery was a necessity on practical as well as economic grounds. One, over twelve acres in extent, was established in 1854, the site selected being at Abernethy, where, on the occasion of our visit, in 1884, there were considerably over two million plants preparing for transference to the hillsides. Although the nursery was so large, the wood manager, Mr J. C. Thompson, who entered the service of the estate in 1859, was seldom able to grow all the plants he required for the plantations, for the well known reason that it is impossible to keep ground continuously under a crop of fir plants. In buying in plants, the wood manager had necessarily to be careful, for the native fir of Strathspey is an altogether superior tree, and it would never have done to give a degenerate species a habitation alongside it. In alluding to this point, Grigor remarks that "several instances are known of plantations grown from seeds during last century from the celebrated native forests on the Spey, and although they occupy soil of various qualities, the timber in all these woods has been famed for its quality, while, in several instances, adjoining woods of the same age, and on the same description of soil, grown from degenerate plantations, yielded wood very inferior, the march boundary of the lands sometimes forming the line between the good and the bad timber." About twenty years ago, when planting on the Strathspey estates had reached its period of greatest activity, upwards of two millions of plants were put into the ground each year. Planting was begun in October, and continued till the spring. By this arrangement the plant suffers no check in its growth, for it is transferred when in a ripened state, and, if it takes at all congenially to its home,

it responds to the impulse of the next season as usual. When a piece of ground was to be planted, the operations consisted always of enclosing, and generally draining. Sometimes the natural drainage was so good that the expense of artificial drainage was not necessary, but when such work was required, it was usually done a summer or two before the planting began, in order that the soil might have time to dry, for the fir likes a well-drained bed; hence its magnificence in Strathspey, where the character of the soil is a dry gravel, with a porous sub-soil, and very little in it of the nature of pan. "There is no other tree that grows so freely," says Grigor, "and produces timber so valuable on poor soil of very opposite qualities. It luxuriates on the dry and gravelly heath-covered moors, its roots penetrate among the fissures and *debris* of rocks, and support the tree in the most scanty resources of almost every formation." This has been the wood manager's experience of the pine tree in the great undertaking he has so successfully managed during the last thirty years. The plantations have generally been formed on moor ground, previously used for grazing purposes, and some of it very poor even for that. But there the pine flourishes. The process of planting is not so tedious as one would suppose. Two foresters, assisted by a woman, will, in fair ground, plant 1400 trees per day each, which is sufficient for an acre, placing the plants 4½ feet apart. Planting is commonly done with a garden spade, with which the ground is generally cut in the form of, as nearly as we can here describe, a T, the plant being inserted in the intersection of the cuts while the turf is raised by the spade. The forester then withdraws the spade, presses down the turf with his foot, and leaves the young fir to take care of itself. Frequently as many as 1000 acres have been planted in one year on the Seafield estate by this simple and rapid method. It is remarkable that plants which have been reared in excellent soil and carefully tended for three or four years, should take so kindly to the bleak and impoverished moorland; but the tens of thousands of acres of flourishing pines in Speyside proclaim that this is the valuable nature of the tree. While the Seafield estates have become famous as the scene of the greatest planting experiment on record, and attract practical men and forestry students from all quarters of the globe, it must not be considered that the tree propagation is entirely confined to artificial means. Here, as at Lovat, the forests are perpetuated on a considerable scale by natural sowing; and with the greatest success. Writing on this subject in 1881, a French Professor says:—"It is easy in Scotland

to perpetuate a forest by natural means, and of this a practical proof was given us in two forests which we visited, one near Grantown, and the other at Beauly. In these the results obtained, under the skilful and intelligent direction of the gentlemen who manage these forests, form a striking example of what may be done in the way of reproducing forests by natural means." Arboriculturists have nothing but praise to bestow upon the management of Inverness woods; and it is matter for prideful gratification to think that Inverness-shire is not only the greatest tree bearing county in Britain, but is also the home of the best and most scientific system of forestry. Many years must still elapse, however, before the Strathspey forests attain their period of greatest interest to the arboricultural student.

THE LOVAT ESTATE—NATURAL REPRODUCTION—TREE DISEASES—FIRST LARCHES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The valley which has as its centrepiece the massive pile of Beaufort Castle derives much of its beauty from the dense woods which clothe its slopes, and dispute for supremacy with the green fields of the plain. There is no doubt that here, as in other Highland glens, the Scotch pine has found a natural home from early times, but the statement may be hazarded without grievous risk that the valley never possessed more silvan charm than it does at the present day. During the past century the area under timber on the Lovat estate has been greatly augmented by planting, while the natural pine woods have been rendered more productive and valuable by the scientific practice of regeneration by natural sowing, a system carried out in the great forests of Europe, India, and the Colonies. For this reason the Beaufort woods possess a unique interest to the student of forestry. There are a few fine old beech, oak, and pines in the neighbourhood of the Castle, which indicate that in times before Culloden the chiefs of Clan Fraser found opportunities, amid warlike pursuits, to beautify their property with trees, but the first extensive plantings carried out were made while the estate was under the management of a Government Commissioner. When a chief of the clan again took possession of the ancestral acres, the example thus shown bore excellent fruit. The Right Hon. Thomas Alexander Fraser, in whose person the title of Baron was again revived, became one of the most enthusiastic and intelligent arboriculturists the north has seen. During his long tenure of the estate, 10,000 acres were planted with Scotch pine and larch, and the system of natural regeneration was introduced in the old woods, and practised with a success

which is still the admiration of scientific foresters. For about a quarter of a century the woods have been managed by Mr D. Dewar, and under his practical skill they have attained a high degree of perfection. As to the relative merits of planting *versus* natural afforestation, those who advise planting say that a more uniform crop of plants is obtained, whereas by allowing the trees to sow their own seed the element of uncertain cropping has to be considered. It is possible that the natural crop may not be satisfactory for a year or two, and time is thereby lost; but at Beaufort the disadvantages of natural sowing are not apparent, the plants being as a rule well distributed and regular, while the uniformity in the ages of the trees is remarkable.

The most interesting and instructive illustration of the natural reproduction of the pine is found in Balblair Wood, some sixty or eighty acres of which have been regenerated. This wood stands in the vicinity of picturesque Kilmorack. Lord Lovat began the work of regeneration here nearly half a century ago, and the process was carried on systematically for over twenty years. The result is now seen in a full crop of healthy, well-developed trees of different ages, the youngest having about 28 years' growth. Owing to the light, gravelly character of the soil, the rate of growth has not been so rapid as on other portions of the estate where the ground is richer. The height of the trees is, however, satisfactory, and in course of time the wood will possess all the value that attaches to slow-grown fir. In accordance with a well-established rule in forestry, the regenerating process was begun at the east end of the ground, so as to work against the prevailing winds, which in this part of the country are westerly in the months of June and July, when the fir sheds its seed. Fir seed being of the "winged" variety, as the cones open under the rays of the sun, it is blown away and spread over the ground prepared for its reception. No one who inspects this wood can entertain a doubt as to the efficacy of natural reproduction. The seedlings came up in thousands, covering the ground like a crop of grass, and in the more advanced sections the management has been so excellent that better results could scarcely have been obtained by artificial planting. Sir Dietrich Brandis, late inspector-general of forests in India, and who may be said to have created the Indian forest department, made an inspection of the Lovat woods 25 years ago, and was particularly interested in the Balblair one, which he declared to be the best example of natural reproduction he had seen in this country.

It has been observed that in all the natural pine forests in the Highlands, as for instance in Glengarry, Glen-Urquhart, Achnacarry, Glen-Moriston, Strathglass, and other valleys branching off from the Great Glen, the Scotch fir is invariably found on the north or shady side of the hills, while on the opposite side oak, birch, and other trees find a congenial situation. This shews that the pine germinates best in shaded, moist ground. Shaw, in his History of Moray, notes with characteristic shrewdness, a habit of the Scotch fir, which Mr Dewar has verified on the Lovat estate. He says :—"Here I cannot but observe, as peculiar to fir woods, that they grew and spread always to the east, or between the north and the south-east, never to the west or the south-west. The cause of this seemed to be that in the months of July and August the great heat opens the fir apples then ripe, and the winds of that season blowing from south west to west south-west, drives the seed out of the open husks to the east and neighbouring earths."

With regard to the larch, some interesting experiments have been made on the estate to test the suitability of the timber for house carpentry. There is a prejudice against using larch timber for constructive purposes, on account of its tendency to warp, and its utility is very much confined to railway sleepers and other heavy planking; but the late Lord Lovat, desirous of making use of some of his fine trees, introduced the wood with considerable success into the new castle. Care was taken to steep the trees in the mill pond for three months, and when thus seasoned the adaptability of the wood for open roofing and such work appears satisfactory, while its appearance is ornamental. The larch appears to thrive exceptionally well at Beaufort. At the forestry exhibition, held in Edinburgh, a section of a tree which had been cut down for the new castle was shown and attracted attention as an instance of remarkable tree growth. Though only 64 years of age, the tree contained 112 cubic feet of timber, some of the annual increments being quite half an inch deep. It was used for one of the main beams in the grand hall of the castle. Another interesting fact is that this tree was selected, among others, from a wood planted by the present Lord Lovat's grandfather, who died in 1875, so that it must have contained not less than between 80 and 90 cubic feet of timber during the lifetime of the Baron. Even in the case of such a fast timber producing tree as the larch, that circumstance is rare.

One of the finest pine woods on the estate is that of Boblainie, which covers the incline in the back-ground of the valley to the

extent of over 2000 acres. The oldest portion of this forest was planted while the estate was in the hands of Government. Many of the original trees still survive, and are easily distinguished by their massive trunks, but the majority have succumbed to the woodman's axe to make room for a younger generation. The naturally sown trees are of various ages, and all have obtained growth enough to make the wood safe as a resort for deer. Sporting considerations have produced many change in Highland estate management, and at Beaufort they have completely arrested the further increase of the forests either by planting or natural reproduction. The moment deer get access to a wood the seeding trees have not the remotest chance of escape, their tender shoots forming a dainty morsel eagerly sought after during the winter months. It thus appears that the excellent system of forestry which has distinguished the Lovat estate for the last half century has, for economic reasons, lost its continuity—a contingency which will always be liable to arise so long as the woods and forests in the country are private property.

Mr Dewar maintains that cattle are an excellent medium for preparing a seed bed, as they keep down the heather and grass, and assist in breaking up the ground and making it suitable for the reception of the seed, which is also trampled in, and thus germinates rapidly. The larch belt we inspected strongly corroborates this opinion; and the fact that a piece of ground near by, to which the cows had no access, bears little or no larch at all, although similarly exposed to the fall of seed, gives it further weight. With sheep it is otherwise. The extension of many of the natural forests which beautified the hillsides ceased with the introduction of sheep-farming, as this otherwise useful animal devours the young pine roots with avidity. In Fanellan wood, the greater portion of which was formed by the present laird's grandfather some eighty years ago, there are some grand fir about a hundred years old. On an average these fir trees, it is estimated, contain from sixty to eighty cubic feet of timber. Selecting a few at random, we found that a few feet from the ground they girthed from seven to ten feet.

A characteristic of the Lovat woods is the entire absence of disease among both larch and fir. On the occasion of Professor Schlich's inspection the other year of the Little Wood, which consists mostly of larch, the remarkably healthy state of the trees was commented upon, and contrasted with the deplorably diseased condition of some larch plantations in another Highland county. Some discussion took place on that occasion regarding the origin

of the larch disease, known as the canker, or blister, which is worth noting, seeing there is a considerable diversity of opinion on the subject amongst foresters. Mr Macgregor, who has an extensive experience of the disease in the Athole forests, where it has done very great damage, attributes blister to the insect *coccus larices*, which occasionally appears in young plantations, and affects the trees very injuriously. Professor Schlich, again, believes that it is caused by the spores of a minute fungus establishing itself in the tissues of the trees where a branch has been broken or blown off, or any injury otherwise done to the plant. On the other hand, Mr Dewar maintains that the *coccos* is a result and not a cause of the disease. Severe frosts, planting in situations unfavourable to the healthy development of the tree, or anything else that affects its constitution or vitality, may, he thinks, be the primary cause of the canker, just as unhealthy animals were more subject to the ailments of their species, such as vermin, than those in robust health. This seems a very sensible solution of the problem, and harmonises with human experience, that insects flourish on a subject which is already diseased.

Those interested in forestry were much concerned, some time ago, by the appearance of a kind of caterpillar which attacked the young shoots of the Scotch fir so voraciously that the trees were in a short time entirely denuded of their leaves. About twenty years ago the insect attacked fifteen acres of fir on the Lovat estate at Beaufort. Strangely enough the insect confined its feeding operations to the old leaves, so that although the development of the trees was retarded, they ultimately recovered, and no real damage was sustained. Had the current shoots been attacked, the trees would of course have been doomed. The insect disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as it had arrived, and has not been seen again till the other summer, when it made a raid in a young plantation of some ten years' growth in the neighbourhood of Fort-Augustus, and with much the same results. It is the larvæ of the *Sophyrus pini*, or pine saw fly, and is common to the pine woods in the north of Europe, but has hitherto been little known in this country. The summer of some twenty years ago was similar to the one just experienced, so that its appearance seems to depend upon drought and heat.

The finest larch tree on the property, and perhaps the best example of the species in the north of Scotland, stands by the side of the Bruiach Burn. It girths fully 12 feet at sixty inches from the ground, carrying its circumference well up, and has a grand stem about 100 feet high, while the spread of its branches is

graceful. Besides its stately proportions this tree is noteworthy; it has in fact a history which carries us back to the introduction of the larch into Scotland. It was one of the Belladrum lot, which, as all interested in the larch will have read, were obtained surreptitiously in Athole about the year 1738, when the "planting Duke" of that Ilk began the extensive larch plantations for which the Athole estates are famous. The story related in Perthshire regarding the Belladrum trees differs entirely from the version that has been handed down in the Lovat family. Hunter states, in his "Woods, forests, and estates of Perthshire," that the then proprietor of Belladrum, who possessed keen arboricultural tastes, visited the Duke of Athole at Dunkeld House when the planting of the larch was going on, and that, by the potent means of a dram, he induced the gardener to part with a bundle of the plants, which he carried North in quiet triumph. The other tradition is that the factor on the Lovat property chanced to be crossing one of the ferries on the Tay, there being no bridges at that period, while a quantity of larch plants were in course of transit to the Athole plantations, and naturally displayed much interest in the new tree. Observing his master's curiosity, and surmising that he would like to possess a few plants, his servant managed to appropriate a bundle, and conceal it in the conveyance, while the Athole men were being treated to a dram in the inn. He did not disclose what he had done till home was reached, and the enormous difficulty of travelling in those days precluded all idea of restoring the trees to their ducal owner. Such, at anyrate, is the excuse given. The trees were planted out in Belladrum, where the factor resided, and also on the Bruiach Burn. Those trees are therefore contemporary with some of the oldest larches on the Athole property, and may be termed the parent larches of the North Highlands.

THE LOCHIEL ESTATE—NEW PLANTATIONS—ACHNACARRY: THE BEECH WALK—REMARKABLE PLANE AND OTHER TREES—ANCIENT OAKS—BEST PINE FOREST IN SCOTLAND.

When the forfeited estates reverted to Lochiel, over a hundred years ago, it was reported that there were 10,000 acres of natural wood on the property, or a fourteenth part of its whole extent, notwithstanding that while the estates were in the hands of the Crown their management was entrusted to a commissioner, named Butter, whose policy seems to have been highly unpopular in Lochaber, and not conducive to its tree growing interests. A

Gaelic song, composed about the time the estates were restored to the family, laments that the pine wood, one of the glories of the estate, had, under his management, become a tangled desert. There is no doubt a magnificent quantity of pine and other timber had been cut down by the commissioner, for what purpose is not precisely known. The song alluded to contains the following verse. It bewails the disappearance of the pine wood and the scattering of the clan, but hopes that the old order of things, at least as regards the Cameron people, will be resumed when the long-lost chief returns to his paternal home :—

> "Dh' fhalbh do Ghuiseach na duslach fhasaich,
> 'S tha do dhaoin' air sgaoil 's gach aite,
> Aig a Bhutrach ga 'n cuir o aiteach :
> Nuair thig thu dhachaigh gu 'n cuir thu aird orr."

During the century which has elapsed since Lochiel's advent, a considerable amount of mature timber has also been cut down, but the planting accomplished will, in a great measure, counterbalance this loss. The hillsides, from the march with Invergarry to Clunes, grow some fine hazel and other trees. From Clunes, along Loch Arkaig by the public road, to a distance of nearly thirteen miles, birch, ash, alder, and oak give river and loch a deep silvan fringe, with the exception of a short interval between Auchnasoul and Ardachie. On the south side of the loch, from the shores of Loch Lochy to the tops of Glen Meallie and Loch Arkaig, a stretch of about sixteen miles, there are deep belts of pine and other trees. Again, on the north side of Loch Eil, from the farm of Annat, the wood—principally oak, birch, and alder, with a few Scots fir and spruce—extends for upwards of ten miles, each of the numerous glens having a considerable quantity of timber lining their sides. Turning towards the march at Ballachulish, we find excellent ash, oak, birch, and alder growing nearly all the way to Fort-William.

Achnacarry Castle is situate close by the outlet of Loch Arkaig, in a valley which, for picturesque beauty, is not easily matched in the Highlands. The front windows command a glimpse of Loch Lochy and a panorama of mountains beyond ; north and south it is hemmed in by densely-wooded hills and pine-grown ridges ; and westwards, Loch Arkaig extends in a silvery stretch of fifteen miles, environed by forest and mountain. Within a hundred yards of the building, the Arkaig, fresh from the loch, and its torrent swollen by the flow of the Kaig, rushes impetuously on its short career to Loch Lochy. In the immediate vicinity of the

Castle there is a variety of old and remarkable trees, which must have been planted some time before the destruction of the ancestral residence in 1846. The story of the beech walk is beautifully told in Lady Middleton's "Ballad of the Beeches," which we take the liberty of quoting :—

Oh ! I have stood by the river side
When the spate came rolling down ;
And marked the rush of the rolling tide,
In volume frothed and brown.

Oh ! I have wandered beneath the shade
Of the stately avenue,—
Ere the summer green begins to fade
To its gold autumnal hue.

And mingling with the waters' roar,
And sough of wind-stirred leaves,
A waft of old ancestral lore
My listless sense receives.

* * * * *

Commands the Chief : "My woodmen all
Attend me in the vale,
And bring me saplings straight and tall
To brave the wintry gale.

"I would erect upon the plain
A stately avenue :
Shall pass each Cameron chief and train
In after-time there-through.

"To lead in sport of wood or field,
To meet his clan for war :
Or home be borne upon his shield
With coronach before !"

They marked the standing for the trees
On spots apart and wide,
That each might vaunt him to the breeze
In isolated pride.

But lo ! arose a mighty cry
Across the lovely land—
"Our rightful king doth straightly lie
To claim each loyal brand !

"From foreign shores to seek his own :
Now up and follow me,
For never was a Cameron known
Could fail in loyalty !"

So spake Lochiel in high command—
"Leave all, for ill or weal !
The king may claim each heart and hand
That vassal to Lochiel.

"Then dig a trench upon the bank
Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set my beechen babes in rank,
To listen to her song.

"And set them close to keep them warm
All through the lengthy days,
Till back I come, in fitting form,
Mine avenue to raise !"

They dug a trench upon the bank
Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set the saplings all in rank
To listen to her song.

But o'er them time and seasons passed,
And by them sang the stream :
Nor might that chief return at last
His purpose to redeem :

For drear the coronach did sound
O'er all the west countree,
And a nobler plant was laid in ground
Than a sapling beechen tree.

Ochone it is ! for the great and brave,
For the hapless Stuart race,
For the cause such followers might not save,
And the rule they deemed disgrace.

Surely no grander monument,
Can rise, Lochiel, to thee,
Than the beechen bower of branches-bent
In homage proud and free ?

For closely grew the trees in rank,
As close as they could grow,
Within their trench upon the bank
Beside the river's flow.

Their clasping boughs in clanship twine,
Like souls of the 'parted brave,
That ever whisper in words divine
Through the music of wind and wave.

Fair bides the light on a golden throne
Of their autumn leaves at even ;
And that golden warrior soul is gone
To shine with the leal in heaven.

The "beechen babes" form a belt ten yards broad, and extending along the river side for nearly 400 yards. There are three breaks in the line, in two of which the original trees probably failed to grow. Their places were supplied with other beech saplings, which are growing well, but are considerably less in height and girth. While six of the largest of the original "babes" girth respectively 9 ft., 8 ft. 6 in., 8 ft., 7 ft. 10 in., 7 ft. 6 in., and 7 ft. 4 in., the younger trees measure from 2 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 3 in. The third gap was caused by seven splendid trees coming to grief during the memorable gale which caused the Tay Bridge calamity. The trees have attained a height of about 70 feet, and they give shelter to a beautiful avenue running along Arkaig's banks. In summer the foliage is so dense that protection is afforded from the heaviest rain shower. We scarcely think there is another instance of so much valuable timber being produced on so small an extent of ground. The stems of the trees, in consequence of the closeness with which they grow, are tall and bare to an unusual height, and they swing to the gale with an ease which ensures their existence as vigorous trees for many years. When Cumberland's soldiers visited Achnacarry, the beeches would be too insignificant to attract their notice, but it is said they gratified their destructiveness by blowing to pieces with powder many of the large trees about the place. We trust that the Beech Walk may long escape every destructive influence—flourishing to preserve the memory of a chivalrous and a good man.

The avenue itself stands in the Park in front of the Castle, to which it has never been used as an approach. Nearest the house the beeches were cut down some years ago in order to open up the view, but the avenue still contains a considerable number of magnificent trees. They grow in double rows, and their massive stems and spreading branches form a conspicuous ornament in the surroundings of the Castle. Having reached their full growth, which the *fagus sylvatica* attains in about 158 years, several of

the trees have been damaged by the gales which sweep down the valley of the Arkaig. One of the beeches measures 17 feet in circumference at five feet from the ground, but it has a deformed appearance in consequence of the loss of one of its principal branches. The best specimen for girth and spread of branches stands at the eastern extremity of the north row. Near the roots it girths 18 ft. 6 in., and three feet up it is 14 feet. The trunk, which is not more than 5 feet in length, splits itself into eight or nine great limbs, which ramify in the most wonderful way. In height the tree stands about forty feet, and the spread of its branches covers a radius of 230 feet. Close by this fine beech there is a clump of three beeches growing close to each other as if the order of their planting had been disturbed. The largest of the three measures 13 feet, but a big branch has been wrenched off by the wind, and the trunk is split almost to the roots.

On the south side of the castle there are several fine avenues of the classical plane tree. The Lochiel of the '45, by whom these trees must have been planted, appears to have had a partiality for this tree, in the embowering shade of which Plato delighted to discourse to his pupils, and which was much associated with the intellect of Athens. One of the avenues forms the approach to the castle. The trees in the avenue measure 6, 7, and 8 feet in circumference, and exhibit all the gracefulness of stem and leafy canopy for which the plane tree is noted. A short avenue of this tree, standing at right angles to the castle approach, is distinguished by the name of the Cumberland planes. The story goes that the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, at the burning of the old castle in 1746, hung their cooking utensils on these trees. Their appearance favours the tradition. Some of the trees are very distinctly marked by a deep hollow strip, to a height of between three and four feet, as if the parts had been injured by fire. Notwithstanding the injury done these planes when young, they have grown into immense trees of beautiful shape. They measure from 7 to 10 feet in circumference, the average girth being nearly 9 feet. In the vicinity of this avenue there are a few planes of even bigger growth, the largest measuring 12 feet in circumference. These specimens of the plane tree probably rank among the best to be found in Scotland.

On the bank of the Arkaig, close to the site of the old castle, the only trace of which is a small piece of blackened ivy-grown wall, there still stands a portion of what formerly was a fishing tower. Tradition has it that there was a cruive at this part of the river, and when the salmon got in, it, by some ingenious

mechanical contrivance, the secret of which has evidently been lost, caused a bell to ring in the tower, by which the attendant was summoned to secure the fish. The arch and walls of the tower are still there, but the upper and principal portion of the building and the roof are gone. In the centre of what was the tower there grows a splendid ash tree. It must have been self-sown. In the memory of an old man not long dead, its dimensions were those of an ordinary walking stick, and its circumference is now 8 ft. 9 in. at 3 ft. from the ground. It has a clear bole of about 30 ft., beautifully proportioned, and a bark of the finest texture we ever remember seeing on an ash tree. Its favourable situation—close by a running stream, and under the shelter of the old tower—has favoured its rapid and graceful development.

Pursuing the walk along the bank of the river, we enter a chestnut grove, in which there are a group of Spanish chestnuts, and a horse chestnut known by the name of "the hanging tree." The latter is an inferior specimen of the common species, and accords in appearance and shape with the melancholy purpose to which it is said to have been devoted, viz., for hanging caterans and others in the olden time. From the root there springs four dejected stems, one of which stretches itself in bow shape to a length of about 40 feet, and with sufficient height to serve the mournful purpose of a gibbet. It is now propped up. Three of the Spanish chestnuts, at 3 ft. from the ground, measure 12 ft. 4 in., 9 ft., and 8 ft. 4 in. respectively. Being thriving trees, they will attain a much greater thickness, if their close relationship is not against their development. The largest chestnut we have heard of in Scotland stands on the lawn at Castle Leod, Strathpeffer. At the height of 3 ft. it girths over 20 ft. in circumference: but Gregor describes a Spanish chestnut on the property of Lord Ducie, in Gloucestershire, which some years ago measured 45 ft. in girth.

Among the other noteworthy trees near the Castle is a splendid larch about 100 feet in height, and measuring at follows—at the base, 13 ft. 8 in.; 3 ft. up, 9 ft. In the park, not far from the beech walk, there is a birch of remarkable dimensions—perhaps the largest tree of the birch kind in Scotland. The stem is 6 ft. high, and at the centre it has a circumference of 13 ft., and still higher of 14 ft. 6 in. Three enormous branches spring from the trunk, one measuring 7 ft., and another 6 ft. in girth. It is a veritable "Silvan Queen," with charming display of branch; and it does not seem at all out of place in the policies near the chaste plane tree, though arborists have sentimentally relegated it to the rugged scenes of nature.

In the considerable portions of ancient pine and oak forests surviving in the neighbourhood of Achnacarry, there are a number of extremely old oak trees. They are to be discovered here and there—time-whittled and storm-shattered remnants of their former selves—interesting memorials of the departed glory of the ancient forest that has been all wede away. The freshest of the three we visited stands within a few hundred yards of the public road as it approaches the policies of the Castle, in the part of the old forest occupying the shoulder of the hill overlooking Loch Lochy. Before it lost its top, which appears to have succumbed to the recurring gale a considerable time ago, it must have been a magnificent tree. The trunk as thus divested stands about 30 feet high, and from its upper part spring two main limbs, each of which at their junction with the parent stem girth 6 feet or more. These branches have still a thriving appearance, and evidence an amount of vitality in the tree which the aged trunk somewhat belies.

> Life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
> Proof not contemptible of what she can.

The circumference of the tree at 3 feet from the ground is 21 ft., and at 6 ft. it measures 23 ft., which is nearly its thickest part. Around there is some fine oak and fir timber, but, in comparison with this antiquity, they are of tender growth. The two other venerable trees, or rather relics, for they are much decayed, are found in the old wood of Craigunish, on the north side of Loch Arkaig, and within a short distance of the Castle. They are the remains of what, in some remote time, were evidently stately trees. A series of large, knotty growths disfigure the almost bare trunks, the circumference of which is greater at 5 feet high than immediately above the roots. There is no visible spreading basis of roots, a thick, boggy accumulation of centuries concealing every vestige of the foundations. The largest of the stumps measures 24 feet round. Internally the tree is rotten, but the rind betokens the presence of lingering life by sending out a few branches and offshoots. The remarkable thing about these trunks is, that young birch and oak trees spring from their lifeless hearts. In the one we have more particularly described, a thriving birch tree of at least 18 inches in circumference shoots healthily from the top of the decayed trunk, and appears at a first glimpse to have become identified with the upper part of the old tree. But a rift in the side of the trunk enables the birch to be traced as a distinct tree until it buries itself in the roots of the oak. The

young oak is of a smaller growth than the birch, and like the other, it derives its whole sustenance from the roots of the old trunk. These curiosities are frequently to be met with in old forests.

An interesting question is the probable age of these ancient relics of former silvan grandeur. We are disposed to give them an antiquity of about a thousand years. Nor do we think this an exaggeration; in fact, on consideration, it is more likely to be under the mark. Some of the most remarkable oaks in England—and there the tree finds a far more congenial home than in these northern latitudes—which girth but a few feet more, are reported to be a thousand years old. The king oak at Windsor forest is said to have been a favourite tree of William the Conqueror; it measures 26 feet in circumference at three feet from the ground (our best specimen girths 23 feet at six feet above the ground), and has stood upwards of 1000 years. The "Capon Tree," one of the most celebrated oaks in Scotland, and growing in a sheltered valley close to the old abbey of Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire, girths 26 feet, and is said to have been a large tree and a favourite one with the monks of the abbey in the thirteenth century. It would seem a moderate computation, therefore, to credit the Achnacarry oaks with an existence of ten centuries. Their decayed condition must also be taken into account; and the fact that

> To time
> Was left the task to whittle them away.

The old forest of Glenmeallie proper covers the southern slope of the glen for a distance of about four miles, but, in reality, the forest begins at Loch-Lochy, and is, therefore, fully six miles long. In the glen it ascends the mountain sides to an altitude of close upon 1000 feet, and presents to the eye a wide and dense expanse of dark green that contrasted dismally, on the occasion of our visit, with the snow-clad mountains towering above.

> "This is the primeval forest: the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic;
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest in their bosoms."

Speaking of the pines, Gregor says:—"It is an alpine tree, preferring the elevated situation, a northern exposure, and a cool climate." Glenmeallie forest possesses all these requisites to a

degree, and the fine development of the trees, as well as the excellent quality of the timber, attest that the situation accords perfectly with the nature of the pine. The wood of the Glenmeallie pine is beautifully coloured, finely grained, and extremely durable. Touching the latter quality, we noticed some pine wood furnishings in one of the offices at Achnacarry, which are as fresh to-day as when newly constructed forty years ago. We scarcely think there is another pine forest in Scotland to rival Glenmeallie in the size and perfection of its timber. It contains some giant trees, which could only, one suspects, be equalled by such trees as grew in the famous forest of Glenmore. The latter forest, in the beginning of the present century, furnished timber to build forty-seven sail of ships, of upwards of 19,000 tons burthen. A deal cut from the centre of the largest tree measured 5 feet 5 inches broad, and the layers of wood from its centre to each side indicated an age of 235 years. The girth of this tree, which was named "The Lady of the Woods," would be about 19 feet. There are trees of equal magnitude in Glenmeallie forest. We had only time to take a run through the Invermeallie end of the forest on the occasion of our visit—a tempestuous day—and within a radius of half-a-mile we came across trees of striking grandeur. The most notable, principally on account of its magnificent ramifications, is named "Miss Cameron's tree," or more poetically, "The Queen of the Old Forest." It appropriately stands amidst the most rugged beauty of the primeval forest, guarded by the massive and umbrageous proportions of its juniors. The girth of this pine, at its narrowest part, 3 feet from the swell of the roots is 18 feet. It bifurcates into seven enormous limbs. About the point where those spring from the parent stem the circumference is fully 24 feet. Four of the limbs are of themselves, as regards girth, very large trees. The thickest tapes 13 feet; the next, 12 feet; a third, 10 feet 6 inches; and the fourth was not within reach, but its girth cannot be less than 12 feet. Taken together, those limbs give a total girth of 47 feet 6 inches, without including the other three branches, which are by no means weaklings. The spread of the branches or the height of the tree could not be calculated with anything like certainty; its magnitude in these respects can, however, be imagined from the figures given.

An extensive and valuable wood, called Gusach, or the Pinery, was cut down in the early part of this century by the grandfather of the present Lochiel, to whom the estates were restored in 1784. A few hoary old giants still remain to mark the site of this forest. The largest representative has a clean trunk of 12 ft. 6 in., and at

mid distance it girths 22 ft. 8 in., and has thus a diameter of 7 ft. 8 in. If felled and cut up, this Gusach giant would yield a centre plank of at least 10 by 7, which excels the Glenmore tree considerably.

An ash tree in the churchyard of Kilmallie, the Parish Church of the Lochiel family, burnt down during the troubles in 1746, was long considered as the largest and most remarkable tree in Scotland. Its remains were measured in 1764, and at the ground its circumference was no less than 58 feet—("Walker's Essays," page 17). "This tree stood on a deep rich soil, only about 30 feet above the level of the sea, in Lochiel, with a small rivulet running within a few paces of it." These particulars are taken from Loudon's "Aboretum Fruticetum," page 226, and it requires such authority to bring anyone in the present day to believe that there existed such a monarch of the woods. But Loudon's mentioning it proves clearly that he believed in its existence. The destruction was, it need scarcely be said, the work of Cumberland's soldiers, who committed many acts of barbarity, worse even than this piece of vandalism. There is not a trace of this majestic tree now to be discovered in the churchyard of Kilmallie or its neighbourhood, nor are we aware of the remains of any other trees on the Lochiel estate fit to stand beside it; but we may mention an interesting fragment of an oak tree standing on the bank of the river Luy, on the farm of Strone, about 1½ miles above the public road. It is merely the outer shell of one side of it that remains. It stands 8 or 9 feet in height, and every year clothes a considerable number of short shoots in thick and fresh foliage, but these shoots do not seem to lengthen or shorten. For many years the old tree has held its own, without gain or loss. Its circumference is said by competent authority to have been upwards of 24 feet when in its prime.

FIRST NURSERY AT INVERNESS—LAND AGITATION AND TREE PLANTING—THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

This sketch would not be complete without a reference to the tree-rearing industry which has been carried on at Inverness for the last half century, whereby the facilities for afforestation in the Highlands have been much increased. The first nursery established in the north for the systematic production of forest trees was at Muirtown, and was carried on by two brothers of the name of Fraser. This was about 70 years ago. They were succeeded by the Dicksons (James and George), who took a lease of suitable ground at Millburn, and carried on a large business successfully

for a considerable period. Over half a century ago, at the time when the demand for forest trees was just beginning to make itself felt in the north, Mr Charles Lawson, late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and nursery and seedsman to the Highland and Agricultural Society, re-established the nursery business at Muirtown, where it is still carried on. He was succeeded by the Messrs Howden Brothers. Under them, and subsequently under Messrs Howden & Company, the business was extended, as increased facilities for the transmission of trees were established. Messrs Howden & Company now hold a considerable extent of the best land in Sir Kenneth J. Matheson's Inverness property, and though added to lately, it is yearly being found more and more insufficient for the requirements of the trade. This plant-growing establishment is very well known, not only in the north, but also throughout the United Kingdom, and an hour or two may be well spent in it. The grounds are laid off and kept in a style which would do credit to any gentleman's garden. While large spaces are devoted to the successful cultivation of hardwood and fruit trees, roses, and hardy flowering plants, the bulk of the ground is necessarily occupied by endless thousands of young trees of all ages for forest planting. To give some idea of the numbers of these produced annually, it is computed that of Scotch fir and larch alone, one and two years old seedlings, there are not less that 8,000,000 to 10,000,000. This does not include about 3,000,000 more, which have been transplanted, from one to three years, and are now ready to be sent out. These figures apply only to Scotch fir and larch; other coniferous trees, which are not planted nearly so extensively, may be numbered by the hundred thousand—such as spruce, silver fir, Austrian, Corsican, and mountain pines. The annual output of forest trees from these nurseries may safely be estimated at close on 5,000,000. The half of this number is to be planted out permanently. Generally speaking, in hill ground planting, about 3500 plants are put into one acre. This represents, then, a total of about 700 acres planted every year with trees grown by this firm. The bulk of the plants, as may be expected, is dispersed in the Northern and Western Counties, but a goodly number find their way farther south, and even into England and Ireland

The forming of new plantations in the North within the last decade has not increased; has not, in fact, reached the average. The recent crofter agitation, and the consequent insecurity which landholders felt, effectually prevented the expenditure of any moneys in the way of estate improvement. This was the chief reason why so little was done. Trade of all description was par-

alysed, and investments which did not promise security and an immediate return were simply not within an area of consideration. During the five years or so while this state of things lasted, tree-growing was nearly at a standstill. Nurserymen grew tired of cultivating young forest trees, which year after year had to be burned to make room for a younger stock. What were sold were disposed of at miserable prices. The purchaser could make his own price, and the grower was only too glad to get rid of his stock at anything it would fetch. One-year-old fir trees realised, in some cases, 8d; two years old, 1s to 1s 3d per 1000; transplanted trees, one and two years, 2s and 3s 6d per 1000 were common prices. Larch were also exceedingly cheap, though they did not reach the starvation prices of fir. Within the last year or two, however, with a generally reviving trade, and a better feeling of security in land, the prices of trees have gone up very considerably, and what nurserymen were glad to sell at 3s 6d five years ago, could last season much more easily be sold at 12s 6d. The demand, mainly owing to the long severe winter, was not sufficient of itself to account for this abnormal rise in price—the demand for trees was comparatively good, but the scarcity of the article itself was the main cause. Growers for some years had studied how to keep down their stocks, and many of them had succeeded so well that when better times came they found themselves almost without the article in demand. The scarcity of Scotch fir seed for a season or two has had an effect in putting up the prices of this tree. In a year or two, when prices have become normal, the probable value of Scotch fir, 2 years' seedlings, 1 year transplanted, will be from 6s to 10s per 1000. Larch being a very variable crop, subject as it is to frost blights in spring and early summer, which frequently destroys a whole crop in a single night, will always be dearer than fir, and their prices even more fluctuating—15s to 18s per 1000 for the same age is about their real value. The late Mr John Grigor, Forres, mentions in his work on Arboriculture that on one occasion he supplied the trees, consisting of Scotch fir and larch half and half, and planted them out in moor ground, at the total cost per acre of something like 10s. Even with a plentiful crop of trees, and a desire to get rid of them at any price; even with cheap labour and a subject easy to plant; even with very young trees, which, besides being cheaper, are also much more easy to plant, 10s per acre is probably the lowest price at which such work was ever done, or ever will be done. A rough estimate of the cost per acre for plants and planting now, with transplanted trees, is from 40s to 50s per

acre. Of course, if the area to be planted is a large one, the cost will be proportionally less. As we have stated, for some five or six years no appreciable increase has been made to the acreage of plantations in the North, or indeed anywhere in the kingdom. Within the last year or two plantations of considerable magnitude have been formed, chiefly at Inchbae and Gairloch in Ross-shire, and at Farr, Dunmaglass, and Inverlochy, in Inverness-shire. No doubt when railways and roads have been constructed throughout the Highlands, a much greater impetus will be given to this great and important question, not only to the landlord and to the labourer, but also to the nation itself, of planting up with such a remunerative and even weather-improving crop the boundless areas of waste lands—practically worthless in their present state—so common particularly in the Highlands of Scotland.

But there will always be two important retarding causes at work—sheep farming and sporting. In the beginning of the century the institution of sheep rearing on a large scale had a distinct effect upon the Highland forests. The area under wood ceased its natural expansion, the young seedlings being all eaten up, while the herbage got so rough that there was not a suitable bed for the seed to fall in. On the other hand, black cattle, which formerly occupied the hills and valleys in large numbers, were favourable to the production of forests, as they kept the herbage down and trampled the seed into the ground, the result being that wherever they fed in the proximity of a wood a luxuriant crop of trees invariably made its appearance. It may be mentioned that the first sheep farm in the north was established at Corrimony in 1797, the farmers coming from the south; the next was Knocktin. As the fashion spread the black cattle disappeared. Then came another enemy of the woods—deer—within the last half century. Natural reproduction can never go on in or about the forests where deer are present, as they destroy the young trees with avidity; and as long as deer forests pay their owners fabulous rents, there will be no incentive to any great general expansion of wood forests in the Highland Counties—the argument that such a policy would enrich as well as improve the country not being sufficient in itself. On several large estates where afforestation used to be carried on systematically, the sporting considerations which now govern everything have put a complete stop to tree-growing operations, and henceforth, in such instances, the area under trees must decrease, and not increase. It is a great pity that the golden rule of striking the medium course is not adopted in relation to sporting and tree growing. Trees are

undoubtedly a grand investment to make with such land to work upon as is so plentiful in the Highlands. Thousands and thousands of acres under sheep are not worth more than a shilling or two shillings per acre. Under trees, these poor acres would ultimately develop into a mine of wealth to the owner, while the country would reap an advantage in timber which it can never do, from the same ground, in mutton. As regards the outlook for such estates as those of Strathspey, where so many millions of young trees are slowly approaching maturity, it is at the present moment nothing less than promising. Even Australia is now drawing upon the resources of the Baltic pine forests, which, under the excessive drain, will probably be worked to death within the next half century, if not much sooner. Railways are increasing, and as they increase the demand for timber must grow more urgent, and consequently the prices will improve. As foreign sources fail, the native wood must be drawn upon for building purposes And as a result of the modern tendency of things, trees will repay their growers at an earlier period than hitherto. It is now possible for a proprietor to see trees planted which will yield him a revenue in his old age. That in former times was scarcely possible for the planter, and his successor invariably reaped the financial benefits of his enterprise: but now our pine woods are cut down for railway purposes long before they reach maturity. Instead of being allowed to grow for 80 or 100 years, which is the time fir takes to reach mature dimensions, it is cut down at 40 or 60 years: so that it may be said that the age of old fir is passing away before the exigencies of the time, and that such grand forests as those which are the pride of Lochiel's property, will be remembered with pride but rarely seen again. In conclusion, it need only be added that while Inverness-shire has reason for congratulation upon its arboricultural advancement, the forests, here as elsewhere, can never attain perfection until law or the State steps in and insists upon continuity in tree production.

1st APRIL, 1891

At this meeting, Mr Hugh Grant, 17 Douglas Row, Inverness, was elected an honorary member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macbain was called on to read his paper on *Gaelic Incantations*. Mr Macbain's paper was as follows:—

GAELIC INCANTATIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.

The belief in incantations, like that in the evil eye, is world-wide and world-old. An incantation consists of a formula of words which is recited to bring about certain physical results to which the meaning of the words has some correspondence more or less direct. Thus, in Scotland, a sprain is cured in this way. A black woollen thread, with nine knots made upon it, is tied round the sprained limb, and while the thread is being put on, the operator mutters these words :—

The Lord rade
And the foal slade ;
He lighted,
And he righted,
Set joint to joint,
Bone to bone,
And sinew to sinew,
Heal in the Holy Ghost's name !

The principle underlying this spell is that of analogy—the recital of what the Lord did, with a call for, or expectation of, similar healing, is supposed to effect the healing process. But another aspect of the matter appears in the following English charm for cramp :—Stand firmly on the leg affected, and repeat with appropriate gesture :—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg ;
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Jesus.

Here is an evident reference to the action of demons, who, in certain stages of culture, are supposed to cause all manner of diseases. To expel this demon a more potent power had to be invoked, and this is done by a set formula, generally in metre. Here, then, the virtue of the "spoken word" or magic formula lies in the fact of its being addressed to a supposed living spirit or agent, capable of understanding and acting upon it ; and this is the case in most charms, and ultimately this animistic notion may be the foundation of them all, whether analogical and symbolical, or directly invoking demon or god powers. Among savages the

poetic and musical arts are used almost for this purpose alone. If one asks an Indian of the West for a love-song, he will tell him that a philtre is really much more efficacious. "If you ask one of them," says Kohl, who travelled among the Red Indians, "to sing you a simple innocent hymn, in praise of Nature, a spring or jovial hunting stave, he never gives you anything but a form of incantation, with which he says you will be able to call to you all the birds from the sky, and all the foxes and wolves from their caves and burrows." The Maoris call incantations *karakias*, and employ them in actual life, such as for raising the wind by their means. The hero in their myths splits rocks before him with a *karakia*, just as the girls in the Kaffir and Bushman tales do; and by the same means he can assume any animal shape, be it bird or beast. The Finns are famed for their magic songs, but we shall quote only this blood-stopping formula:—"Listen, O blood, instead of flowing, instead of pouring forth thy warm stream. Stop, O blood, like a wall; stop, like a hedge; stop, like a reef in the sea; like a stiff sedge in the moss; like a boulder in the field; like a pine in the wood." For the antiquity of these and like incantations we may appeal to ancient Chaldea, the land of Magic. Fortunately, a considerable body of incantations has been preserved in the cuneiform inscriptions, and of these one specimen must suffice:—

> Painful fever, violent fever,
> The fever which never leaves man,
> Unremitting fever,
> The lingering fever, malignant fever,
> Spirit of the heavens, conjure it! Spirit of the Earth conjure it!

Among the Aryan nations, ancient and modern, the belief in incantations has been strong. Indeed, a good case has been made out that some charms can be traced to the times of primitive Aryan unity. The sprain charm with which we began to exemplify the subject of incantations is very widely spread over Aryan ground. It appears in one or two forms in Gaelic, as for instance thus:—

> Chaidh Criosd a mach
> Sa' mhaduinn mhoich,
> 'S fhuair e casan nan each,
> Air am bristeadh mu seach.
> Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
> Agus feith ri feith,

Agus feoil ri feoil,
Agus craicionn ri craicionn,
'S mar leighis esan sin
Gu'n leighis mise so.

This means that Christ early in the morning found the horses' legs broken, and he put "bone to bone, vein to vein, flesh to flesh, skin to skin, and as he healed that so may I heal this," at the same time tying a worsted thread on the injured limb. Similarly in Orkney, after telling that the Saviour's horse "slade," we are told that he put

Sinew to sinew, joint to joint,
Blood to blood, and bone to bone,
Mend thou in God's name!

Norway and Denmark have almost verbatim copies, and in the heathen German times we meet in the Merseburg charm for the lamed horse the same words, only it is Balder's horse that is lamed, and Woden works the cure by putting

Bên zi bêna, bluot zi bluoda,
Lid zi giliden, sôse gelîmida sin—

bone to bone, blood to blood, and joint to joint, as if they were glued together. With this the Sanskrit charm in the Atharva Veda has been very properly compared:—

Let marrow join to marrow, and let limb to limb be joined,
Grow flesh that had fallen away, and now every bone also grow,
Marrow now unite with marrow, and let hide on hide arise.

Cato, an early Latin author, has left a charm for dislocation, which, however, as often happens, is but a mere jargon without sense. In the great Greek poem of the Odyssey, the kinsfolk of Odyssey sing a song of healing over the wound which was dealt him by the boar's tusk, and Sophocles, the tragic poet, speaks of the folly of muttering incantations over wounds that need the surgeon's knife. Theocritus of Syracuse, a Greek poet of the third century before Christ, devotes his second idyll to the incantations of the love-lorn Simaetha, who tries to bring back her lover by symbolic charms and incantations, whose burden Mr Symonds turns neatly by the line—

Wheel of my magic spell, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

We get a glimpse of the dire incantations resorted to by the superstitious women of Rome in the terrible rites practised by Horace's Canidia, whose charms could draw down the moon, a phrase he often repeats, as does also Virgil. Pliny, who doubtfully discusses the question of the use of charms, records that even the great Cæsar, after a carriage accident which befel him, used to repeat a charm three times for safety whenever he rode thereafter.

Enough has been said by way of proving the universality and antiquity of charms as a method of healing, harming, and protecting. The English word "charm" is derived through old French from the Latin *carmen*, a song, incantation; and it covers nearly the whole extent of this class of superstition, though "spell" is used for the idea of fascination or bewitching. A person is "laid under spells" but cured or protected by charms. There are several words in Gaelic for these ideas. The spell is in Irish called *geas*, which also means a prohibition or taboo. The word *geas* is also known in Gaelic, but the idea of bespelling a person is represented really by two modern words—*sian* and *rosad*, the former being used for placing on one a protective spell, and the latter for a mischievous spell. The charm pure and simple is now called *cólas*, literally "knowledge," and also *or* or *ortha* (prayer?), but the older name *obaidh*, *obaig*, or *ubaig*, which appears in old Irish as *uptha*, and in Manx as *obbee*, still survives in the words of the charms, and has caused some ludicrous mistakes to translators. In fact, this is not the only old word or idea that has survived in these curious rhymes. The *Fuath Fiada* of early Irish, and the *Fith Fia* of more modern Irish, appears on Gaelic ground as *Futhjithe* or *Fa jithe*, and is explained by a Gairloch man as "the power of screening oneself from every person one wishes." For instance, a smuggler possessed of this charm has only to touch his brewing utensils, and no gauger can see them or him. Poachers similarly can lay a spell on their game so as to make it wholly invisible, or, if not so, as some hold, to make only the heart of the dead animal be seen. This power is conferred by a rhyme which fortunately now is in public possession, for it has been more than once published. The Fa Fithe is therefore a spell. In the Irish tales, the Tuatha De Danann make use of it, and it seems to cause a magic mist which they can cast over themselves, though once at least it is represented as a magic cloak. Its ultimate meaning is doubtful, so far as present knowledge goes. St Patrick's famous Gaelic hymn is known by the same title—a title

which in the early Irish appears as *Faed Fiada*, which Dr Whitley Stokes interprets as the Deer's Cry, for Patrick and his companions escaped by the recital of this hymn, appearing to their enemies in passing as but so many deer! O'Beirne Crowe gave the translation as Guardsman's Cry, but these translations carry little or no elucidation of the later ideas connected with the expression.

When the art of writing was introduced, it was at once made use of in charms. Amulets had inscriptions cut on them, and slips of paper or parchment with incantations written on them were worn about the person. Toothache charms, for instance, have so been used, and cases have been known where the paper, with the charm thereon written, has been lost for some time unwittingly, and as soon as ever the loss has become known, the toothache has come back, to employ the graphic expression actually made use of, "like a shot." The "rune" letters of the Teutons, just like the Ogams of the Celts, were used for purposes of sorcery. Indeed the word "rune," which is also the Gaelic *rún*, seems properly to mean secrecy, and it was long considered a wonderful secret how one man could by such simple strokes communicate his thoughts to another. From this it was a natural step to attribute to runes a secret magic power, and accordingly we have accounts of their use as charms. The Futhore runic alphabet is found inscribed on various things used or worn, especially on swords. Brynhild, as the Edda tells us, taught Sigurd the virtue of runes thus:—

Victory-runes must thou know
If thou wilt victory gain.
Cut them on thy sword-hilt,
Others cut on the blade,
And twice name Tyr.
Storm-runes must thou cut,
If thou wilt guarded have
Thy ship in the breakers' roar.
Thought-runes must thou know,
Wilt thou than others wiser be.
Woden hath these runes
Himself devised.

The Gaelic Celts attributed virtues in a somewhat similar way to their Ogams. Dalan, the druid of Eochaid Airem, took four rods of yew and wrote Ogams on them, and by their means, and his key

of seership, discovered that Eochaid's Queen was in Fairyland. The King of Alban's son inscribes an Ogam on Cuchulinn's spear, and that hero is enabled thereby to take a sea voyage unerringly in search of some friends. The secret virtue of Ogams is also recognised in their use by Cuchulinn on the Tain Bo Chualgne, a use which is of the nature of a taboo rather than mere warning off to his foes. The disuse of Ogam in mediæval times renders it difficult to discover many examples of its employment in charms, but it is clear that in Druidic and early Christian times it was in great vogue for purposes of magic.

The virtue of the spoken word was pushed to an extreme among the Gael in their belief that poets, especially satirists, could give physical effect to their sentiments as expressed in verse. The satirists were believed to have the power, by means of their verse, to cause not an injury of reputation merely, but a physical injury as well. Deformities, such as blisters on the face and body, were expected to result from a satire, and the legends record that they did result. Hence no refusal was given to a bard, whatever he asked—at least in the heroic age, for their arrogance brought matters to a head in the 7th century, and they lost much of their pristine power. On a refusal, the bard promptly said, "I will satirise you," and then he gained his point. The death scene of Cuchulinn illustrates this well. He can fall only by his own spear, which the enemy must get. So a satirist comes to him and says—

"That spear to me."

"I swear my people's oath," said Cuchulinn, "that thou dost not want it more than I do. The men of Erin are on me here and I on them."

"I will revile thee, if thou givest it not," says the satirist.

"I have never been reviled yet because of my niggardliness."

With that Cuchulinn flung the spear at him, with its handle foremost, and it passed through his head and killed nine on the other side of him.

That satirist received his deserts! The belief represented here has not yet died out, for a poetess lately deceased has more than once told the writer how she was feared by certain superstitious people on this very score—that not merely a moral but a physical injury should be done them by a satiric rhyme or poem. The Gaelic for satire is *aoir*, and there are several such in the language. Some last century MSS. represent a poetical duel as once taking place between Lord Macdonald of the Isles and Maccailein More of Argyle, which ran thus:—

Mac Cailein :

Tha mi eolach anns gach ceaird ;
Le h-aoire ni 'n claoidhte mo cholg.
Ge b' e bheireadh a mach m' fhearg,
Bhiodh e dearg mar dhril nan ord.

Mac Domhnuill :

Ni 'm b' usa buntainn ri m' shamhail-s',
'S mi mar cheann nathrach 's teang air chrith ;
'S mi mar eisg an deis a bearraidh,
'S beist air buin a h-earra dhi.

Translated :—

Argyle :

I am learned in every art ;
With satire my rage could not be overcome.
Whosoever would draw forth my wrath
Would be red (blistered) like sparkles from the hammer.

The Lord of the Isles :

No easier were it to deal with my like ;
I am like the adder's head, and its tongue vibrating ;
Like an eel after its being docked,
And a beast that has its tail cut off.

The name of the sixteenth century Irish and Scottish bard, Angus O'Daly, called Aonghus Nan Aoir, or Angus the Satirist, is still remembered in the Highlands with dread, and many of his *aoirs* are handed down. In Scotland only Chisholm of Strathglass pleased him—and he did not ! But there are several *aoirs* or satires on vermin, like rats and mice, which are really intended to satirise these animals out of the locality. The following spell against mice is attributed to Aonghus Nan Aoir. It appears in the *Duanaire* :—

A h-uile luch fhirionn is bhoirionn,
Eadar Cnocan Dail-na-carra
Agus Ioubhar Allt a' mhuilinn,
Bithibh ullamh gu dol thairis.
Gabhaidh seachad air an dàm,
Beagan am bràigh a' mhuilinn,
Cumaidh sios rathad-mòir an Diùc,
Seachad cùl Tom na h-aire.

Ruigibh an sin Drochaid-Nibheis,
Tha i tioram, 's bithidh thairis.
Gabhaidh sìos cùl nan gàradh,
Seachnaibh an t-Sràid, tha i soilleir,
Mu'm mùch iad sibh fo 'n casan,
'S mu'n saltair iad nur goille.
Tha figheadair an ceann shios a' bhaile,
Agus ciste mhine air a chùlaobh.
Fanaibh an sin gus an abaich eòrna Shiùna;
Agus cho ceart 's gu'm beil boinn' uisg' an Lochaidh,
Cuimhnichibh an t-òrdugh 'chleachdadh.

This is merely an elaborate order for the mice to go over from one place, directions being minutely given, to another, where more food awaits them; and let them do it evermore! An even better "mouse" charm is published in the 12th volume of the *Celtic Magazine* (p. 257), and a particularly excellent "rat" spell is published in "Nether-Lochaber's" *Ben Nevis and Glencoe*, at page 4, with a translation.

Another belief in connection with these charms is remarkable as finding its proper parallel only in present savage or barbarous life, though prevalent in old Egypt This consists in a magic value being attached to a person's name. Among the Egyptians, to know the name of a god or spirit gave the person knowing it the power over him *nolens volens*. Pliny relates how the Romans used to find out the name of the gods of any city they besieged, and called upon him to come over to them as able to give higher sacrifices. The Jews never named the name of their God, so that it has been a matter of doubt how exactly the name "Jehovah" was pronounced. A man and his name are therefore, in certain stages of culture, regarded as convertible terms: to injure the one is to injure the other. If a Lapp child falls ill, its name must be changed. In Borneo the same is done to cheat the demons that plague it. Among the Finns, to know the name and origin of any being—man or demon, human or demoniac disease-bringer—gives power over him. It is so in certain Gaelic charms. The name of the person has carefully to be repeated, and it must be the person's real name; a wrong paternity attributed to any person entails a wrong name, and a consequent failure in the efficacy of the charm. The blood of an unbaptised person cannot of course be stopped by a charm, for he has no name recognised by the supernatural powers. It is equally important in the cure of cattle to know the name of the animal upon which the charm

is worked ; and it is asserted that witches and other "bespellers" require the name of a cow, or a hair from its hide, to work their wicked will.

The taking the name of the Deity in vain breaks one of the ten commandments, as everyone knows ; but it is highly improper —nay very dangerous—to rashly invoke any supernatural power. The invoking of the devil by rashly calling on his name might bring him before the votary ; and adjuration or oath might do the same. Of course witches could call him up on set purpose by their incantations. It is not, perhaps, so well known that fairies and other powers could also so appear if their name was *rashly* invoked ; for only witches *purposely* invoked supernatural beings like the devil and the fairies. A story may illustrate this. On a hot, broiling day, a woman was toiling on alone, when feeling very thirsty she said, "Nach truagh nach robh mo phathadh-sa air Bean a' Ghlugain !" (Pity my thirst was not on the Goodwife of Glugan). Suddenly a woman dressed in green appeared with a quaich of milk. The other was taken aback. "Take this ; it will do you no harm." But she refused, saying she did not need it. The fairy replied, "Gun robh galar na te a chuir a' cheud chir a' cheud aoine na ceann orm ma ni e cron ort !" (May the disease that came on the first woman that put the first comb in her hair on the first Friday (or fast) be on to me, if it will hurt you). "Dé an galar bha 'n sin ?" (What disease was that ?) "I bhasachadh gun mhac, gun nighean." (That she died without son or daughter).

The exact line of demarcation on the one hand between what is an incantation and what is a prayer or hymn, and on the other hand between an incantation and an ordinary secular song, is often difficult to draw. It is not merely incantations and charms that trench closely on the religious. What is religious passes imperceptibly into what is purely superstitious, especially if the culture of the people is not high. Superstition is nearly all a survival of Paganism into Christian times ; and in the incantations the names of Christ, his apostles, and the Virgin Mary took those of the old heathen gods. We have already quoted the "sprain" charm, and in its heathen German form we saw that it was Balder's horse that was lamed, but in the modern charms it is the horse of the Lord :—

"The Lord rade
And the foal slade."

Or

"Chaidh Criosd a mach
Air maduinn mhoich."

Many mediæval hymns and prayers were used as mere incantations. After all, heathen prayers were and are often incantations or magic formulæ, compelling the attention of the divine being by mere ritual. As Renan points out, the Roman prayer was a magic formulæ effecting its object without reference to the moral disposition of the worshipper. If the rites and words were gone through duly—*rite*, as they said, that is according to rite, then the desired effect took place independent altogether of the character of the person worshipping: there was no idea of sin or repentance; it was all a give and take; "I offer a kid—*rite*, you give me so and so," or "If you save me in the danger I am to pass through, I will kill so many victims at your altar, or I will erect a temple for you." Similarly the Khassia of North-East India, who worship dead ancestors, offer to put up an extra pillar stone to a dead relative if help is given. If the help come not, often some of the pillar stones already erected are knocked down! Some early Christian Celtic hymns are mere charms. We may instance the Latin hymn known as the Lorica or "Mailcoat" of Gildas, which probably goes back to the 7th century. The author of it prays that death come not that year, that he be defended from his foes by angels and saints, and that God defend him in all his limbs and members, which are duly named. He says:—

> "Domine, esto lorica tutissima
> Erga membra, erga mea viscera, &c."

Anyone that sang this hymn frequently had seven years' additional life and a third of his sins wiped out, and any day he sang it, demons and foes and death could not touch him. The elaborate hymn of St Columbus, called the Altus, was good as a charm for the sick, and his "Noli, pater, indulgere" was potent against fire, thunder, and lightning. St Patrick's hymn, the Fáeth Fíada, has been a famous charm. Here the devotee binds himself to the Trinity, to the power of Christ's life, to the power of the heavenly hierarchy, to the powers of nature, and to God's power to direct and defend him against demons, vices, &c., and finally, he invokes all these powers against tyranny, incantations, idolatry, black gentile laws, "against spells of women, and smiths, and druids," and against poison, wounds and drowning; let Christ be all round him; and so he binds himself to these powers. The prologue to this hymn tell us that Patrick made it to protect himself and his monks against the ambush of his foes, so that they escaped in the guise of deer. This hymn "is a corslet of faith for the protection of body and soul against demons, and men, and vices. Every one who shall

sing it every day, with pious meditation on God, demons shall not stand before his face; it will be a defence against every poison and envy; it will be a safeguard against sudden death, and a corslet to his soul after death."

In this connection, the beautiful hymns collected by Mr Carmichael in Uist at once occur to one. Some of them are just on the indefinable borderland that seperates Christianity and Paganism, and others again incline to a doubtful position between a literary croon and an incantation. We may quote one or two. This one refers to smothering or "smooring" the fire at night before retiring to rest :—

URNUIGH SMALAIDH AN TEINE.

(Prayer on Smooring the Fire).

Tha mi 'smàladh an teine,
Mar a smàlas Mac Moire;
Gu ma slàn dha'n taigh 's dha'n teine,
Gu ma slàn dha'n chuideachd uile.
Co siod air an làr? Peadair agus Pal.
Co air a bhios an fhaire an nochd?
Beul De a thù'radh, aingeal De a labhradh.
Aingeal an dorus gach taighe,
Ga'r còmhnadh 's ga'r gleidheadh,
Gu'n tig la geal am maireach.

Translation- -

I smoor the fire,
As it is smoored by the Son of Mary,
Blest be the house, blest be the fire,
And blessed be the people all.
Who are those on the floor? Peter and Paul.
Upon whom devolves the watching this night?
Upon fair gentle Mary and her Son.
The mouth of God said, the angel of God tells.
An angel in the door of every house,
To shield and to protect us all,
Till bright daylight comes in the morning.

There is similarly a longer one for going to bed, called the "Bed Blessing;" also hymns for blessing in going with cattle to the shealings, the "Herding Blessing," and the following one is intended to consecrate the seed before putting it in the soil. The person reciting the Consecration Hymn went sun-wise *(deiseil)*, and chanted

"Théid mise mach a chur an t-sìl,
An ainm an Ti a bheir air fàs,
Cuiridh mi m' aodan sa' ghaoith,
Is tilgidh mi baslach an àird."

Translation—

I go forth to sow the seed
In the name of Him who makes it grow.
I will set my face to the wind,
And throw a handful upwards.

The following milking song is secular-superstitious, a croon or a charm combined, intended to soothe the restlessness of a cow that has lost her calf; and the reference in the first verse is to the *Laoicionn* or "Tulchan" substituted for the real calf:—

BANACHAIG NAM BO.

(The milk-maid of the cows).

O, m' aghan! hó m'agh min!
M' aghan crìdh, coir gràdhach,
An ainm an Ard Rìgh,
Gabh ri d' laogh!

An oidhche bha am Buachaille muigh,
Cha deachaidh buarach air boin,
Cha deachaidh geum a beul laoigh,
A caoineadh Buachaille 'chruidh!

Thig, a Mhoire, 's bligh a bhó,
Thig, a Bhrìde, 's comraig i;
Thig, a Chaluim Chille chaoinh,
Is iadh do dhà lainh mu m' bhoin!

Mo bhò lurach, dhubh, bo na h-àiridh
Bò a' bhàthigh! màthair laogh!
Lùban sianain air crodh na tire,
Buarach shiod air m' aghan gaoil!

'S a bhò dhubh sin, 's a bhò dhubh,
'S ionnan galar dhòmhs' is dhuts,'
Thusa caoidh do cheud laogh caoin—
Mise 's m' aona mhac gaoil fo'n mhuir!

Translation—

O, my heifer, ho! my gentle heifer,
My heifer so full of heart, generous and kind,
In the name of the High King
Take to thy calf.

That night the Herdsman was out,
No shackle went on a cow
Nor ceased a low from a calf
Wailing the Herdsman of the flock.

Come, Mary (Virgin), and milk the cow;
Come, Bridget, and encompass her,
Come, Calum Cille, the beneficent,
And wind thine arms around my cow.

My lovely black cow, the pride of the sheiling!
First cow of the byre, choicest mother of calves!
Wisps of straw round other cows of the town land,
But a shackle of silk on my heifer so loved.

Thou black cow! mine own gentle black cow!
The same disease afflicts thee and me;
Thou art grieving for thy beautiful first calf,
And I for mine only beloved son under the sea.

Similarly several operative songs trench closely on being incantations for success in the work on hand. The weird quern and waulking songs do not appear to be altogether free from the taint of incantation.

I. SPELLS AND PREVENTIVE CHARMS.

We shall begin first with the *spells*, or bespelling charms, known in Gaelic as *geasa* or *siana* (signum, blessing). Thereafter we shall consider the healing charms for man and beast. The *geas* or spell is generally wicked; it is the work of an adverse power, and, as a consequence, we cannot get any specimens of this form of incantation with ease. For instance, a spell could be laid on a man going out to shoot, unknown to him, and he would be unsuccessful that day. Such a spell is a *rosad*, and, though the "rosad" still exists among us, we have failed in persuading anybody to reveal it. Of course, the folktales contain bespelling formulæ, for in them the hero or heroine do many wonders by means of spoken words. The favourite form for the folktale spell

is this—"Tha mise 'cur ort mar gheasaibh 's mar chroisibh, 's mar naoidh buaraichean mnatha sìthe siùbhla, seacharain, laochan beag a's meataiche 's a's mi-threòiriche na thu fein a thoirt a chinn, 's nan cluas, 's nan comada beatha diot, mur faigh thu mach, &c." "I lay on you as spells and crosses, and as nine fetters of a fairy, travelling, wandering woman, that a little fellow more timid and more feeble than yourself deprive you of your head, your ears, and your powers of life, unless you discover" or "do," &c.[1]

The *Fath Fithe* spell, which, as already stated, poachers once made use of, and smugglers lately, and now even, find means of escape by, is as follows:—

Fà fithe cuiream ort
Bho chù, bho chat
Bho bhò, bho each,
Bho dhuine, bho bhean,
Bho ghille, bho nighean,
'S bho leanabh beag,
Gus an tig mise rithisd,
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

"A magic cloud I put on thee from dog, cat, cow, horse, man, woman, lad, lass, and little child, till I come again, in name of the" Trinity.[2]
The first two words are the old Faeth Fiada, as now pronounced. This spell rendered the person invisible.

The preventive charm or *sian* is represented by a very famous formula intended to preserve a man from wounding or harm from the time when he left the presence of the charmer till he came back, and it was usually put on those going to battle. Men so protected, for instance, at Culloden, had only to take their plaids off their shoulders and shake out of them the bullets that hit them! It was *the* Sian, *par excellence*, and is as follows:—The charmer and his protege go to a retired spot. Here the recipient of the charm goes on his knees: the charmer lays his hand on his head, and, with eyes shut, he utters the following rhyme, going round him sunwise twice. And he goes round him once anti-sunwise, saying a different rhyme. Both these rhymes, which after much trouble we have been fortunate enough to get, run thus:—Going sunwise, he says—

[1] See Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire, page 346.
[2] Gaelic Society Transactions VIII., p. 127, and XIV., p. 264.

Sian a chuir Moire air Mac ort,
Sian ro' marbhadh, sian ro' lot ort,
Sian eadar a' chioch 's a ghlun,
Sian eadar a' ghlun 's a' bhroit ort,
Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort,
O mhullach do cl inn gu bonn do chois ort :
Sian seachd paidir[1] a h-aon ort,
Sian seachd paidir a dha ort,
Sian seachd paidir a tri ort
Sian seachd paidir a ceithir ort,
Sian seachd paidir a coig ort,
Sian seachd paidir a sia ort,
Sian seachd paidir nan seachd paidir dol deisil ri deagh uarach ort, ga do ghleidheadh bho bheud 's bho mhi-thapadh.

Going anti-sunwise, he says—

Clogaid na slainte mu d' cheann,
Cearcall a' chumhnaint mu d' amhaich,
Uchd-eididh an t-sagairt mu d' bhroilleach.
Ma's ruaig bho 'n taobh-chuil,
Brogan na h-Oigh ga d' ghiulan gu luath.
Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort
Bho mhullach do chinn gu bonn do shail,
Agus sian paidir nan seachd paidir
Dol tuaitheal is deiseil, deiseil is tuaithead,
Gu d' ghleidheadh bho d'chul
Bho luaidh 's bho chlaidheamh,
Bho lot 's bho mharbhadh,
Gu uair is am do bhais.

The person on whom the charm is placed then rises and departs, but the charmist remains standing with eyes shut, and he does not open them till the other is out of sight. The charmed one is safe from death or wounds till the charmist sees him again. The translation is as follows :—

The charm that Mary placed on her son be on you,
Charm from slaying, charm from wounding,
Charm between pap and knee,
Charm between knee and breast on you,

[1] As our informant had it, the word was *eadar*, which, following the analogy of other charms, we have corrected into *paidir*.

Charm of the Three in One on you,
From top of head to sole of foot.
Charm of seven *paters* once on you,
Charm of seven *paters* twice on you,
Charm of seven *paters* thrice on you,
Charm of seven *paters* four times on you,
Charm of seven *paters* five times on you,
Charm of seven *paters* six times on you,
Charm of the seven *paters* of the seven *paters* going sunwise in lucky hour on you, a-keeping you from harm and accident.

Anti-sunwise—

The helmet of Salvation about your head,
The ring of the Covenant about your neck,
The priest's breast-plate about your breast;
If it be retreat on the rear,
The shoes of the Virgin to take you swiftly away.
Charm of the Three in One on you
From crown of head to sole of foot,
And the charm of the pater of the seven paters
A-going anti-sunwise and sunwise, sunwise and anti-sunwise,
To protect you from behind
From lead and from sword,
From wound and from slaying,
Till the hour and time of your death.

The following is a charm to help in the correct interpretation of dreams. The charmer repeats the following, and then the dream is unravelled: —

Chunnaic mi aisling an raoir
'S mi 'nam shuidh air sliabh rath;
Dh' innis Peadar e do Phol
'S thuirt Pol gu'm bu mhath:
Ach breithneachdainn Chriosd ro' Phol
Gu thusa chumail ceart.

I saw a vision last night
And me sitting on a mount of grace:
Peter told it to Paul
And Paul said it was well:
But the judgment of Christ before Paul's
To keep you right.

The following is a charm given by "Nether-Lochaber" as good against the demon of the dust-cloud. "As it swirls along," he says, "as it approaches, you are instantly to close your eyes and mouth as tightly as possible, at the same time turning your back upon it until it has swept by, mentally repeating—for you are not to open your mouth, nor as much as breathe, as long as you can help it—this rhyme :—

Gach cuman is mias is meadar,
Gu Pòl, gu Peadair 's gu Brìde ;
Dion, is seun, is gleidh mi o ole 's o chunnart,
Air a bhealach, 's air a mhullach,
'S air an tulaich ud thall ;
Pòl is Peadair is Brìde caomh !

Which he translates—

Be the care of milk pail, and bowl, and cog
Given to Peter and Paul and Saint Bride ;
Wherever I wander protect me, ye Saints !
Let not evil nor harm me betide ;
Hear me, Peter and Paul, and gentle Saint Bride ![1]

We now come to the spell for prevention of the results arising from the "Evil Eye." The following is a preventive charm to keep the evil eye off one's cows. It is called "Eolas an Torranain," and was got by Mr Carmichael, when he was in Uist. The *torranan*, he explains, was described to him as a flowering plant, growing in rocky hill places, the bloom of which is large and pap-like. The tide is said to affect it, for while the tide flows, it is filled with the "dew of bliss," and dries up again with the ebb. It has to be culled during the flow of the tide, placed under one of the milk pails, and in placing it this charm is repeated three times, making at each time a circle sunwise, with the plant over the vessel :—

Buaineams' thu, thorranain,
Le 'd uile bheannachd 's le 'd uile bhuaidh ;
Thainig na naoi sonais
Leis na naoi earranan
Le buaidh an torranain ;
Lamh Bhride leam !
Tha mi mis gad bhuain.

[1] *Twixt Ben-Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 213.

Buaineams' thu, thorranain,
Le 'd thoradh mara 's tir,
Ri lionadh gun traoghadh,
Le 'd lamhsa, Bhride mhìn,
Colum naomh gam sheoladh,
Odhran caomh gam dhion,
Is Micheil nan steud uaibhreach
'Cur buaidh anns an ni.
Tha mo lus lurach a nis air a bhuain.

Which translates—

Let me pluck thee, Toranman!
With all thy blessedness and all thy virtue,
The nine blessings came with the nine parts,
By the virtue of the Toranman;
The hand of St Bride with me,
I am now to pluck thee.
Let me pluck thee, Toranman!
With thine increase as to sea and land;
With the flowing tide that shall know no ebbing,
By the assistance of chaste St Bride.
The holy St Columba directing me,
Gentle St Odhran protecting me,
And St Michael of high-crested steeds,
Imparting virtue to the matter the while,
My beautous plant is now plucked![1]

II. FOR THE EVIL EYE.

When the "evil eye" has "lain" on any one, there are various means of cure. The most usual is the cure by water off silver; and this cure was effected with or without a rhyme charm. The *modus operandi* with the incantation was as follows:—Coins of gold, silver, and copper are put in a basin full of water. The charmer repeats the *colus* or incantation, and in doing so blows on the water with his breath. The water is then sprinkled on the sufferer. The charm is as follows:—

'S e 'n t-suil a chi
'S e 'n cridhe a smuainicheas,
'S e 'n teanga 'labhras.
'S mise 'n triuir gu tilleadh so ortsa, A.B.,
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

[1] *Twixt Ben-Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 182.

Translated—

'Tis the eye that sees, the heart that thinks, and the tongue that speaks. I am the three to turn this off you, A.B., in the name of the Father, etc.

The charm, apart from the "silver" water, is known as "Eolas a' Chronachaidh," or "Charm for the Reproof," or it may be called "Casg Beum-suil," "Stopping Injury by Eye." John Mackenzie, in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 268, gives the following Gaelic charm for it, saying that during its repetition "the singular operation of filling a bottle with water is carried on, and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid as it was poured into the vessel."

Deanam-sa dhut-sa eolas air suil,
A uchd 'Ille Phadruig naoimh,
Air at amhaich is stad earbuill,
Air naoi conair 's air naoi conachair,
'S air naoi bean seang sith,
Air suil seana-ghille, 's air seadladh seana-mhna :
Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar lhigh,
Mas a suil mhnath' i, i bhi dh' easbhuidh a cich.
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da 'fuil,
Air a ni, 's air a daoine,
Air a crodh 's air a caoraich fein.

Let me perform for you a charm for the evil-eye,
From the breast of holy Gil-Patrick,
Against swelling of neck and stoppage of bowels,
Against nine "Conair" and nine "Conachair,"
And nine slender fairies,
Against an old bachelor's eye, and an old wife's eye.
If a man's eye may it flame like resin,
If a woman's eye may she want her breast :
A cold plunge and coldness to her blood,
And to her goat, to her men,
To her cattle and sheep.

Here is another rhyme given as an Eolas a' Chronachaidh :—

Paidir a h' aon,
Paidir a dha,
Paidir a tri,
Paidir a ceithir,

Paidir a coig,
Paidir a sea,
Paidir a seachd
'S neart nan seachd paidirean a'
sgaoileadh do ghalair air na
clachan glas ud thall.

Which means—

Paters 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
And may the strength of the seven paters
Cast out your disease amidst the gray-stones over by.

In the Maclagan MSS. the following charms are given for the "evil eye":—

Eolus Bheim shul,
le Nic Aoidh

Paidir Mhuire h-aon, &c. Aon suil a thug an aire dhuit, A.B. (person named who is unwell), mar thionndadhas a' ghaoth air a' chnoc, gu tionndadh an olc orra fein. Mar thionndadhas, &c., ri radh tri uaire h-airis.

[Charm for evil eyes, by Miss (?) Mackay. Pater of Mary one, &c. Whatever eye took notice of you, A.B., as the wind turns on the hillock, may their evil turn on themselves. As the wind, &c. (to be repeated three times).]

Eolus a Bheim shuil
le Ann Chaimbeill

Saltruighidh mis air an t-suil mar shaltruigheas Eala ar Tigh nocht. Ta neart gaoithe agam air, ta neart greine agam air, ta neart mhic Ri neamh agus talmhainn agam air. Trian air na clacha glasa—'s trian air a mhuir mhoir as i fein acfuinn as fhearr ga ghiulan. Ann ainm, &c.

[Ann Campbell's charm for evil eye. I will stamp on the eye as the swan on her house to-night. I have power of wind over it, I have power of sun over it, I have power of the Son of the King of heaven and earth over it. One-third on the grey stones—one-third on the great sea, as being more able to bear it. In the name of, &c.]

This last charm is somewhat obscure, and one of the "thirds" is evidently lost.

III. FOR THE DISEASES OF MAN.

Charms were, like the mountebank's medicine, capable of curing all diseases incident to humanity, but each disease required its own special charm. A vast body of such medical literature must have existed, but only a very fragmentary portion can now be recovered. The leading diseases for which we have incantations are the following—we give them in alphabetical order and in non-medical language—Bleeding, Colic, Sore Eyes, Sprain, Strangury, Swelling of the Breast, Toothache, "Fallen" Uvula, Warts and Worms. We shall consider the charms for each of these in the above order, reserving the numerous charms for toothache for a separate section.

Blood-Staunching.

Some people were believed to have a gift or power of stopping bleeding, or indeed flowing of any kind. They could do it by the word of their power, it seems, if we may judge from the stories told. One of the charms made use of, known as *Buaidh Casgadh Fola*, or Power of Staunching Blood, is as follows:—

Tha mise dùnadh an lot so mar dhùn Dia Flaithneas air luchd-gearraidh fuilt agus feusaig air latha na Sàbaid.

Translated: "I am closing this wound as God closed heaven against those who cut hair and beard on the Sabbath day."

In English and other charms, the Biblical character introduced is Christ, and reference is made to his stopping Jordan flood at his baptism, or to the bleeding from his side by Longinus' spear at the crucifixion.

Colic.

This ailment is known either as *Greim Mionaich* (Bowel Seizure), or *Snaim Mionaich* (Knotting of the Bowels); and the *eolas*, or charm for it, required a preliminary story to make its meaning and the cause of its efficiency clear. The story is briefly this: Christ, in escaping once from the Jews, sought refuge in a house, where the goodwife was a believer in him, but the goodman was not. The latter met him outside, and received him grimly, but he entered the house and was hospitably entertained by the wife, who hid him under a covering of *caly an lin*, or beard of flax, in a corner, so that he escaped the search of his foes. In leaving he gave the woman the following *eolas*, both to commemorate her kindness and relieve suffering humanity.

The person suffering from colic has to rub the afflicted part, and as he does so, to repeat the words of the charm, which are :—

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh !
Duine fiat a muigh,
Bean fhial a stigh,
Criosd 'na laighe air calg an lin—
'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.[1]

Which means—

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !
A fierce churlish man without,
A hospitable wife in the house,
Christ a-lying on the beard of flax—
That is a good cure for the spleen.

A less complete form of the charm was got by "Nether-Lochaber,"[2] which after the invocation to the Trinity runs the second and third lines together thus—

Bean fhial, duine dian.

But the last two lines are the same as the above.

Sore Eyes.

We have no fewer than three rhyme charms for opthalmia. The first one which we give was published in *Cuairtear nan Gleann* for July, 1842, and is, with directions for use, as follows :—Take a vessel full of water from a spring, and place therein a silver coin. Repeat the rhyme here given over the water, and thereafter anoint with it the sore eye or eyes repeatedly. The rhyme is entitled "Eolas nan Sul," and is—

Obaidh nan geur shùl,
An obaidh 's feàrr fo'n ghréin ;
Obaidh Dhé, an uile-mhòr.
Féile Mhàiri, fèile Dhé,
Féile gach sagairt 's gach cléir ;
Féile Michael nam feart,[3]
'Chàirich anns a' ghréin a neart.

[1] Gaelic Soc. Trans. VIII., p. 124.
[2] *Inverness Courier*, 20th June, 1872.
[3] For *obaidh*, the *Cuairtear* has the absurd *obie*, which shows that the contributor did not understand the word. Equally funny is the comparison of it by one writer of eminence to *Obi*, a supernatural power claimed by wizards and witches of the West Indies.

Which may be rendered—

A charm for sore smarting eyes,
The best charm under the sun;
The charm of God, the all great.
Beneficence of Mary, beneficence of God,
Beneficence of each priest and each cleric;
Beneficence of Michael, the strenuous,
Who bestowed on the sun its strength.

The following is a cure for the *leamhnud*, or stye in the eye, as sent us by a young man from Sutherlandshire. Repeat the following without once drawing breath :—

Thainig cailleach a Loch-Abair
'Shireadh sgadain a Loch-Bhraoin.
Cha d' iarr i air peighinn
Ach na chumntadh i gun anail—
Sgidear sgadan h-aon, sgidear sgadan dha, sgidear sgadan tri. . . . . sgidear sgadan ceud!

Which means—

A carlin came from Lochaber
To seek herring from Lochbroom.
She did not ask for the penny
But what she could count without drawing breath.
Scatter "sgadan" (herring) one; scatter sgadan, two; . . . . scatter sgadan, one hundred!

A simple form of the above *leamhnud* charm is as follows :— Go on repeating the following words as long as you can without drawing breath :—

Leamhnud h-aon,
Leamhnud dha,
Leamhnud tri,
&c., &c.

which means—

Stye one,
Stye two,
Stye three,
&c., &c.

For fear that any one may think that there really must be some virtue in repeating the numerals as far as one can do it

without drawing breath, that, possibly, the medical principle of "counter-irritation" is here invoked, we hasten to give the following form of the incantation, where the charmer, not the patient, repeats the words. The charmer, pointing at the eye and punctuating his variations with the forefinger, says, without drawing breath, if possible, this :—

Ma thig a h-aon ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh dha ort ;
Ma thig a dha ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh tri ort ;
Ma &c. (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9),
Ma thig naoi ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh deich ort,
Ma thig deich ort,
Gu m' ann nach tig leamhnud ann ad shuil sin
tuilleadh. (A breath allowed).
Ma thig deich ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh naoi ort,
Ma thig naoi, &c. (8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, as long as
breath holds).

The translation is :—

If one (stye) come on you,
May it be that two don't come ;
If two come, may there not come three
(So on till *ten*, where one breath may be
taken, then back again till breath fails),
If ten come on you,
May it be that nine won't come, &c.

The following is a charm given by "Nether Lochaber" in his first book, for sore eyes, which he heads as "Leigheas Sul":—

Luibh Challum Chille agus spèir,
Meamnt agus tri-bhilead corr,
Baimne atharla nach do rug laogh ;
Bruich iad is càirich air brèid,
'S cuir sid rid' shùil aig tra-nòin,
Air an Athair, am Mac agus Spiorad nam gràs,
'S air Ostal na seirce ; bi'dh do shùilean slàn
Mu'n eirich a' gheallach 's mu'n till an làn.

In English, it runs—

(Take of) St Columba's wort and dandelion,
(Of) mint and a perfect plant of marsh trefoil,
(Take of) milk from the udder of a quey
(That is heavy with calf, but that has not actually calved),
Boil, and spread the mixture on a cloth;
Put it to your eyes at noon-tide,
In the name of Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace,
And in the name of (John) the Apostle of Love, and your eyes shall be well
Before the next rising of the moon, before the turning of next flood-tide.

Sprain.

In the introductory section, it was pointed out that charms for sprains are very widespread, and very old among Aryan nations, probably going back so far as the period of the original Aryan race. They exist in much the same form in the ancient Sanskrit, the old German, and the modern Gaelic and Teutonic dialects. The Gaelic incantation for sprain is called "Eolas Sgochadh Feithe," Charm for Sprain of Vein, or "Eolas an t-Sniomh," Charm for Twist or Dislocation. There are many editions of it, but all refer to one original form. The best form is as follows:—The charmer puts a thread into his mouth, repeats the rhyme here given, and then ties the thread round the injured part, where it is left till it falls off itself. The rhyme is—

Chaidh Criosda mach
Sa' mhaduinn mhoich,
'S fhuair e casan nan each,
Air am bristeadh mu seach,
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Agus feith ri feith,
Agus feòil ri feòil,
Agus craicionn ri craicionn,
'S mar leighis esan sin
Gu'n leighis mise so.

Translated—

Christ went forth
In the early morn,
And found the horses' legs broken across.
He put bone to bone,

Sinew to sinew,
Flesh to flesh,
And skin to skin ;
And as He healed that
May I heal this.

The following is a good version of the same charm :—The charmer takes a white (preferably) linen thread between his teeth while repeating the following rhyme ; three knots are to be put on the thread, and then it is wound round the sprained part :—

Dh' eirich Criosd maduinn mhoch,
Is fhuair e casan nan each briste ;
Chuir e smuais ri smuais,
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Chuir e feith ri feith,
Agus mur leighis e sin
Gu leighis e so dhuts'—A.B.[1]

The following version first appeared in *Cuairtear nan Glean*, on the page already cited :—

Chaidh Brìde mach
Air maduinn mhoich
Le càraid each.
Bhris fear ac' a chas.
Chùir e glùn ri glùn,
Is cnàimh ri cnàimh,
Is feith ri feith.
Mar leighis esan sin,
Gu[2] leighis mise so.

St Bride went out at early morn with a pair of horses. One broke its leg. He (sic !) put knee to knee, bone to bone, and vein to vein ; and as he healed that, may I heal this.

A degraded form appears in this one :—

Chaidh Criosd a mach,
Is bhris e chas,
Is fuil r'a fuil,
Feoil r'a feoil,
Cnamh r'a cnaimh,
Alt r'a alt,

[1] The last line means "May he heal this for you—A. B., the preceding part being practically as the first form.

[2] In the *Cuairtear* the *gu* of the last line is misprinted *cha*.

Smior r'a smior
Agus mus d' ràinig e an làr
Bha e slan.
Mar sin bi gu math, A.B.

Another degraded form is this:—

Paidir Mhoire h-aon,
Paidir Mhoire dha,
Paidir Mhoire tri—
Chaidh Criosd air muin as,
'S thug e sniomh dha chas,
'S mu'n d' rainig e an lar
Bha e slàn air ais.

This contains the curious expression, "Pater of Mary"—once, twice, thrice; and the animal mounted is the ass.

It is to some form of this sprain charm that Colonel John Roy Stewart refers in the poem known as his "Prayer." The particular verse meant runs thus:—

Ni mi 'n ubaidh rinn Peadar do Phol
'S a luighean air fàs leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir, 'n ainm sagairt is pàp,
Ga chuir ris 'na phlasd mu 'n cuairt.

Here he offers to perform the charm which Peter did for Paul when he sprained his ankle, viz., seven paters to priest and pope put as plaster around it.

Strangury.

This trouble is known in Gaelic as "Casg-Uisge," or Retention of Water. Charms for its cure are among the oldest Gaelic documents that we have, for magic rhymes calculated to cure it appear in the old Irish MSS., both in Britain and on the Continent. Unfortunately, the only charm that has been procured in these later days is incomplete. It runs thus:—

Triuir a thachair orm a tighinn as an Roimh, ... Peadar agus Pol. 'S e bu dusgadh dhoibh 's iad nan codal suain. . . . . Dh' iarr Moire mhin as aon Iosa Criosda stad a chur le fhuil 's ruith chuir le fhual; 's e 'thighinn gu min gun trioblaid gun strith, mar uisge le gleann.

Three met me coming from Rome
Peter and Paul . . . . .
What awakened them as they slept soundly. . . .
Meek Mary for the sake of Jesus Christ
Desired that a stop should be put to his blood,
And that his urine should run ;
So that it would pass smoothly
Without trouble or distress,
As water down a glen.

Swelling of Breast.

The following is a charm for *At Cich*, Swelling of the Breast, whether in human females or in animals. The directions are as follows :—Find a stone about the size of your fist ; it must be almost buried in the ground in its natural state. Take it out about sunrise, and rub it to the pap or udder ; replace it carefully, and do the same at sunset. In the act of rubbing, repeat the following words :—

An ainm an Athar, a Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh !
Suathadh laimh Chriosd air cioch Mhuire, an Oigh,
Ghrad thraogh an t-at,
Mar sin gun traoghadh a' chlach so thusa !

Which means, after invoking the Trinity—

The rubbing of Christ's hand on the Virgin Mary's breast ;
Quickly allayed the swelling ;
Similarly may this stone abate the swelling for thee !

A general name for such swellings of the breast or of the udder is *Ruaidhe* or *Redness*, which meant a lodging of the milk therein. The following charm is good, again, to cure man or beast :—

Tha eolas agam air an Ruaidhe,
Gur ann air buaidh 's air bliochd,
A chuir Moir' a tonnaibh a cinn,
'S a chuir Brighde a roinn a fuilt :
'Chriosda, faicibh sibhse chioch sin air at :
Gu ma slan a chioch 's gu ma crion an t-at ;
Trian an diugh 's trian am maireach,
'S uile gu leir an earar.

I possess a charm for the Redness,
It is for produce and milk,
Which Mary took from the crown of her head
And Bridget from the shedding of her hair.
Oh ! Christ, see ye *(sic)* that breast swollen :
May the breast be healed and the swelling disappear ;
One-third to-day ; one-third to-morrow ;
And the remainder the day after.

Uvula-"Raising."

The incantation for the "raising of the uvula" was known as *eolas cioch shlugain*, Charm for the Throat-Nipple. The little red, nipple-like sea-weed found in pools of salt water when the tide is out, and called in Gaelic *alltuinn dhearg*, is procured and tied to the crook while the following words are repeated :—"Ann an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, air cioch-shlugain A. B. (person's name)." This is an appeal to the Trinity "for the uvula of A. B."

Warts.

The incantation for warts is exceedingly simple. The person affected is directed to rub the moisture of the mouth or saliva to the wart, and keep saying—

Olla bhidh gum beannaicheach
Air a h-uile gin de na foinneachan.

That is to say—

Oil of food, may thou bless
Each one of the warts.

Worms.

This charm, though evidently not in full, is contemptuously given by Mackenzie in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, and runs thus :—

Mharbhainn dubhag, 's mharbhainn doirbheag,
Is naoi naoinear dhe an sèorsa ;
'S fiolar crion nan casan lionmhor,
Bu mhor pianadh air feadh feòla, &c.

Translated—

I would kill a black one, and I would kill a bad one,
And nine nine ones of their kind ;
And the little nescock of numerous legs,
That causes great pain mid the flesh, &c.

IV. FOR TOOTHACHE.

Toothache is not, as some think, one more case of physical degeneracy entailed upon us by our modern civilisation; for the holed tooth of the British barrow suggests the dental sufferings of our primitive ancestors; nor has the modern savage any immunity from toothache, though he does live "according to nature." There is ample evidence of the prevalence of toothache among the ancient nations, and numerous are the recipes which are found in the medical literature of Greece and Rome. If Marcellus of Bordeaux (circ., 410 A.D.) represents, as the great Jacob Grimm fondly believed, the experience of the Gauls in medical lore, then we may take it that the ancient Celts were past masters in the cure of toothache, whether by drug or charm. The following is the incantation, or *carmen*, with directions as to its use, which Marcellus gives for toothache, and which he says has proved of miraculous benefit in actual experience:—"Luna decrescente, die Martis sive die Jovis; haec verba dices septies, 'Argidam margidam sturgidam.'" This means that in the wane of the moon, on Tuesday or Thursday, you are to say seven times, "Argidam margidam sturgidam." We cannot follow Grimm into the jungle of derivation from Celtic roots, and must leave these three words as meaningless as we found them.

A common method of curing or preventing toothache, which is still in vogue, is as follows:—A skilled, or "skeely," person writes out an incantation on a slip of paper, and gives it to the sufferer from toothache, and he or she keeps this carefully about their person, generally sewn in the inside of their clothing. The following is a quaint description of the whole system, sent us by one who has had experience of it:—"Some men cure toothache in the following way—They write out a line or two on a small slip of paper, and then fold it up, and hand it to the sufferer, who must not on any account open it. If he does, the worse for himself, for the toothache will at once come back. I know a young woman who once got this line. She placed it carefully in the lining of her corset. One day, however, she happened to be washing, and, having neglected to remove the line, she destroyed it in the process of washing this particular article of attire. She told me that the toothache came back like a shot, and she had to give up her washing that day. A second line, she said, would do her no good, and so the toothache ever since has been paying her an unwelcome visit now and then."

The words of the charm thus written on paper are not by any means always in Gaelic, for too often the difficulty of writing the

native tongue prevents this. English and Latin charms are found instead, and one of each we shall now present to our readers. The following very common English charm was lately caught going its round :—

St Peter sat on a new-rolled stone
Weeping and wailing ;
Jesus came by, and said—
What ails you, Peter ?
Oh, Lord, my God, the toothache.
Jesus said, Be healed ;
And whoever will carry
These few lines for My name's sake
Will never feel the toothache.

A Latin form of the same charm is to be found in the Maclagan MSS. The piece of paper on which it is written was in actual use, for it shows the marks and worn corners of the original folding, and makes a neat folded slip of a little over an inch square. The Latin is very barbarous, and shows a royal contempt for grammar, facts which prove that the writer was entirely ignorant of the language which he was transcribing. Mr Maclagan dockets the paper sarcastically thus :—"Eolusan ciallacha cumhachdach !" (Wise, potent charms). The charm is as follows, the *lacuna* near the end being caused by the wearing of the paper :—

"Petrus sedit ex marmorum Lapis Dominus Noster venit et Dixit petrus quid te gravit, petrus respondit dominus Meus Caput et Dentes meos vexant me Dominus Noster Dicat surge petrus salva tu non solum tu sed etiam omnia qui teneant haec mea dicta per virtutem De haec verbis Dominus Noster et in ejus Nomine Dice tuus pestis non moleste te Detri Minius Pratrus."

There are several Gaelic incantations for toothache, and most of them imply the wide-spread belief that toothache is caused by a worm burrowing in, under, or above the tooth. The Gaelic for toothache is *deide*, which is derived from *deud*, a tooth, allied to the Latin *dent* of *dens*, but a commoner word is *cnuimh* or, properly, *croimh*, which in reality means "worm" or "maggot," and is still used in that sense.

The following Middle Irish charm from the Lebar Brecc is interesting as showing the existence of the belief in the *cruimh* or worm among the Gaels of old, and, further, as explaining the

introduction of the idea of *ordag* or thumb in a charm quoted later on. The words run thus :—

Ordu Thomais togaide
i toeb Crist cen chinaid
ron-icca mo déta cen guba
ar chruma is ar idhain
et pater prius et post.

That is to say—

May the thumb of chosen Thomas
in the side of guiltless Christ
heal my teeth without lamentation
from worms and from pangs.
And a Paternoster before and after.[1]

A short and neat charm, which introduces Peter as the sufferer from the *croimh*, runs thus :—

(Bha 'n croimh air Peadar)
Leighis Iosa Peadar, leighis Peadar Pòl,
Leighis Pòl an domhan leis na tri facail
aig Iosa a' leantuinn, "Bi gu math."

Which means—

(Peter had the toothache),
Jesus healed Peter, Peter healed Paul,
Paul healed the world by following the three
words of Jesus, "Be thou well."

The two charms that follow mutually throw light on one another, and they both have a more than ordinary interest attached to their origin. The first charm, which has already been published (untranslated), was taken down some two decades ago by Mr Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, from the recitation of the late Angus Macdonald, the first bard of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and he again had learned it from the Bard Conanach (1780-1832).

[1] The reference to the above I owe to Dr Whitley Stokes. It is published in the *Revue Celtique*, v. 392, by Dr Stokes, who further quotes a Punjabi or Indian charm that implies a similar belief. The *beist*, however, in the latter case is the weevil, which is supposed to eat into decayed teeth and make them black. The charm tells the black weevil that it will die by the blessing of Shikh Farid, "the Teacher Saint, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, Foh! Foh! Foh!"

We may hence understand the completeness of the charm, which is as follows :—

Seachd paidir a h-aon,
Seachd paidir a dha
Seachd paidir a tri,
Seachd paidir a ceithir,
Seachd paidir a còig
Seachd paidir a sia
Seachd paidir a seachd.
An orra rinn Muire mhin
Do Phadruig uasal aluinn,
Air chroimh, air cheann, air chinn,
Air ruaidh', air at, air arraing.
Thuirt Abraham ri Iosa Criosd
'S iad a' falbh air sliabh Bheitris,
"Cha'n urrainn mise coiseachd
No mairceachd leis an deideadh."
Thuirt Iosa Criosd ri Abraham :
"Cha bhi chroimh sin anns a cheann sin :—
Mach an deideadh ! mach an deideadh !"
Da uair an deigh cheile.
Fios air neamh is fios air talamh,
Fios aig do righ air do ghalar ;
Croimh is deideadh chuir fo'n talamh.
Seachd paidir a h-aon,
Seachd paidir a dha,
Seachd paidir a tri,
Seachd paidir a ceithir,
Seachd paidir a còig,
Seachd paidir a sia,
Seachd paidir a seachd,
Neart nan seachd paidir
Rinn Muire mhor a Dhe nan dul,
Do'n chleireach naomh, cur do dhonas is do dhòlas
Air a' chlach ghlas ud thall,
'S air buidheann na h-eucorach !

The translation of this is—

Seven paters one,
Seven paters two,
[So 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7].
The incantation that Mary the Meek made
For Patrick, the noble and beauteous,
Gainst toothache and soreness of head and bone,
'Gainst erysipelas, swelling, and stitch.

Abraham said to Jesus Christ
As they walked on the slope of Bethris:
"I have not the power of walking
Or of riding because of toothache."
Said Jesus Christ to Abraham:
"Toothworm will not be in that head;
Out the toothache! out the toothache!"
Twice repeated after other.
Known in Heaven, known on earth,
Known to thy King is thy disease,
Toothworm and toothache to be placed under earth.
Seven paters one,
[2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7].
May the strength of the seven paters
That Mary the Mighty made to the God of the Elements,
For the holy cleric, put thy evil and pain
On the grey stone over yonder
And on the workers of wrong!

Such, then, is the first of the two parallel charms. The second one comes from Kishorn, famed in the *Ordnance Gazetteer* as having given a toothache charm to the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh. The instructions and words of our charm are as follows:—A stick of hazel wood, some five inches long and pointed at one end, is to be kept between the teeth while the following words are repeated (the charmer performing first to teach the sufferer how to act and speak)—

Ramm rinn Brìd mhìn
Do Phadruig uasal, an ard righ,
Air ruaidhe, air at, air arraing.
Ordag Pheadair, agus ordag Phòil
Sgaras a' chneidh bho 'n chnàimh;
Ordag Mhic Dhé air neamh
Leighis gach deud-chneidh.

Thubhairt Abraham ri Iosa Criosd nach b' urrainn e coiseachd na marceachd leis an deud-chneidh. Thubhairt Iosa Criosd ri Abraham air an t-sliabh cheudna nach biodh du or ud san aon ceann leis an deud-chneidh.

[1] See Gaelic Society Transactions Vol. VIII. p. 125

Which means—

The rhyme that Bridget the Meek made
For Patrick, the noble high King,
'Gainst erysipelas, swelling and stitch.
Thumb of Peter and Thumb of Paul
That will separate the ache from the bone ;
The thumb of the Son of God in heaven
That can cure every tooth-pain.

Abraham said to Jesus Christ that he could not walk or ride because of the tooth-pain. Jesus Christ said to Abraham on the same hill slope (Bethris ?) that there would not be further pain in that head from toothache.

This second charm is manifestly incomplete in some points, but doubtless it has been equally as efficacious as the fuller one handed down from the Bard Conanach !

Here is another Kishorn toothache charm, received, as so many of these have been, from my good friend Mr Don. Kennedy. The swelling of the face and the rare but possible breaking through the cheek of the purulent matter, and the erysipelas and such complications consequent on toothache in the upper teeth, doubtless gave rise to the idea of a worm travelling from the tooth and coming out at any point about the head. There is a Gaelic name for this worm ; it is called "An Deudag Bheist"—the tooth beast or worm. The following is an elaborate charm calculated to kill the worm and allay all swelling of the head and toothache. The charmer lays his hand on the part where the pain is and says :—

Iarum do cheann, ainmheimeach,
Bior ad carball a tholladh d' ainmheinn !
Dh' orduich Righ neimh do mharbhadh ;
Gu'n tilleadh Criosd urchas
'S gach aon bheist ann an so ;
Air an fhealan [1] dhubh,
Air an fhealan dhonn,
Air an an fhealan uaine ;
Fear dubh goisneach, fear fionn fada, donn lotaidh ;
Ma tha iad a mnigh, gu'n dol a stigh,
Ma tha iad a stigh, gu'n dol a mach,
Ach iad a lobhadh, 's a bhrothadh, 's a chnàmhadh
'san fheoil 'sam beil iad.

[1] For *fhealan*, the word we got was *eala* (swan), which we have corrected according to analogy with other charms.

Aon 's a dha air a' bheist,
Aon 's a tri air a' bheist,
Aon 's a ceithir air a' bheist,
Aon 's a còig air a bheist,
Aon 's a sia air a' bheist,
Aon 's a seachd air a' bheist.
Aon 's a h-ochd air a' bheist,
Aon 's a naoi air a' bheist,
Naoi 's a h-ochd air a' bheist,
A h-ochd 's a seachd air a bheist,
Seachd 's a sia air a' bheist,
Sia 's a còig air a' bheist,
Còig 's a ceithir air a' bheist,
Ceithir 's a tri air a' bheist,
Tri 's a dha air a' bheist,
Dha 's a h-aon air a' bheist !

Translated—

Iron in thy head, ill-disposed one,
A spit in thy tail to spike thy evil work !
The King of heaven ordered thy killing !
May Christ turn back malady
And each worm that is here ;
'Gainst the black nescock,
'Gainst the brown nescock,
'Gainst the green nescock,
The dark hairy one, the white long one, brown
wounding one ;
If they are outside, may they not go in ;
If they are inside, may they not go out,
But rot, slough, and decay in the flesh in which
they are.
One and two against the worm,
One and three against the worm.
[And so 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9].
Nine and eight against the worm,
Eight and seven against the worm.
[And so back again to *one*].

Such is the charm against *An Deuday Bheist*, the travelling tooth-worm.

We shall end this section on toothache charms by quoting two incantations connected with two wells in the north. In North Uist, at the foot of a rugged mountain, called Mairrbhol, there is

a well that cures toothache, to which offerings of coins, rings, pins, &c., are made, these being deposited in or about the well. The sufferer from toothache drinks of the water and repeats the following formula :—

Tha mise a' cromadh sios an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, agus mi dol a dh' fhagail cràdh mo chinn anns an tobar nach traogh a chaoidh.

That is to say—

I am a-bending down in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and a-going to leave the pain of my head in the fount that will not fail for ever.

This well, we are assured, unfailingly cures toothache ; but it is a far cry to North Uist, and it is with some pleasure we record that Aultbea has a further claim to be the terminus of the new railway, inasmuch as it possesses a well which "cures the toothache wonderfully." The particular spot where the well is is at Slaggan, near Aultbea. One goes to the well, and selects a stone near it covered with moss *(crotal)*. He then takes from the well a mouthful of water, which he must not swallow, but he goes to the moss-covered stone with it, removes the moss, pours the water from his mouth on the spot, and, in replacing the moss, says :—

Uisge Domhnaich 'muigh,
Croimh is deide 'stigh.

Which means—

Out is the holy water,
In is the toothache.

That is to say, the water goes out from the mouth, and the toothache is shut up under the moss and into the stone !

V. FOR ANIMALS.

Charms and magic rhymes existed in great numbers, calculated to prevent or cure the diseases incident to the animals about the farms and holdings, and more especially for the cure of the cows. One preventive charm for the "Evil Eye" was given in section one—the "Torranan Spell." The following spell was intended to stop the barking of dogs as one approached the farm-house. It was especially important for thieves and cattle-lifters that the voice of the watch-dog should not give the alarm to the inmates that, under the safe cover of night, the thief was creeping up to the buildings.

A spell to quieten the faithful dog under these circumstances, or indeed to stop dogs barking under any conditions of annoyance, occurs in the Maclagan MSS., and is here reproduced for the first time. It is written on a scrap of paper somewhat carelessly, and the meaning is a little obscure. The Gaelic is given here as it stands in the MS. The title runs thus:—

Ubag a chasgadh coin o thabhan,
No a Ghlas-ghairm.

(Incantation for stopping a dog from barking, or the lock-cry), The words run thus: —

Co e 'm Baile so romhain ?
Ta Baile nan gaimhne.
Na gaireadh na coin no gu'n gaireadh na gaimhne.
Tri ceothan & ceothan crith,
Bheir air a chrobh cothartaich & air an Talamh ugh pluib & cothart coin.
Ta mi guidheadh air Riogh nan Dul na ta nad shuil a bhi ain mo theanga.

Which may mean this:—

What is this farm before us ?
This is the farm of the stirks.
Let the dogs cry (crow) not till the stirks cry.
Three mist-showers and mist-showers with tremor,
Which will make the cattle bark and the earth egg-plump and dog-bark.
I pray the King of the Elements that what is in thine eye be on my tongue.

The obscure words are *gaireadh*, which in the modern language means "crowing," *ceothan*, *ceothan crith*, and *ugh pluib*, where the reading of the *u* in *ugh* is not absolutely certain, nor of the *n* in *shuil*, which could be read as *a*.

Passing from this difficult charm, we come to incantations for the difficulties and ailments incident to cattle. And first come the

MILKING SPELLS.

Milk-maids have been wont in many places to sing to their cows in the process of milking. These croons or lullabies are called in the Isles "Taladh Nam Banachag," the Lullaby of the Milk-maids. They vary in tone and measure to suit the different actions of

milking, and the cows in some cases get so accustomed to them that they won't give their milk without them, even insisting on favourite airs. Mr Carmichael, in his Uist Hymns, has brought one or two of these characteristic croons together. There is but one step between these songs and the charms which we are now to deal with. It is, for instance, troublesome to make a cow, on her first calf, to give the milk to the milk-maid without the calf. The following charm is intended to overcome this difficulty.

To make a Cow give the Milk.

Let the dairy-maid get the leg or shank bone of a swan; then let her catch, in the name of the Trinity, each teat and draw the milk finely through the bone, saying, as she does so, the following:—

Deothal na ba air an laogh,
Deothal an laoigh air a bhainne;
Feadan caol troimh lorg eala,
Air a tharruing le oigh chiallach, chamnach;
Thoir-sa 'm bainne gu rianail, toileach;
An ainm an Athar, &c.

That is to say—

The sucking of the cow on the calf,
The sucking of the calf on the milk;
A tiny spoutlet through a swan's shank,
Drawn by a prudent, pretty maid;
Give thou the milk orderly and willingly;
In the name of, &c.

The following is another spell having the same object in view—that is, to make a cow give her milk after being deprived of her calf. It has been already published by Mr W. Mackenzie, and he calls it

Eolas air Sealmachas.

It is as follows:—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum Cille
Dh' aona bho na caillich
Air Thabhairt a' bhainne
'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh,
Bho feithean a droma
Gu feithean a tarra,

'S bho fheithean a tarra
Gu feithean a dà thaobh,
Bho bhun a da chluaise
Gu smuais a da leise ;
Air thabhairt a' bhainne
Air mharbhadh d' a laogh.

Translated :—

The charm that Columba wrought
For the only cow of the old wife,
For the giving of the milk
After the killing of her calf,
Be from the veins of her back
To the veins of her belly,
From the veins of her belly
To the veins of her side,
From the roots of her two ears
To the joints of her two thighs :
For the giving of the milk
After the killing of her calf.

CATTLE DISEASE.

From these spells we now pass to the cure of and charms for various cattle diseases. We begin with two general charms, calculated to cure any cattle disease at all. The first, with *modus operandi*, is as follows :—Should any more of the cattle die, open the first beast, take out the liver, lungs, and heart, and put them in a bag. Carry this across the first burn, on the neighbouring estate, and there bury it. While crossing the stream for this purpose, repeat this rhyme :—

Fhir a shéid a' ghaoth o dheas,
Tog leat an t-earchall so thar an eas ;
Tog leat a mhi-dhùrachd
Dh' ionnsuidh 'n taobh as an d'thainigte leis.

Which means :—

Thou that makest the south winds blow,
Take this disease across the water ;
Take away with Thee this ill-wish
To the quarter whence it was brought.

The second general charm belongs to Mr Carmichael's excellent collections of Island superstitions, and is published in "Nether-Lochaber."[1] The charm can be used for disease of man or beast, and in the latter case, a worsted thread is tied round the tail, the thread having undergone much mysterious spitting, handling, and "incantating," by the woman from whom it is got. The following *rann* or spell is muttered over it at the time of its "consecration" :—

Rann Leigheas Galar Cruidh.

Criosd' is Ostail is Eoin,
An triuir sin is binne gloir,
A dh-èirich a dheanadh na h-òra,
Roimh dhorus na Cathrach,
No air glun deas De Mhic.
Air na mnathan mur-sbuileach,
'S air na saighdean sitheadach ;
Dithis a lasachadh alt agus gan adbachadh
Agus triur a chuireas mi an urra riu sin,
An t-Athair, 's am Mac 's an Spiorad Naomh ;
Ceithir ghalara fichead an airnibh duine 's beathaich,
Dia 'gan sgriobadh, Dia 'gan sguabadh,
As t-fhuil, as t-fheoil 's ad' chnàimh 's ad' smuais ;
'S mar a thog Criosd 'meas air bharra gach crann,
Gun b' ann a thogas E dhiot-sa
Gach sùil, gach gnù 's gach farmad,
O'n la an diugh gu latha deireannach do shaoghail. Amen.

In English—

A Healing Incantation for Diseases in Cattle.

Christ and his Apostle and John,
These three of most excellent glory,
That ascended to make supplication
Through the gateway of the city,
Fast by the right knee of God's own Son.
As regards evil-eyed [lit. wall-eyed] women ;
As regards swift-speeding elf-arrows ;
Two to strengthen and renovate the joints,
And three to back (these two) as sureties—
The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost ;
To four-and-twenty diseases are the reins of man and beast (subject) ;

[1] Page 202.

God utterly extirpate, sweep away, and eradicate them
From out thy blood and flesh, thy bones and marrow,
And as Christ uplifted its proper foliage
To the extremities of the branches on each tree-top,
So may He uplift from off and out of thee
Each (evil) eye, each frowning look, malice, and envy,
From this day forth to the world's last day. Amen.

The first ailment in the order of the alphabet which we shall take up is—

Failure in Chewing the Cud.

A cow may lose the power or inclination of chewing its cud, and, to cure it, we must first know the name of the cow. Let us say the name is *Odhrag* or the *Dun*. Then, as it lies on the ground, the "wise" person says :—

Odhrag, mu dh' ith thu fiar naoi gleann nan naoi criochan,
Odhrag, éirich is enàmh do chirean.

(Dun cow, if thou hast eaten the grass of the nine glens of nine bounds, Dun one, arise and chew thy cud.)

Therewith give the beast a slap, and get her on her legs, and she will be all right.

The Mumps.

The mumps in cattle is called in Gaelic the "Poc dubh." The person who could work the cure by a charm went straddle-ways over the beast's back and said :—

Eolas air a' phoc,
Eolas air a' phoc,
Eolas air a' phoc,
Mur bhitheas tu beo, bithidh,
'S mur bi, leig leat,

(Knowledge of the mumps, &c. ; if thou wilt live, thou wilt live ; if not, why then go.)

The concluding ceremony is the same as in the last case.

The Ruaidhe or Milk-Redness.

The lodging of the milk in the breast of a woman or in the udder of a cow was cured by charms, as well as by other superstitious means. The charms have already been given, in the case of human ailments, in the third section. They are the same for cattle.

The Tairbhean.

This disease in cattle appears to answer to colic in human beings. It was often brought on by eating too much grass. The charms for it are numerous, but they are clearly one version of some primitive copy. The notion underlying them is that the *tairbhean* is a worm, and one correspondent tells us that indeed there are two kinds of *tairbhean*—male and female. The one is cured by striking the animal with the right brace or shoulder strap in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; the other is cured by the following charms. The following is the version of the charm given by Mr W. Mackenzie :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
Dh' aona mhart na caillich ;
Bha cas Chalum Chille sa' churachan
'S a chas eil' air tir :—
"A thairbhein, a thainig thar chuan
'S o bhun na talmhainn fada thall—
Air mhial, air bhalg,
Air ghalar dearg.
A lughdachadh do bhuilge,
'S a mharbhadh do mhial,
A mharbhadh fiolan fionn,
A mharbhadh fiolan donn,
A mharbhadh biast do leann,
A mharbhadh an tairbhein,
Gu'm faigh thu leasachadh—
Aghachain tog do cheann."

Which means—

The charm that Columba wrought
For the old wife's only cow ;
Columba's one foot was in the boatie
And the other on land :—
"Thou *tarvan*, that camest over sea
And from the foundations of the earth far beyond—
Against worm (beast), against swelling,
Against the red disease.
To reduce thy swelling,
And to kill thy worm,
To kill the white nescock,
To kill the brown nescock,

To kill the worm in thy bile,
To kill the *tarvan*,
May thou get relief—
Dear cow, raise thine head."

St Columba and his *curach* is introduced into the following version of it lately picked up at Aultbea :—

Paidir [1] Mhoire a h-aon,
Paidir Mhoire dha,
Paidir Mhoire tri,
Mu sheachd paidrichean agus mu sheachd uairean.
Ceithir Feath Fiadh [1] fichead eadar da shlinnean na ba,
Leth dhiubh sin air 'n toir dho 'n chridhe
Agus an leth h-eile dho na h-airnean
Cas air muir 's cas air tir
Agus cas eile sa' churachan :
At eadar bian agus sithionn ;
Gu'm beannachadh Dia a' bho is na tha 'na corp,
Agus gu'n toireadh E leigheas dhi bho 'n tairbhean.

The above may be translated :—

Pater of Mary one, two, three !
The seven Paters and seven times !
Four and twenty *Feth Fia* (magic clouds or rhymes) between the two shoulders of the cow ;
Half of these to be given for the heart,
And the other half for the kidneys.
One foot on sea, one foot in the *curach*.
Swelling between skin and flesh.
May God bless the cow and what is in her body,
And grant her cure from the *tarvan*.

The following is a Glen-Moriston version of the same charm :—

Ni mi 'n obaig a rinn Calum-Cille
Do dh' aon bho na caillich—
Air a bhulg 's air a bhalg,
'S air a' ghalair dhearg 's air an tairbhean.
Bristidh mise 'm builgean,
'S marbhaidh Moire 'mhialag

[1] As the reciter had these words *Paidir Mhoire* sounded *Peadar Moire*, and *Feath Fiadh* was *Feith Fiar*.

I shall perform the charm
Performed by St Columba
For the old woman's one cow
For swelling and blisters,
The erysipelas and dropsy *(tarvan)*.
I shall burst the swelling
And St Mary will kill the worm.

In the *Courier* of June 20th, 1872, "Nether Lochaber" gives a version of the above charm which presents nothing characteristic; but the learned author explains the *tairbhean* as an incubating skin worm, a view which is contrary to the general conception of what the *tairbhean* is.

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29th APRIL, 1891.

Mr Thomas Boyd, bookseller, Oban, was elected a member of the Society at this meeting. The paper for the evening was contributed by the Rev. Adam Gunn, Durness, entitled, *Durness from the Earliest Times*. Mr Gunn's paper was as follows:—

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

The story I have resolved to tell you is a long one, and it has never been told consecutively before. I am free therefore to choose my own method in telling the tale; and I intend, above all, that the method will be simple.

Like everything else in this world, the beginning is surrounded with darkness, and the end is not yet; and the value of all attempts of this kind is measured by the success with which the clouds of antiquity are removed, and the past is made to yield its hidden story. Whether we have, or have not, as yet entered upon the latter days I know not; but certain it is, that in no period in our world's history were such attempts made to become acquainted with the early days as in ours. In almost every branch of scientific inquiry, there are two sets of workers—one eagerly surveying the future in quest of new discoveries, another laboriously sifting the past for the sake of eliminating the golden grains of truth which lie buried in the rubbish. The early history of our native land is being subjected to the most thorough and minute analysis; the geologist is busy with pick and hammer in giving our rocks and mountain-chains a tongue; the topographist,

with a livelier imagination and a more sanguine hope of success, learns the history of the past in the place-names of the present; while the archæologist furnishes his quota from the archives of Universities and the charter-chests of kings. Surely when all the sciences are thus in travail, it is not too much to expect that the product of the future will be something marvellous; that we are on the eve of some great discovery which will change our ways of life and raise us yet another stage in the scale of being.

I.—THE ABORIGINES.

As yet indeed the past history of our own land is made to tell its tale but stubbornly; for a dense cloud hangs over the early movements of man everywhere. Far back as we can go with any degree of certainty we find a race in our island-home anterior to our Celtic forefathers; a small-boned, black-haired, puny race of men who lived in the winter months in caves, and in wattled huts in summer. These were not our ancestors, though I should hesitate to say that we are altogether free from all traces of this pigmy race. They are made to speak a language which philologists in the main identify as Iberian; and the student of place-names finds this language often a convenience by relegating to this unknown tongue any word which he cannot otherwise decipher. The part they played in our early history is hidden from our view by the mists of antiquity; for they possessed the land at a time when the lion and tiger prowled in jungles over spots where stately domes now rear their heads. Their ways of life were rude and primitive; without flocks or herds, without skill or union, theirs was the pure barbaric life which is content with the present fare, and is careless of the future. They made little impression upon the wildness of nature around them; for they knew not how to "subdue the earth and make it fruitful," and by the working of that inexorable law, the survival of the fittest, they were destined soon to give way to a healthier, braver, stouter race. But have they left any traces behind them—any footprints to show the way by which they have travelled? Traces of their occupation indeed are few; besides one or two idioms in the Celtic language which are not of Aryan origin, and some half-dozen words which may find their explanation in this old tongue, we have no literary remains of this pre-historic race. There are, however, other monuments of antiquity in our midst which may, very possibly, be the work of this early tribe. These are the underground dwellings scattered over the land from the southernmost country in Scotland to

Maeshow, in Orkney. These abodes are sometimes large and roomy; and the probable theory is that they were made to accommodate, during the storms of winter or the dangers of war, the leading families of these wandering savages. It is interesting to note that one of the largest in the land is in this Parish—on the western shore of Loch Eriboll, the demensions of which, as given in the Old Statistical Account, are 40 feet long, 6 feet high by 6 feet wide.

But there is another witness which may be cited in discussing questions of antiquity to whose evidence the greatest weight is due—I mean *superstition*. Highland superstition is in itself a subject of profound interest; and a thorough examination of its contents is being made to yield astonishing results. In this field of inquiry a foremost place is taken by a prominent member of your own Society; and to us in the far North it is satisfactory to observe that a large amount of material is contributed by Sutherlandshire. Now of all the superstitions which our ancestors have bequeathed to us, none holds its ground so firmly as our belief in the existence of *fairies*; and I feel sure that our conceptions regarding them are due in a great measure to the character of the race we are now discussing. Take for example the leading characteristics of Highland fairies. We find them, all in all, a rather harmless race of beings—small men, dwelling in cavities of the earth, much inclined to music and feasting, and taking very little interest in what passes above ground. How and why have our ancestors come to believe in the existence of such beings? There must have been some reason for it, for beliefs of this kind do not rise spontaneously in the human mind. Now, it is something to know, in view of this belief, that once upon a time there were actually little men prowling in our forests who neither toiled nor spun; who lived upon roots of the earth, fish of the stream, and product of the chase. When the large-limbed, warrior Celts poured in hordes across the Channel, centuries before the Christian era, these insignificant tribes retreated before them into the denser parts of the forest, hiding themselves by day in their underground dwellings, and appearing only at night to secure the necessaries of life. It is no wonder that our heathen ancestors should look upon them as supernatural beings. Their movements were of the most uncertain kind; their ways of life mysterious. When the ancient Caledonian had chased the prey too far into the forest, and found himself unable to retrace his steps, we may suppose him looking out for a resting-place for the night, on some green knoll where he might stretch

his weary limbs in safety till the break of day. But no sooner has he laid his head on the greensward pillow, than he is startled to hear the sounds of music, issuing he knows not whence. He strains both eyes and ears to ascertain the cause; and, at last, pressing his head closer to the ground, he finds to his dismay that it proceeds from the bowels of the earth. For him there is no more rest that night. In the early morning he narrates his tale to a group of awe-struck listeners, and it loses none of its weirdness in the telling. In some such scene as this may we find the little stream arising, which during the roll of centuries has expanded into a broad majestic river.

We are not, however, to suppose that our ancient Caledonian escaped on all occasions so happily. There is a wide spread belief in the deadly efficacy of the *saighead-sithich* (fairy arrow), which seems to point to an opposite conclusion. Numbers of these are to be found embedded in our Highland moors; and in quarters where the fairies yet hold a precarious footing, they prove as deadly as ever. Thus it is that when a cow or horse drops dead suddenly, it is the work of some envious fairy, bent upon destruction. There can be no doubt that once upon a time human life was far from safe in the heart of a Caledonian forest, and to ascribe the work of death to beings of another order was only natural, when the hand that drew the bow was invisible.

II.—THE CULDEE MISSIONARIES.

How long this early tribe managed to preserve their separate existence in the presence of the ever-increasing Celt, history does not record. It is the way with all aborigines to die a natural death; and if we were to cast about for a stage of civilisation representing them in the zenith of their power, we should find it in the pigmies of Central Africa, while the Australian Maori would furnish us with a parallel of their gradual decay. It is very probable that not a trace of them could be found when our northern shores began to be threatened by the Norse invaders.

But before the Norse invasion took place, strangers of a gentler mien found their way to far Cape Wrath. These were the Culdee missionaries from the monastery of Iona. Fired with apostolic zeal, they carried the truths of Christianity far and wide, and effected settlements among the islands and on the western sea-board at a very early date. Nor did they rest content here. Some of these early pioneers sailed in their wattle-curraghs to the Orkney Isles, while others, crossing the mainland, found their

way to the Continent, and became the scribes of the Continental monasteries. In this way it happens that for the literary remains of the Culdee Missionaries we must look rather to the records of the religious houses on the Continent than to those of our own land. Their chief work there was that of transcribing the Gospels in the Latin tongue; but a gloss here, and a marginal entry there, in the Gaelic language, reveal the nationality of the scribe. There is every reason to believe that each monastery in our own land took care to possess a written record of its history, although hardly a trace of these can now be found. The Norsemen made it a special part of their mission to desecrate and destroy the religious houses.

But there was one record which it defied them to efface. That is the topographical; and by means of it we can form a good idea of the movements of these Christian pioneers. About two years after landing in Iona Columba found himself face to face with King Brude on the banks of the Ness. The object of his visit was political—to secure leave to preach the Gospel among the Northern Picts. This was granted; and under royal auspices the work of propaganda was fairly begun. Their method seems to have been as follows:—They first of all selected a suitable spot for an establishment, on which they built their bee-hive cells. They next turned their attention to agriculture, for the monastery must be self-supporting; and judging from the sites still discernible it is clear that in the work of selection they manifested considerable skill. They were in this way a colonising as well as a Christianising power. Some years would thus be spent in settling themselves in their new quarters—gradually gaining a knowledge of the surrounding country, and, in the extreme North at anyrate, a knowledge of the language. With regard to the south-western part of Scotland, where the Dalriadic colony had previously settled, it is likely that the Culdees would not require an interpreter. But in the North it was different; and Columba required the services of an interpreter both in his negotiations with King Brude, and in the conversion of the Skye Chieftain Art-branman. The chief opposition they had to encounter came from the Druid, whose power waned in exact proportion to their success. The chieftain would soon discover that he had nothing to fear, but a good deal to gain from the residence and influence of those holy men of God (Ceile-De); and as a rule he left them unmolested. Not so, however, the Druid. It was to him a matter of life or death; and there can be no doubt that ancient Caledonia was once the scene of that cruelty, treachery and bloodshed which we find described

in the graphic pages of Paton, Hannington, and Mackay of Uganda. In the Parish of Durness Balnacille was selected for the site of the monastery, and from thence derives its name. It is a beautiful land-locked bay with Farrid Head stretching out to the East, and the bold cliffs of Cape Wrath sheltering it from the gales of the Atlantic. For purposes of agriculture no spot in the Parish can compete with it—a fact which is sufficiently vouched for when it is stated that in modern times it has been converted into a sheep farm. No small part of its beauty is due to a long stretch of pearly white sands which, in the glow of sunset, combine with the blue and green on either side to make a lovely landscape.

This of Balnacille was one of the earliest Culdee settlements in Sutherland. No place was better adapted for a centre from which to evangelize the surrounding country. In their light skiffs of wattle and cow-hide, they could visit in a few hours their brethren on the Eilean-nan-naomh, to the east, or penetrate for miles into the interior, along the banks of Loch Eriboll. The tribes they came to Christianise paid little attention to the arts of peace. Their hands were more accustomed to the use of the bow and spear than to that of the plough and mattock. But a change soon began to make itself evident. In the course of time the young became educated, and old Christianised. A reign of peace ensued, and the face of the country showed signs of civilisation. For two hundred years Balnacille was the centre of light and learning; hamlets grew and multiplied in the vicinity of the Monastery, and the cultivation of the soil took the place of the excitement of the chase. Hoary-headed warriors laid by the spear and battle-axe, and took up the spelling-book; while the village maiden forbore to sing the war-like odes of Ossian when they were introduced to the gentler productions of the Christian muse in the hymns of St Patrick and the Amra of Columcille.

III.—THE NORSE INVASION.

But a change was at hand. That scourge of early Celtic Christianity—the Norse invaders—broke loose upon our Scottish shores, and for three centuries enveloped the land in heathen darkness. At first they came in quest of booty and plunder, and seized upon the treasures of the religious establishments with avidity. Nothing escaped their ravages; three times in succession was the lamp of Iona extinguished, and the lesser monasteries of the sea-coast shared the same fate.

The shores of Caithness and Sutherland, from their proximity to the Orkney Isles, were early infested with these ruthless

pirates. Pagans themselves, they had no scruples in making the monasteries their prey, and what they could not carry away with them they subjected to the fire and sword. In this way the labour of years was undone, and the history of the early Celtic Church abruptly closed.

At first these raids were only occasional and of short duration, but after a time they became more frequent, until at last permanent settlements were effected in convenient situations. The place-names of our parish show the completeness of its subjugation to the foreign power; and the traditional tales so common about a century ago about the "fleets of Lochlin" preserved almost to our own time the records of their invasion. With the single exception of Balnacille, all the principal place-names are Scandinavian, such as Eriboll (township of the pebble), Sango (sand-goe), Keoldale (kyle and dale), Smoo, Kerwick, Cape Wrath (Horaf), and the latter part at any rate of the parish name, Dur-ness.[1] In connection with the nomenclature, it is a noticeable and significant fact that the most fertile places generally bear a Scandinavian name, while the more rugged and least accessible portions preserve the old Celtic.

We may rest assured that settlements were not effected without a severe struggle with the native population. The many *tumuli* which are met with so frequently on the north coast are ascribed by tradition to this period, and point out the battle-fields of the contending parties. If we look upon the ninth century as the *incubating* period of the Norse invasion, we are left with the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries as the period of occupation. During this period active hostilities would cease, and a certain

[1] Various etymologies have been given of the name of the parish:—

(*a*) Deer-ness—Promontory of the deer. Lord Reay's deer forest is here. This would make it Norse.

(*b*) Dörruin-ness; G. and N.—Point of storms.

(*c*) Dobar-ness; G. and N.—Point of the water; peninsula.

(*d*) We are not satisfied with any of the above and we venture another, with reasons:—

1. The principal township in the vicinity of the Monastery is *Dúrine*; Gaelic, *an dùbh-rinn*, with the accent sunk on the first syllable; we have also a similar village named Lerin; Gaelic, *an leth'rinn*.
2. Both terms describe well the physical characteristics of the places so called—the black point; the half-point. Durine soil is black; the rest of the parish, light and sandy; the article shows we ought to look for the origin in the
3. Gaelic. The Norsemen took the name of the principal township, and, not knowing the force of *rinn point*, sharpened it still more in his own way, and made it *Duriness*.

fusion of the hostile races would take place. We read that on one occasion a peace was concluded at Carn-righ, an eminence overlooking Durness, between Sweyn, King of Norway, and Malcolm II. of Scotland.

The effects of this occupation are traceable in the place-names, in the language, and in the moral and physical characteristics of the people. I have on a former occasion tried to estimate the influence of the Norse language upon the Gaelic of Sutherland, and already referred to its effect on the topographical record. What we owe to the Norseman in the physical and moral spheres can never be ascertained with certainty; but that a blending of the races took place is absolutely certain. To them are due the light, sandy hair, the blue eye, and the powerful imagination which characterise the native population of the North Coast; and judging from the adventurous spirit, ready tact, and sanguine temperament of the people of this Parish it would seem as if they could lay claim to a more than average share of the blood of the Vikings.

It would be interesting to know the conditions of life which obtained in Sutherlandshire under Norse rule. We may gather a few facts bearing on this from the pages of Torfaeus, but they are exceedingly meagre. Reference has already been made to the peace established in Ard-Durness—which is by mistake located in Strath-Naver; and we further learn from the same source that Alexander, King of Scotland, took Sutherland from Magnus II., Earl of Orkney in 1231, which until then was reckoned part of the Orkney Earldom. It is likely that along the sea-coast a bi-lingual race would spring up; but it does not appear that a complete fusion ever took place. The dominant Norseman imposed tribute upon the vanquished population; and claimed for himself the richest parts of the soil. But in everything save military power, the conquered were superior to their conquerors. They were superior in point of numbers and civilisation; and the presence of the Norwegian fleet alone accounts for the quiet submission of the Celt to the foreign power. When this received a check at Largs, and the storms of the North Coast completed the destruction of the fleet, Norwegian rule may be said to have ceased in Scotland. Thereafter a process of evacuation set in; and the more determined and adventurous spirits, who would not submit to the new order of things, looked about for new lands and eventually settled in Iceland. They carried with them there the principles of civilisation and the truths of Christianity.

IV.—THE CLAN PERIOD.

The last encounter between the Norsemen and the native population took place towards the close of the 13th century. In 1263 Haco, King of Norway, made vast preparations to go to the rescue of his countrymen in the Hebrides. Three of his captains, Erling, Ivarson, and Andrew Nicolson had got the start of the main fleet, and resolved to while away the time by making a descent upon Durness. They sailed their galleys up the Eriboll Loch, and then disembarked, probably on the Eriboll side. Thence "they went up the country, burnt twenty hamlets, and destroyed a castle." From the description given it is clear that this descent was made upon the villages lying to the south-east of Loch Eriboll, and that the Castle referred to is the far-famed Dornadilla. But the fortunes of war are variable. When Haco returned from the West, and his fleet lay becalmed in the Gia-fiord (Loch Eriboll) after rounding Cape Wrath, some of his men, in ignorance of what had taken place, landed to secure a supply of water. They were immediately surrounded "by the Scots" and slain, and their graves are pointed out to this day.

In order to provide against such inroads as the preceding, a certain amount of organisation became necessary, and in this way a beginning was made of what is known as the Clan system. The Kings of Scotland were willing to recognise the services of the most successful leaders against those invaders, and portions of land were freely granted in return for such services. There can be no doubt that this was the origin of the two leading clans in Sutherlandshire—the Sutherlands and Mackays. And not only were lands given for military services, but for other purposes as well. Sir Alexander Stewart had granted a charter to Farchard, the King's physician, of certain portions of Durness, and we find under the date 1379 this charter duly confirmed by King Robert II., giving the lands of Melness and two parts of Hope to the same Farquar, and nine years subsequently giving, in addition, a large number of islands on the North Coast, including Eilean Hoan and Eilean Choery, in Loch Eriboll.[1]

[1] In this connection it is curious to observe how traditions come down through the generations. There yet lives in Durness an old man (great-grandson of Rob Donn the poet) who is thoroughly convinced he could make good his claim to all these islands, on the ground of direct descent from the famous physician. According to his version, his renowned ancestor effected the cure of the King by the timely discovery of a white serpent, and the words of the charter ran :—

"Na h-uile h-eilean tha 's a' mhuir
Eadar Storr is Stroma 'n t-sruth."

which substantially agrees with the islands named in the charter of 1386.

What is now embraced in the parish of Durness frequently changed hands during the clan period. At one time it would seem to have formed part of the possessions of the House of Sutherland; at another time we find it in possession of the Mackays, while the Macleods of Assynt, who gradually developed into the leading power in the west of Sutherland, also claimed a connection. From about the year 1500 till its recent absorption into the Sutherland estates, it remained in the possession of the Lords of Reay. The following notes serve to show the uncertain character of its tenure about this period :—

In 1499, for the good service of Odo Mackay, James IV. granted him in heritage certain lands, including Davoch Eriboll, which had been forfeited by Alexander Sutherland for treason.

In 1511, by a deed at Inverane, Donald MacCorrachie resigned the lands of Melness, Mussel, and Hope, in favour of Y Mackay and his son John.

In 1530, James V. gave Hope, Huinleam, Arnaboll, Eriboll, Mussel, Kintail, and Westmoine, in heritage to William Sutherland of Duffus—the dues of said lands.

In 1539 the same King gave to Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, in heritage, the free barony of Farr created anew, including Davoch Eriboll, Hoan, and the lands of Hope.

This last gift brought about a dispute between the Sutherlands and Mackays, in the settlement of which we find the Earl of Moray arbiter in 1542.

During this period, a formidable chieftain obtained considerable power in Durness. This was Donald MacMurrach-mac-Iammhor. He was a Macleod, and originally hailed from Lewis. It is likely that owing to some misdeeds he had to flee his native island, and he was harboured for some time by Macleod of Assynt. We next find him as chief of the Macleods of Durness, and holding in life-rent the lands of Westmoin. This was conferred upon him by Hugh Mackay of Far, father of Donald, first Lord Reay. At this period what is now known as the Reay country was held as follows :—From Cape Wrath to Assynt, by Donald, brother of said Hugh, or as he is better known in history, "Huistean Dubh nan tuagh" (Black Hugh of axes); Durness, by Donald MacMurchon in life-rent; Strathhalladale, by Niel Mackay, a near kinsman of the Chief; and the remainder of the Mackay country by Hugh himself. When Donald, first Lord Reay, succeeded to the property and title, he succeeded in gaining possession and charter rights to the whole of the Reay country; and ever since,

the Master of Reay always resided in Balnakil, Durness, in the present Mansion House, which up to that date was the Bishop's residence.

Donald Macmurrachadh was the Rob Roy of Sutherland. It was to secure his friendship that Hugh Mackay granted him possession of the lands of Westmoin. In those days it was necessary to carry out many plots which would not bear strict investigation, and for such purposes Donald could always be relied upon by his master. He had a very easy conscience, great personal strength, and was a man of unlimited resources. Fact and legend are so mixed in regard to his career that it is impossible now to sift the false from the true; and innumerable stories circulate round his name. In a recess in the wall of the old church at Balnakil, his stone coffin may yet be seen; the inscription reads as follows:—

Donald Mac-Murchon
Hier lyis lo:
Vas il to his freend
Var to his fo:
True to his Maister
In wierd or wo:
1623.

It would appear that he had a presentiment that those whom he had wronged when in life would wreak their vengeance upon his remains, and it was to prevent this that he gave 1000 merks to the Master of Reay, when building the Church, for the purpose of securing within it the right of sepulchre.

In the Justiciary Records, under the date of 10th December, 1668, mention is made of another Durness warrior of some note in his day. This was William Mackay or Maccomash, who had his *dornit* in the time of John, Lord Reay. This latter nobleman possessed the lands of Spittal in Caithness, but found it difficult to secure their rents. So he took the law into his own hands; made a raid upon Caithness and carried off a great booty. The Earl of Caithness naturally resented this, and criminal letters were lodged against the raiders, "making mention that the said William M'Comash, in Durness, and others, in the year 1649, under the command of Niel Mackay, kinsman of Lord Reay, robbed and spoiled the said country of Caithness," but the diet was deserted, and the proceedings terminated.

The most important local family at this time was that of Borley, near Balnakil. This family was connected with the Scoury branch of the Mackays; and furnished some of the ablest

men that ever bore the name. Donald of Borley was second son of Scourie, and brother of General Mackay who fought against Dundee. He had a son who succeeded him in the lands of Borley, Captain William Mackay; and under date 18th May, 1675, he obtains a charter from Lord Reay of the Scourie district. He led a company of Mackays at the battle of Worcester, on the side of Charles II. His brothers also were men of note. Donald, who took a leading part in what is known as the Darien Scheme, and which ended in failure; and the Rev. John Mackay, who was educated at St Andrews and on the Continent, and became minister first of Durness, and afterwards of Lairg. He was succeeded there by his son, Rev. Thomas Mackay, whose family also was distinguished. It was a son of this clergyman of Lairg that wrote the "Shipwreck of the Juno," to whom Byron owes so much in "Don Juan."

All through this period, the eldest son of the chief resided at Balnakiel. It was impossible to estimate the value of such an arrangement in civilising a region which until then was so isolated. Owing to this it happened that the natives of the most inaccessable portion in the north were brought into personal contact with men of wealth and culture, and the effect made itself manifest in their general bearing. They became more intelligent, sprightly, and chivalrous than their neighbours, and there is a valid foundation in fact, as well as evidence of caustic Celtic humour, for the name by which they are known in a neighbouring parish—*uaislean Dhuirinash* (Durness gentry).

V.—ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS.

Perhaps in no way was the beneficial effect of the Balnakil Mansion House more apparent than in securing for the natives from time to time the services of the ablest and most cultured clergymen. It may at first sight appear strange that such an outlandish parish as Durness could command such men; men who not only had brilliant careers at our Scotch Universities, but who also drank deeply at the Continental seats of learning. The reason was twofold. In the first place the parish of Durness, until recent times, was a very large one—including the three parishes of Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis. In the second place, the Reay family was among the first to adopt the Protestant religion, and took a special pride in securing the services of the ablest men. One of the Lord Reays made it a boast, that for praying, preaching, and singing, "he would back the Presbytery

of Tongue against any other Presbytery in Scotland." The clergyman to whom he referred as so proficient in singing was Mr Murdo Macdonald, A.M., minister of Durness, of whom more in the sequel.

The story of the ecclesiastical history of Durness would, of itself, form no inconsiderable essay. It begins, as we have seen, with the Culdee Missionaries settling in Balnakil, who underwent the same kind of usage from the warlike sons of Lochlin as their Iona brethren. But they did not give up the struggle in despair, for we find that the Church of Durness, between the years "1223 and 1245, was assigned by Bishop Gilbert to find light and incense for the Cathedral Church at Dornoch." It would be unreasonable to expect a connected history of the fortunes of this monastery, for such does not exist, but, judging from the subsequent history of the north coast, it would appear that while the influence of the Celtic Church waned in proportion to the aggressions of Rome, Balnakil Monastery would have been among the last to come under such influence. In England, which had been Christianised mainly by Papal emissaries, it was but natural that they should acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman See. But it was quite otherwise in Scotland, and down to the 14th century, the Scottish Kings on the one hand, and the Scottish clergy on the other, resented with all their might the foreign influence. But it was a losing battle in which they were engaged; the Scottish clergy retired gradually before the representatives of Rome, first from England, and latterly from the south of Scotland. But as late as 1320, eight earls and thirty-one barons of Scotland sent a spirited remonstrance to the Pope, asserting their determination to preserve their ancient freedom alike in State and Church, declaring at the same time their spiritual obedience to Rome. The Culdees continued until the fourteenth century, when they were finally superseded by a regular order of clergy owing allegiance in worship and ritual to Rome. But in the more inaccessible districts there is no question that they held out against the innovations of Rome much longer; and the same century which saw the decline of the Scottish Church, saw the rise of the Lollards and the Wickliffites. Considering the slower pace of events in our northern peninsula, it is not too much to say that the influence of the Culdees remained until the fifteenth century, and this accounts for the almost entire absence of traditions relating to Roman Catholic priests in the north coast. In no part of Scotland was the Reformation earlier launched and more effectually carried out than in the Reay country, where the

soil had been favourable for its reception, through the labours of the Culdees. Roman Catholicism flourished but a short time here, and was looked upon by the people as an exotic plant. The only tradition which the writer heard, which owes its origin to this influence, is that about a certain priest called the "Sagart Ruadh," and the curious thing in connection with him is that almost every parish in the North Coast preserves very much the same traditions concerning him, and claims his grave. In Durness, a spot is pointed out where he had a chapel; in Strathnaver again, forty miles distant, his grave is to be seen in the valley of the Naver. When the river will have removed his bones (and it is now within a few yards of it) the tradition is that "the Cheviot sheep will give way again to men." In one way the scantiness of materials dating from this period is very natural, when we consider that the chief, Hugh Mackay of Far, and father of 1st Lord Reay, adopted with his clansmen the principles of the Reformation. He flourished between 1571 and 1614. So attached was the family to the cause of religious freedom that his son, Sir Donald, mentioned above, served on the Continent under Gustavus Adolphus, and drew so largely upon the resources of his estate to equip him in this undertaking that it never afterwards recovered financially.

I shall bring the ecclesiastical record of the parish to a close by subjoining a number of notices, gathered from many sources in the Advocates' and Free Library, Edinburgh, adding, where possible, further information from local tradition.

1541.—James V. presented the vicarage of Ard-Durness to Mr John Jackson, vacant by the death of Sir Gilbert Dynocht. He resided in Balnakil House.

1544.—Mr John Jackson was still vicar.

1551.—On a letter from Queen Mary to the Bishop Elect of Caithness, the latter received Robert, Bishop of Orkney, as tenant of the lands of Durness and teinds of the parish. In 1559 the same Bishop granted the same lands in heritage to John, Earl of Sutherland.

Between 1561 and 1566, the teinds of the parish continued to be leased with the lands and Barony of Ard-Durness.

In 1567, John Reid is appointed exhorter there. At this time the parish extended for fifty miles from east to west.

1576.—King James VI. presented the vicarage to George Mernes.

1580.—(Date of National Covenant—directed against Popery) the said George Mernes "is placid conform to warrant." He is

said to have demitted before 8th March 1580, when William Mernes was presented to the vicarage by James VI.

16—.— Mr Alexander Munro was appointed to the benefice in the first half of the 17th century. He is styled in Macrae's MS. "catechist of Strathnaver"—which at the time formed part of the parish of Durness. He found the natives in a state of heathenism almost, so far as religion was concerned, which demonstrates what many a writer has affirmed concerning the religion of Scotland in the centuries between the decline of the Celtic Church and the Reformation, that for its influence on the moral and intellectual life of the people, it may be said to have had no existence. The labours of Sandy Munro, as he is called by tradition, were greatly blessed. He was no mean poet, and translated or paraphrased portions of Scripture for the benefit of his parishioners. Some of these are preserved in Macrae's MS., and are of much interest as showing the northern dialect of Gaelic as it existed about two or nearly three centuries ago—being written phonetically. He was converted under the preaching of Mr Robert Bruce, second son of Bruce of Airth, one of the barons of Scotland, and a connection of the Royal Bruces. This took place while the latter was prisoner at Inverness, on account of resisting the Episcopal designs of James the Sixth. Soon after he believed he heard a voice from heaven calling him to the ministry, and informing him of this his future settlement. He studied for the Church, and was duly licensed and ordained for this remote parish, through the influence of the Reay family, whose leanings were with the evangelical party. His son, Hew Munro, succeeded to the benefice, and his daughter Christian married John Mackay of Achness, chieftain of the Clan Abrach branch of the Mackays.

For some years, since the death of the preceding incumbent in 1653, the parish was vacant, and the Presbytery Record of Caithness shows, under date 5th Dec., 1659, that Mr Alexander Clerk, minister at Latheron, was sent to officiate in Strathnaver, "according to the Lord of Rhaes desire to supplie them." The same Record contains also the following:—"Wick, 4 Dec., 1660.—All brethren present, except David Munro, absent in Strathnaver."

"Thurso, Jan. 1st, 1661.—Letter presented showing that Mr David Munro had come the length of Strathie, but was detained there by tempestuous weather. Excuse admitted."

Thurso, Sept. 26, 1662.—The said my Lord Bishop, and the brethren of ye Presbytery present, Mr Hewe Munro (son of Sandy Munro above) had his populare sermon on Math. xiii. 24, as a part of his trial, in order to his call to the Church of Durines, in

Strathnaverne, and being removed was approven. This was the first meeting after Prelacy was restored.

1663.—Ordained said Hew Munro to Durness. From this date forward there are many references in the Presbytery Record complaining of his non-attendance at the meetings. He excused himself on the grounds of distance, and difficulty of the journey, but was sharply admonished. He did not take the test in 1681, but on petitioning the Privy Council, he was allowed to do so before his Ordinary on 16th March, 1682. He died in possession of his benefice in 1698, aged 59 years, in the 36th year of his ministery. A daughter, Isabella, married Robert Mackay of Achness.

A vacancy again occurs between 1700 and 1707, and we find the General Assembly of 1704 directing to send "a probationer having Irish (Gaelic) to Caithness, with a special eye to Durness."

1707.—John Mackay, A.M., 3rd son of Captain Wm. af Borley, referred to above, was ordained minister of the parish. It was on a distinct understanding that the parish should be divided, and another minister placed in it. This promise was set aside by George, Lord Reay, the heritor. A lawsuit followed, and the minister failed in his endeavour to secure justice, with the result that a call to another charge was procured for him, and he was transferred to Lairg in 1713, after a ministry of about seven years in his native parish. This lawsuit preyed alike on his health and resources, but at Lairg he proved of great service in civilising the rude inhabitants, the Earl of Sutherland conferring upon him power to inflict corporeal punishment where necessary. He was educated first at St Andrews, and then on the Continent, and connected as he was with the Reay family, was a man of culture as well as education. He was of great physical strength, which was much required in those days, when moral suasion failed: and tradition points to an island in Loch Shin, where this worthy divine imprisoned for a time his more lawless parishioners. Left alone there during the night, there is no question but the method, acting in concert with their fears and superstitions, would have a salutary effect.

1715.—George Brodie appointed to the parish by the Presbytery, *jure devoluto*. It was in his time that the parish was divided by the Commissioners of Teinds (1724), and he betook himself on its erection to the newly-created parish of Eddrachilis.

The next incumbent was Mr Murdo Maedonald, A.M., who was inducted in 1726. An account of the diary kept by him was furnished some years ago to your Society by Mr Hew Morrison, now

of the Free Library, Edinburgh. He was minister of the parish for nearly 40 years, and was succeeded by Mr Thomson, whose daughter married the pre-Disruption minister of Durness, Rev. Mr Finlater. But as my paper has already exceeded the length usually granted to such contributions, I must reserve for a future occasion the events in Church and State during this most interesting period. It was during Mr Murdo's ministry that Rob Donn, the Reay country bard, and native of Durness, flourished; and in justice to this interesting period of our parochial history, I must draw this paper to a close.

PRIZE ESSAY.

The prize of ten guineas offered by The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, under the auspices of the Society, for the best essay on "*The Social Progress of the Highlands since 1800,*" was won by Mr A. Polson, teacher, Dunbeath. Mr Polson's essay is as follows:—

THE SOCIAL PROGRESS OF THE HIGHLANDS SINCE 1800.

For people and nations a period of one hundred years is generally regarded by students of sociology as rather a short one for the purpose of contrasting and comparing the social state at its beginning and end. The progress made by the Highlands is, however, quite a marked exception to this general rule. To old people still alive, and more especially to students of Highland history, it is abundantly evident that the social condition of the people, as well as the face of the country, has undergone extraordinary changes within this comparatively short period. Up to the middle of last century the Highlands of Scotland was as much an unknown land as many parts of the interior of Africa still are.

Lord Macaulay, in writing of the period immediately succeeding the Revolution, and depending for his information on Captain Burt's letters from Scotland and other documents written in the early part of last century by Southrons, who had themselves never seen the Highlands, says, that if an observer were to pass through the Highlands then—"He would have to endure hardships as great as if he had sojourned among the Esquimeaux or the Samoyeds. . . . In many dwellings the furniture, the food, the clothing, nay, the very hair and skin of his hosts, would have

put his philosophy to the proof. His lodging would sometimes have been in a hut of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper, grain fit only for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with which he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been bare earth, dry or wet as the weather might be, and from that couch he would have risen, half-poisoned with stench, half-blind with the reek of turf, and half-mad with itch." Several of the particulars of this dark picture of the conditions under which Highlanders had to live are repeated by other writers, but there is grave reason to doubt that it ever could apply to the whole Highlands, or even to any part of it in its entirety. But notwithstanding what must have been the rather hurtful influence of some such surroundings it had even then to be admitted that Highlanders possessed a superiority of general character. Macaulay further on says, regarding them, "As there was no other part of the island where men sordidly clothed, lodged, and fed, indulged themselves to such a degree in the idle sauntering habits of an aristocracy, so there was no other part of the island where such men had in such a degree the better qualities of an aristocracy, grace, and dignity of manner, self-respect, and that noble sensibility which makes dishonour more terrible than death. A gentleman from Skye or Lochaber, whose clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, and whose hovel smelt worse than an English hog-stye, would often do the honours of that hovel with a lofty courtesy worthy of the splendid circle of Versailles. Though he had as little book-learning as the most stupid ploughboys of England, it would be a great error to put him in the same intellectual rank with such ploughboys." This estimate of Highlanders has since then been endorsed by many a writer who has had opportunities of knowing them well, and no later than 1884, such an eminent authority as the Royal Commission sent to enquire into the crofters grievances said, "The crofter and cottar population of the Highlands and Islands, small though it be, is a nursery of good workers and citizens for the whole empire. In this respect the stock is exceptionally valuable. By sound physical constitution, native intelligence, and good moral training, it is particularly fitted to recruit the people of our industrial centres." This superiority of character has stood not only High-

landers themselves in good stead, but the whole nation as well, for had they been less noble than they are, it is extremely unlikely that they could have quietly borne the privations, hardships, insults, and wrongs which they have so often been called on to endure, or would have borne themselves with so much valour when the empire was imperilled.

In considering this people's social progress it will conduce to clearness to trace the progress made in each branch of what constitutes their social condition, and it is, therefore, necessary to show —

I. How those depending on the soil and the surrounding soil—farmer, crofter, labourer, and fisherman—have had their lot ameliorated.

II. How in religion and morals, superstition and ignorance have given place to an educated and efficient pastorate and high ideals of Christian duty on the part of the laity.

III. How in education, in place of a people among whom a century ago persons who could sign there names were rare, and among the older of whom a prejudice to learning existed, the young are now attending schools in an increasing ratio, and the older people are willing to sacrifice much for the sake of the education of their children.

IV. How in politics, a people who had then no voice in the making of the laws by which they were governed are now virtually self-governed, and how they who were precluded from taking an interest in anything beyond their village commune now take a keen and patriotic interest in the affairs of a great nation.

V. How in such matters as sanitation, care of the poor, &c., changes for the better have been made.

RELATION OF PEOPLE AND LAND.

From the nature of the circumstances by which they are surrounded, it is evident that the vast majority of the Highland people must depend on agricultural pursuits for their livelihood. This is very distinctly shown by the census of 1881, from which the following table is constructed :—

Class of Occupation.	Percentage for Highlands.	Percentage for all Scotland.
Agricultural.....	51·4	18·8
Industrial.....	29·9	59·3
Commercial.....	6·5	10·8

The relation which the people bear to the land on which they depend affords some estimate of their social state, and it

is interesting to notice the several changes which this has undergone. Prior to the '45, the clan system was almost universal in the Highlands. Much has been written in defence and condemnation of the system, and we find Mrs Grant of Laggan writing, "Nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent idea that a Highland chief was an ignorant and unprincipled tyrant, who rewarded the abject submission of his followers with relentless cruelty and rigorous oppression. If ferocious in disposition, or weak in understanding, he was curbed and directed by the elders of his tribe, who, by inviolable custom, were his standing councillors, without whose advice no measure of any kind was decided." General Stewart of Garth says, "The chief's sway was chiefly paternal. Reverence for his authority, and gratitude for his protection, which was generally extended to shield the rights of his clansmen against the aggression of strangers, were the natural results of his patriarchal rule. This constituted an efficient control, without many examples of severity." On the other hand, Burt had to write, "The chief does not think the present abject condition of the clan towards him to be sufficient; but entertains that tyrannical and detestable maxim that to render them poor would double the tie of their obedience, and accordingly he makes use of all oppressive means to that end."

These pictures are very likely drawn from particular instances which came under the notice of the writers, and none of them can be true of the whole. It, however, seems that the chief resided among his people, settled their disputes, received rent in kind, was hospitable to all, and, in short—

> "Never closed the iron door
> Against the desolate and poor;"

but protecting and being protected by his fellow-clansmen, who were loyal and faithful to him and to one another even to the death, and depending for little on the outside world.

The laws which followed the suppression of "the forty-five" altered the relations of chief and people, and thereafter until 1886 the relation between them was that of landlord and tenant—purely a commercial one. There was, however, little evidence of the change until something like twenty years had elapsed under the new *regimé*, for it was only about the year 1770 that the beginning of the "economic transformation" was noticeable. Then followed many of the "clearances," the formation of large sheep farms, and of congested seaside townships and villages. Of

the effect of this change on the condition of the people much has been written, but it is now generally admitted that it was a mistake, and that it is matter for regret that the experiment was not made of leaving this peasantry where they were and of making their rents a fair one, of improving modes of cultivation, and of inducing the surplus population, if such there were, to migrate either to other cultivable lands or to the sea-shore to engage in fishing. The mistake was, however, made, and in doing it many a landlord threw away the love of his people—a heritage which his ancestors had for ages esteemed above all things—and the population of the time suffered. Though after 1820 evictions were not carried out on the previous large scale, still, whenever a croft or crofter stood in the landlord's way, or his factor was crossed in any wise, bullying, and, if that were unsatisfactory, then eviction was resorted to, whatever might be the suffering thereby caused to the evicted.

As time passed on the people began to feel their importance, the more especially after the passing of the various Franchise Bills and the more general spread of education; and the result was the agitation which culminated in the passing of the Crofters' Act of 1886, which freed the people from the fear of the power of arbitrary landlords, and under which a large number of crofters have with confidence set about improving their holdings and homes.

It is of interest to know how the people lived under these systems, and to see what progress has been made in affording them not only an assured regular supply of the necessaries of life, but also of those small luxuries which help to make life more than a daily struggle for existence, and of those things which make men less like the dumb driven cattle.

It is extremely probable that while the clan system prevailed, because of the frequent feuds, and the want of roads or means of intercommunication, every district must depend on its own resources for the means of subsistence. Fish of all kinds would be got in the districts bordering on the sea. Salmon would be got in the rivers, and the flesh of their cattle must have been used by themselves. But should the supplies of any district for any reason fail, then the pressure of want would be felt in all its keenness, and many would have to succumb, as the knowledge of a district's want could scarcely be known beyond a limited circle, and the tardy means of transit, even when help was vouchsafed,

must have brought relief at a very late stage. According to Martin, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, "The diet used by the natives consists of fresh food, for they seldom taste any that is salted, except butter; the generality eat but little flesh, and only persons of distinction eat it every day and make three meals, for all the rest eat only two, and they eat more boiled than roasted. Their ordinary diet is butter, cheese, milk, potato, coleworts, brochan, *i.e.*, oatmeal and water boiled; the latter taken with some bread is the constant food of several thousands of both sexes in this (Skye) and other islands during the winter and spring; yet they undergo many fatigues both by sea and land, and are very healthful."

Pennant visited the north of Scotland, towards the end of the eighteenth century, and witnessed the transformation in the condition of the population, which resulted because "deprived of his state, of his patriarchal and feudal privileges, the Highland landlord seems to have resolved upon the part of a hard task-master as a satisfaction to his wounded pride, for the immunities he had forfeited." Of the condition of the people of Skye, Pennant says that the poor were left to Providence's care. They prowled along the shore to pick up limpets and other shell-fish, the casual repasts of hundreds during part of the year. Hundreds annually dragged through the season a wretched life, and numbers unknown, in all parts of the Highlands, fell beneath the pressure, some of hunger, more of the putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts, originating from unwholesome food, which they had to use in their dire necessity. In Mull, Rum, Canna, Colonsay, and Islay the story of semi-starvation is the same. Regarding the inhabitants of Arran he says, "No time can be spared for amusement of any kind; the whole being given up to providing the means of paying their rent, of laying in their fuel, or getting a scanty pittance of meat and clothing."

The methods of cultivation were laborious and hence expensive in the extreme. In many parts corn lands were tilled solely by the *caschrom*. Where there was a plough it took three men to manage it—one to hold it, a second to drive the four horses abreast, and a third to follow with the spade to rectify the "imperfections of the tilth." Thus three men and four horses did the work which two horses and one man now do.

The tenure by which, during the latter part of last century and the early part of this, the majority of the people held their lands was of a kind to discountenance the making of any

permanent improvements. Dr Walker, who was commissioned to write a report of the state of the Western Isles to the now defunct Commissioners of the annexed estates, says of them in his economical history: "All the sub-tenants, who were the great body of the people in the Highlands, are tenant at will of the tacksman or farmer, and are, therefore, placed in a state of subjection that is not only unreasonable, but unprofitable, both to themselves and their superiors. The tacksman generally has one day in the week of the sub-tenant's labour all the year round, which, with the spring and harvest work and other occasions, will amount to one-third of the whole annual labour. He can, therefore, have neither ability nor opportunity to attempt any improvements, which many of these sub-tenants would undoubtedly do, were they but masters of their time, and independent in their possessions." Beneath these sub-tenants were the scallags, who were practically the slaves of laird, tacksman, or sub-tenant. Five days in the week the scallag had to work for his master, the sixth was allowed to himself for the cultivation of some scrap of land, which was assigned to him, where he raised for himself kail, barley, and potatoes, which with some fish formed the staple of his food

The dwellings of the people would seem to have been of the most wretched description. Holes in the thatch served for windows. The fireplace was in the centre of the floor, and the smoke was allowed to find its way out as best it could. Beds as we have known them were unknown, and each person rolled himself in whatever clothes he could, and lay on the floor, whatever the weather. Such, then, was the condition of the people of the Highlands during the latter part of the last century and the early part of this. From that time to this their condition has been gradually ameliorated, but certainly not at the same rate in all parts, and nowhere as yet so much as those who know them would wish.

One of the chief factors in the production of this improved state is the construction of the means of inter-communication afforded (1) by the roads made first for military purposes, and then by the joint action of the Government and the northern proprietors. In making these, it is said that the amount of joint expenditure exceeded £460,000, that upwards of 1200 miles of new roads were repaired, and 1436 bridges, and 11,450 covered drains were constructed. Since then, proprietors and Commissioners of Supply have had many more miles constructed and upheld, and the recently-appointed County Councils are, it would

seem, further to enhance the boon of easy inter-communication by the construction of many more miles of road in hitherto neglected localities ; (2) by the construction and continued use of the Caledonian Canal since 1821 ; (3) by the Highland Railway, opened first to Inverness, then to Dingwall, Tain, Golspie, Helmsdale, Wick, Thurso, and Stromeferry ; and (4) by the establishment of postal and telegraph facilities in even the very remote parts of the Highlands.

By all these means, not only are goods transmitted hither and thither with quickness, and prices thus equalised, as well as a plethora or famine prevented, but the knowledge of the higher social state attained elsewhere is conveyed to the people, and as it is characteristic of Highland self-respect to strive after the realisation of the higher ideals, it is found that where communication has been longest open, the social condition of the population is, in most particulars, of a higher standard than where such communication has been only recently opened.

The following table shows (1) the price of agricultural labour in 1790, and (2) during the first thirty years of this century : —

	1790				1820			
County	Wages per week in Winter	Summer	Wages with Board in Harvest	Women	Winter	Summer	Board Harvest Wages	Women
	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.	D.	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.	D.
Argyle.....	4 0	6 0	6 0	4	6 0	9 0	9 0	7
Inverness..	4 0	6 0	6 0	4	6 0	9 0	9 0	7
Ross and Cromarty.	2 6	3 6	3 0	3	5 6	8 0	6 0	6
Sutherland	2 6	3 6	3 0	3	5 6	8 0	6 0	6
Caithness..	3 0	5 6	4 0	3	6 0	8 0	7 0	6

Price of the necessaries of life in 1800:—

County	Wheat ℔ boll	Barley ℔ boll	Oats ℔ boll	Oatmeal ℔ peck	Butter ℔ stone	Cheese ℔ stone	Beef ℔ lb.	Eggs ℔ doz.
	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.	D.	D
Argyle	—	19 0	—	1 4	12 0	—	5	4
Inverness.....	20 0	18 0	15 0	0 11½	1 0	5 0	6	6
Ross and Cromarty.....	—	18 0	16 0	1 2	12 0	4 0	2	2
Sutherland.....	—	12 0	16 0	1 2	12 6	6 0	4½	2
Caithness	—	12 0	16 0	1 2	12 0	5 0	3	1

From these tables it is interesting to note that though the necessaries of life have since then risen in price, yet the remuneration of all kinds of agricultural labour has risen in every county in a much higher ratio, thus giving those who depend on the land a much greater purchasing power. The net results of the changes which have taken place in the Highlands are, to all who depend on the land, (1) a higher standard of comfort than at the opening of the century; (2) security of tenure to all crofters who may have been harassed by arbitrary landlords, whom this class cannot now have any reason to fear; (3) houses, clothing, and food are of a better class, and are now more regularly secured; (4) the conveniences of life are much more common; and (5) the people are possessed of a higher and wider intelligence.

THE FISHERIES.

The importance of the fishing industry to Highlanders may be inferred from the fact, that at least twelve per cent. of all males in the Highlands above twenty years of age are fishermen, and that nearly half of the fishermen in Scotland live in Highland counties.

In the early part of the century, arms of the sea yielded a sufficiency for the population that could then be served, because the means of transit were exceedingly difficult and salt was dear. At that time the boats were small, without deck or any means which would conduce to the comfort and safety of the men. The fishing gear was good of its kind, but rather clumsy, and not the

best adapted for the work. The boats which have gradually superseded those are longer of keel, decked, and generally have a stove and some sleeping accommodation for the crew. Fishing gear is of light and superior make. The men can venture far out into the open sea, and the total catch has been almost regularly rising each year during the present century, as markets for the disposal of the fish, fresh and cured, have been opened, and the prices realised have been such as to afford encouragement to the toilers.

Although in recent years the industry has been depressed from a variety of causes, chiefly over-speculation, and the raising of Continental tariffs—there is again evidence of its reviving and of affording lucrative employment to many of the people. To the attainment of this end, the construction of light railways, piers, harbours, and landing places, for which Government aid is in certain localities conditionally promised, will give very material aid.

The following table shows the progress made in the annual catch at certain periods during the century :—

Year.	Barrels Cured.	Barrels Exported.
1810	90,185	35,848
1820	384,191	253,516
1830	326,557	181,654
1856	770,698	340,256
1880	1,473,600	1,009,811

The estimated money value of the whole Scotch fisheries was in 1849 only £500,000, while in 1880 it was £2,240,790, and the greater part of this increased value is due to its successful prosecution in the Highlands

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

The high moral tone and general good deportment of Highlanders have been testified by observers for a long period, and this is confirmed by official records which show the rarity of crime among them. Readers of such books as Sage's *Memorabilia Domestica*, cannot, however, help coming to the conclusion that the conduct of the people was, in the early part of the century, superior to their creed.

People do not change their religion quickly, and for a long time after the Reformation Highlanders were really Episcopalians, though nominally Presbyterians, and entertained a strong antipathy to the settlement of Whig ministers in their midst. Mr

Sage tells that when Rev. Mr Pope was settled in Reay very few of the parishioners came to hear him, they rather spending the time at an inn a few hundred yards away from the manse. One Sunday evening they came to him and invited him to join them. He declined the invitation and rated them on their manner of spending Sunday. Their reply was, "You are most ungrateful to refuse our hospitality, and if you think we are to give up the customs of our fathers for you, or all the Whig ministers of the country, you'll find yourself in error. But come along with us, for if we repeat your words to our neighbours they'll call you to such a reckoning that you'll be wishing you had never uttered them." Mr Pope was firm, and soon a dozen and a half drunken men came to him and asked him to drink. He refused, and after they assaulted him he put the whole gang of them to rout with his "bailie," as he called the cudgel with which he dealt out punishment to his offending parishioners. The churches of the time were low, ill-lighted, irregularly seated buildings, thatched with heather roofs. To these churches the people could only with difficulty be got to go, and in some parishes the elders chosen were not only the most decent and orderly men in the parish, but also the strongest, as those who had erred and refused to submit to church discipline were compelled to attend and make public profession of repentance.

There can be no question that the vast majority of the ministers themselves were much ahead of the people among whom they ministered, and although there is evidence that a few were uneducated and rude in the extreme, the drawing up of the statements which constituted Sir John Sinclair's old statistical account is of itself evidence of their commonsense and education. As regards the people who waited on their ministrations there is no denying that whatever church they professedly adhered to superstition was rampant. Of the nature of this superstition two views have been taken. General Stewart of Garth laments its decay, and speaks of them as the innocent, attractive, and often sublime superstitions of the Highlanders—superstitions which inculcate no relentless intolerance, nor impiously dealt out perdition and Divine wrath against rival sects—superstition which taught men to believe that a dishonourable act attached disgrace to a whole kindred and district, and that murder, treachery, oppression, and all kinds of wickedness would not only be punished in the person of the transgressor himself, but would be visited on future generations. Martin, on the other hand, shows how gross and degrading the superstitions were, and says that in the Island of Lewis, on

the first day of May, a man was sent very early to cross a certain stream, which, if a woman crossed first, no salmon could ascend; another stream never whitened linen; in the water of a certain well no meat could be boiled; persons suffering from jaundice were cured by the application of a hot iron to the backbone; the fever-stricken were cured by fanning them with the leaves of a Bible; a valley was haunted by spirits, and no one dared set foot in it without first pronouncing three sentences of adulation to propitiate them; a change of wind before landing at a particular spot was an omen requiring an immediate return homewards, but if they landed they uncovered and pivoted round "sunways." When they commenced a voyage it was the height of impiety to proceed without first pulling the boat round and round from East to West. Under the spread of education and an enlightening gospel many of these superstitions have disappeared, and what remains are beliefs cherished in secret only, never openly disseminated, and acted on rather shamefacedly. Against them all the Church fought, and it is creditable to it that during the first quarter of the century the Church of Scotland in the Highlands commanded much influence, and up to the time of the Disruption of 1843 was without any rival in the doing of religious work. Of the "ten years' conflict" and the period of bitterness which succeeded it there is little need to write here, beyond saying that the spirit which *seemed* to animate spiritual advisers and rival sects, was not that which was generally characteristic of Highlanders, and certainly was not that laid down in the sermon on the mount. It is, however, matter of congratulation that the now well-educated and efficiently-trained ministers of the various churches are realising that they are engaged in the same grand work, and are in many places doing it in perfect unison. The people have not been slow to recognise this, and show their appreciation of ministerial work and doctrine by attending the churches in increasing numbers, there being now few Highlanders who can in Church language be called altogether "lapsed." This attendance on divine ordinances is followed by a high standard of morality.

In one particular the result of this can be tabulated. The census of 1891 shows that while in all Scotland the proportion of men above fifteen years of age who are bachelors is 45 per cent., in the Highlands it is 51 per cent.; and that while in all Scotland the number of spinsters over fifteen years is 43 per cent., the number in the Highlands is 49 per cent. Again, in all Scotland 16 per cent. of married men and 19 per cent. of married women

are under thirty years of age, the similar percentages for the Highland counties are only 7 for men and 11 for women. But notwithstanding that a greater proportion of Highlanders thus remain single, and those who marry do so later in life than the average for all Scotland, yet the rate of illegitimacy is lower than that for the whole of Scotland. In 1881 8·3 per cent of the births in Scotland were illegitimate, and in the Highlands only 7 per cent. This state of matters is surely excellent proof of much prudence and a high standard of morality among the Highland people.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

Of all the changes which have been made in the north the most marked has been that in the educational condition of the people. It is true that in 1616 some parish schools were established in the Highlands, and the Privy Council which granted this boon declared their wish "that the vulgar Inglishe toung be universallie plantit, and the Irishe, which is one of the chief and principall causis of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie amongis the inhabitants of the Iles and Heylandis, be abolishit and removeit." The same Privy Council also ordained that the eldest sons of West Highland chiefs would not be served heirs to their fathers unless they could read, write, and speak English. The result was that while the young gents were "traynit up in vertew, learnying, and the Inglishe toung" they were losing all knowledge of Gaelic, and for a long time thereafter English was the language of Highland aristocrats, and it is perhaps because of this that the weaker among the Highland people have sometimes in the past disowned, when in the south, the knowledge of their mother tongue, and that a prejudice has so long existed against it as a school language. Happily, such feelings are now reversed, and natives, wherever they be, seem proud to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Highlands and the language of its people.

At the opening of this century nothing whatever of any consequence had been done for the education of the great body of the people, and it would seem that then, and for sometime thereafter, those in authority justified the truth of Lord Cockburn's assertion that the principle was reverenced as indisputable, that the ignorance of the people was necessary to their obedience to the law.

Light, however, did break at last, and in 1824 the General Assembly formed their great Education Scheme. Dr Norman Macleod says that there were then in the county of Argyle,

according to carefully prepared statistics, no less than 26,326 children between the age of five and fifteen, for whom there was no provision whatever, except such as was provided in a desultory and intermittent way by certain private societies which then existed. It was ascertained that in the six Synods of Argyle, Glenelg, Ross, Sutherland, Orkney, and Shetland, containing 143 parishes, and a population of 377,730 souls, as many as 258 additional schools were urgently called for. As late as 1833 the Educational Committee reporting on the state of education in the Highlands and Islands, founded on returns from the parochial clergy, stated that the number of young between six and twenty years of age, untaught to read, and beyond the reach of any of the existing provisions for elementary education, was 28,070, and that the number between five and twenty unable to write was 84,210. The parochial school system was then legally maintained, but because of the large extent, physical configuration, and the roadless condition of many parishes, it never could produce in the Highlands the amount of good which followed its establishment in Lowland parishes. The Highland School Act of 1838 did much for several outlying districts, which, to this day, continue to receive the funds voted to them under the Act.

After the Disruption of 1843 the Free Church also established many schools in northern parishes, and between rival schools, the education of the young was well looked after and went on apace with the result that the greater the number of schools and scholars attending them, and the better the education given, the more clamorous did the demand for more education become; and in the Highlands it was certainly shown that there is truth in the maxim which says, that the demand for education is always in the inverse ratio to the need of it.

With the resources at the command of school managers, matters were making good progress up to 1872, when the Education (Scotland) Act was passed, and the carrying out of its enactments have marked an epoch in Highland education, for not only had school accommodation to be provided for every child of school age, but every child was to be compelled to occupy that accommodation. Though the difficulties of doing this are more numerous and arduous in the Highlands than in any other part of Scotland, it is extremely creditable to the intelligence of the people that the average population attending school compares favourably with that of the whole of Scotland.

This is brought out in the following table, which shows the percentage of the population (1881) receiving education at various

ages up to fifteen years in all Scotland and in the Highland counties :—

Place.	Percentage under 5 years.	Percentage between 5 and 15 years.	Percentage of Population receiving Education.
All Scotland.....	2·77	78·98	19·28
Caithness	4·03	87·71	21·91
Sutherland.....	3·54	85·27	18·43
Ross and Cromarty	2·94	88·88	20·43
Inverness	5·04	87·86	20·97
Argyll	3 16	83·47	20·04

The following table compiled from the Blue-Books of the Education Department shows how extremely rapid has been the progress made since 1872. From the first report issued by the Department after the passing of the Act, the following figures are taken :—

Place.	No. of Schools.	Average Attendance.	Annual Grant.
Argyll	99	5,254	£2,700 2 6
Caithness	32	2,237	1,220 8 4
Sutherland.....	31	1,310	949 18 4
Ross and Cromarty...	71	4,595	2,680 18 0
Inverness	65	4,823	2,677 14 4
	298	18,419	£10,228 11 6

From the Educational Department's tenth (1883) annual report the following particulars are taken for comparison :—

Place.	No. of Schools.	Average Attendance.	Annual Grant.
Argyll	159	8,410	£8,857 7 0
Caithness	61	4,551	4,304 7 6
Sutherland.....	41	1,871	1,373 8 4
Ross and Cromarty...	131	8,356	5,898 6 2
Inverness	157	8,658	8,679 12 2
	549	31,846	£29,113 1 2

Since 1883 the number of schools has decreased, as a number of small neighbouring ones have been merged into larger new ones with good results. The regularity of attendance and the efficiency of instruction have also increased, as is shown by the Blue Books published since then. Quite recently the school fees, which had been in some measure a bar to the poorer classes, have been

remitted. It is hoped than when education is free up to, and perhaps within, the gates of our universities, that other means may be found to let the child of the poorest get the education thus afforded, provided that his character and abilities prove that this would be desirable for his own and the public good, and that the Highlands may continue to furnish to the learned professions —as has been done in the past—a larger proportion than any other district of equal population.

POLITICAL PROGRESS.

The political changes which have passed over the whole country have been shared by the people of the Highlands, and what progress has been made in this respect is that which it shares in common with the entire kingdom.

Prior to the abolition of Heritable Jurisdiction, the system of government was patriarchal, and the heads of clans had practically all power in their hands. Since the middle of last century the machinery of law has existed, but in it the common people for a long time had no confidence, and scarcely ever expected to win a case if their opponent were a man of wealth. This dread of receiving injustice where justice ought with certainty to be got has happily in part passed away.

From the patriarchal (the oldest form of government) political power passed away into the hands of a class, as from that time until 1832, only "freeholders" had the right of voting, and of these there were few in the Highlands. In the whole of Scotland there were not more than two thousand voters who returned the then forty-five members, and of these the twenty freeholders of Sutherlandshire returned one. As a class these members of Parliament naturally paid chief regard to the advantages of the class to which they belonged.

The change from government by class to that by the people was made by the great Reform Act of 1832, and since then legislation recognises no class and no favourites. A still wider interest in matters political was given by the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884, with the result in the Highlands, at least, an intense interest is taken in political matters, and, as a secondary result, the circulation of newspapers has increased fully twenty-fold within the past twenty years, so that Highlanders are now surely

prevented from the narrowing influences of the purely local, and from believing

"The crackle of their bourg
The murmur of the world."

The burden of self-government has been still further laid upon them by the Local Government (Scotland) Act, and such benefits as can possibly be expected from the County Councils will, doubtless, be realised; and when extended powers are granted them, the democracy will elect councillors, who, by their works, will show that in the important work of self-government Highlanders are ever found exercising their political powers wisely and well.

SANITARY PROGRESS.

It is matter of much regret that the progress made in matters sanitary during the century has not at all been commensurate with that made in most other particulars. Only a few months ago, a competent authority reported that 90 per cent. of the houses in the Island of Lewis were in an unsanitary condition, and he gave particulars which, when compared with the statements of observers early in the century, show how very little progress has been made in this matter. Though the percentage of unsanitary houses is probably not so high in the other parts, yet it is very evident to any one travelling through the north that a great number are still not what they ought to be in the interests of health. The Royal Crofter Commission report that "no one concerned for the elevation of the Highland people can fail to desire an improvement in this particular, no one can doubt if they are well conducted and robust, it is in spite of their lodging and in consequence of counteracting causes, and that if they enjoyed the benefit of purer and brighter homes they would prosper more." They further say, "The ancient model of Highland habitation may, indeed, be contemplated with too much indulgence by those whose minds are not duly possessed by considerations of utility and sanitation, for it is associated in fancy with all that is most pleasing and romantic in the manners and history of the people, while in form and colour it is in perfect harmony with the landscape and the shore. The white house may be seen anywhere now. . . . It is not attractive and not picturesque, but is usually built apart from the byre, and it is tolerably dry, light, and free from smoke. It stands half-way between the original hovel of the Celtic

peasant and the comfortable and comely dwelling which the substantial crofter of the future may, we trust, possess."

It almost seems a pity that these black houses do not, in some measure, make the inhabitants unhappy, and so induce them to make their houses cleaner, brighter, and more comfortable in every respect. County Councils under powers invested in them will, however, bring the true state of matters to light, and means will then surely be devised to change a state of matters which is neither for the individual nor the public good.

Census returns show that in several particulars considerable progress has been made. In 1881 the number of persons to an inhabited house in all Scotland was 5·05, which figure also represents the number to each house in the Highlands. The number of rooms to a house in all Scotland is 3·17, while in the Highland counties it is 3·55, and the number of persons to a room for all Scotland is 1·59, and for the Highlands it is 1·43. If, however, the like calculation be made for the Western Isles alone it is found that there are 4·86 persons to a family and 5·33 persons to a house, 2·69 rooms to a house, and 1·94 persons to a room, which indicates an accommodation considerably less than the average for Scotland. It is, however, a very satisfactory sign of progress that while the number of families in the Highland counties remained practically the same between 1871 and 1881, the number of inhabited houses had increased about 5 per cent., and the number of rooms with one or more windows 15 per cent. It is expected that when the details of last year's census are made known, a still further increase in this direction will be shown, as well as a decrease in the already small number of families living in rooms without windows. It would appear that, almost in spite of the unsanitary state of the dwellings, the death-rate has, during the century, been falling. In 1881 it was 16·2 per 1000 in the Highland counties, while for the same year it was 19·3 for the whole of Scotland, and this healthy eminence it has regularly retained, which proves that the outdoor active life of crofters and fishermen is more conducive to longevity than the less simple manner of living in the confined cities of the south.

In this connection it is interesting to note the fact that in the five counties of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Argyll, the population during the first forty years of the century increased steadily, attaining its maximum in 1841. Between 1841 and 1871 it decreased at a considerable rate. From 1871 to 1881 the population appeared to be perfectly stationary.

The following table shows the exact progress :—

Census.	Total Highland Population.	Increase or Decrease per cent
1801	232,200	—
1811	256,600	11
1821	285,800	11
1831	296,108	4
1841	298,637	1
1851	294,298	1
1861	274,637	7
1871	268,966	2
1881	268,993	—

THE POOR.

Under the clan system there were no "poor" so-called, as all had a right to the means of livelihood so long as that was within the chief's power. Thereafter the Churches took the matter up, until it was in great measure taken out of their hands by the Act of 1840. In many poor Highland parishes the burden of the taxation which this cast upon the people was considered heavy and irritating, but this feeling is disappearing, and it is pleasant to see that the number of paupers in the Highlands has, during recent years, regularly decreased, and that those who really are compelled to become paupers have more attention paid to them. It is only fair to add that there exists among the vast majority of the Highland people a wholesome spirit of independence which makes them struggle onward long and bravely rather than become dependent on parochial relief.

It is not only in the few particulars more especially dealt with in this paper that rapid progress has been made, but in almost every branch of industry if we except one or two, but chiefly the manufacture of kelp.

And this progress has been attended with a corresponding rise in the social state of the people, which will become the more marked when such obstacles as still retard progress are removed. Grievances will, however, always remain. Because of the ever onward moving and shifting conditions of human life, what to us may to-day be regarded as a necessary right, will to our children be a hindrance and a wrong ; but with government in the hands of the people the conditions of life will easily be modified to suit existing circumstances, for—

> "The old order changeth, giving place to the new ;
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

It is as yet well-nigh impossible to appreciate the recent rapidly succeeding changes, for, as Herbert Spencer says, "In a society living, growing, changing, every new factor becomes a permanent force, modifying more or less the direction of movement determined by the aggregate of forces. Never simple and direct, but by the co-operation of so many causes made irregular, involved, and always rhythmical, the course of social change cannot be judged of in general direction by inspecting any small portion of it. Each action will inevitably be followed, after a while, by some direct or indirect reaction, and this again by a reaction, and, until the successive effects have shown themselves, no one can say how the total motion will be modified."

It is, however, earnestly hoped that the aggregate of the forces now at work will have the effect not only of raising the people to a still higher platform in every matter which pertains to their social state, but that the educational and religious influences at work may also be the means of getting Highlanders to realise that the chief end of man is "to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever."

UILLEAM TELL.*

DAN DEALBH-CHLUICH LE FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

Air eadar-theangachadh o 'n Ghearmailteach gu Gailig

LE K. W. G.

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DO 'N LEUGHADAIR.

Ann an tionndadh an Dain Ghearmailtich so gu Gailig ghleidh mi fa m' chomhair an seadh a thoirt, cho dluth 's a bha e 'n comas, agus aig a cheart am, cho litreachail 's a dh' fheudadh e bhith. Thug mi oidheirp, mar an ceudna, air a ghne-dhoigh chur an ordugh a leanailt.

A chionn nach 'eil facal 's a' Ghailig air son *glaciers*, 's e sin na cruachan mora de shneachd sior-reodhta, a's eigh a tha air sleibhte Suisserland, tha am facal, *Firn* a' seasamh air a shon, 's e so am facal a tha na Suissich iad fein a' cleachdadh, agus tha e na 's coltaiche ris a' Ghailig na tha am facal Frangach. Air son na h-aon aobhair tha *gemse* a' seasamh air son *chamois*, seorsa gaibhre no earba. nach 'eil 's an duthaich so.

Their na Suissich *Alp*, a mhain ri monadh feurach. 'Nuair a tha e 'n t-am do'n chrodh tighinn dachaidh tha am Buachaille a' cluich fonn "Sreuda nam Bò," air adhairc mhoir, no dudach. Tha aon mhart anns gach treud air am bheil bann m' a h-amhaich, le sreath de chlaga beag air. Tha am mart so a' dol air ceann an treid, agus tha iad uile 'leannachd a cheile, h-aon an deigh h-aoin, mar a chithear na caoirich ri oidhche-shamhraidh a' dol d'an aite tainh air a' mhonadh. 'S e fonn dhiubh so—oir tha moran diu ann—ris am bheil na tri duanagan aig toiseach an Dain air an cur :—Gheibhear "Sreuda nam Bo," ann an Leabhar Fhonn fo'n ainm "Ranz des Vaches," no "Kuhreihen."

Sgriobh am Bard a cheud da rann air a chend Eisimpleir a chaidh a chur an lainh h-aon do Uaisleann na Cuirt. Tha leam nach fheudar briathran a's freagraiche fhaotainn ann na 'obair a chur an lathair innisintir mo dhuthcha aig an àm so. Cha 'n 'eil atharrachadh air a dheanamh ach air an t-sreath ann dheireadh a mhain.

Tha aon ni eile dh' fhaodar a radh. Cha 'n 'eil ainm no dreuchd 'nar measg-ne tha uile gu leir a co-chordadh ri oifigich an Iompaire—Gessler, Ceannard na Dainguiche, agus fear a' bhata-bhuidhe, a bha thairis air a chlachair agus a luchd-oibre. 'S e *Maoir* a bha annta uile, air an cuir thairis air an t-sluagh aig an àm sin a chum an ciosnachadh; theirear ann an eachdraidh nan Gearmailteach "An riaghaladh nam Maor" ris na bliadhnaichean sin. Cha 'n 'eil facal, no bloigh-facail air nach deachar thairis gu curamach, agus ma gheibh an Leughadair leth an toileachaidh ann 'na leughadh 's a fhuair mise ann 'na dheasachadh, bi'dh mo thoileachadh-sa air a dhublachadh.

* Nearly five years ago I began to attempt the translation of Schiller's "William Tell." For one thing, I wanted to learn to think in Gaelic, and thus be able to speak Gaelic fluently; for another, I longed to give my Highland countrymen a delightful taste of the good things stored up in the literature of other nations, of people whom we consider as alien and foreign, yet with feelings and sympathies closely akin to our own. We need to have our sympathies expanded; we need to get out of the few narrow grooves in which our thoughts are apt to run; to get above ourselves, so that our petty individuality may be merged in the good of the whole.

It took three pure moments of three years to complete the translation of "William Tell." I can now see much to amend, yet, such as it is, I beg my countrymen to accept the work as a loving gift, as carefully wrought out as circumstances would allow.

If it be the means of stirring the ambition of those who have leisure and ability to tread farther still in the same track, I shall not have spent my time in vain. K. W. G.

Uilleam Tell.

'Nuair spealtar nearta borb o' cheil le naimhdeas,
'S tha 'm boile dall a' dusgadh àir m' an cuairt ;
An uair an comhstri bhuidheann, 's gair na h-aimhreit
Tha guth a cheartais air a shlugadh 'suas ;
'Nuair thogas droch bheart suas a ceann, a's ainneart
Gu dalma gach ni naomh a' briseadh nuas,
Aeòir na Staid air fuasgla' ghleidh air sreìn i—
Do 'n chungaidh sin cha deanar dàin a ghleusadh !

Ach 'nuair tha pobull coir, d' an leoir an treudan,
'S an cuideachd fein, gun mhiann air seilbhean ceìn,
A' tilgeadh dhiu, mar mhasladh, cuing na h-eu-ceirt
A's iad 'nan corruich 'toirt do'n t-seirce speis ;
Eadhon 'an soirbheachadh 's 'am buaidh tha beusach—
Tha'n gniomh neo-bhasmhor, 's fiu a chur an ceill,
Dealbh ceart mar so dhuibh neochdaidh mi le solas,
Eisimpleir neart a's buaidh na h-Aonachd oirdheirc.

UILLEAM TELL.

Dan Dealbh chluich ann an Cuig Earrainn.

Na Pearsa

Herman Gessler, Fear-riaghlaidh thairis air Siorramachdan Suits agus Uri.
Bherner, Baran Attinghausen.
Ulrich 'o Rudents, mac a Pheathar.

Muinntir a' Le mhuinntir Suits.
Bherner Stauffacher.
Conrad Hunn.
Itsel Reding
Iain a Bhalla.
Deorsa Tuathanach.
Ulrich, an gobhainn.
Iost, a chlachain.

Muinntir a' Muinntir Uri.
Bhalter Furst.
Uilleam Tell.
Raosselmann, an sagart.
Peadar mann, an cleireach.
Kuoni, am buachaille.
Bherni, an seulgair.
Ruodi, an t-iasgair.

Muinntir a Unterbhalden
Arnold bho'n Mhelchdal.
Conrad Baumgart-n.
Meier bho'n Sarnen.
Struth bho'n Bhinceilhied.
Claus bho'n Flue.
Burchard am Buihel.
Arnold bho'n Sebhra.

Pfeifer bho Lutsern.
Cunts bho'n Ghersau.
Ienni, balach an Iasgair.
Seppi, balach a' Bhuachaille.
Gertrud, bean Stauffacher.
Hedhbig, bean Tell, nighean Furst.
Berta bho'n Bruned, ban-oighre bheartach.

Muathan-duthcha.
Armgard.
Melchtilda.
Elspaid.
Hildegard.

Balach-ìn ie Tell.
Bhalter.
Uilleam

Saighdearan.
Friesshardt.
Leuthold.

Rudolph bho Harris, Uasal a bha thairis air mare-shluagh Ghessler.
Stussie, maor-coille.
Maighstir Stier bho Uri.
Righ-theachdaire.
Maor-peanasachaidh.
Maighstir nan Clachairean, a ghillean agus luchd-cuideachaidh.
Luchd-buaireis fhosgailteach.
Manaich.
Mare-shluagh Ghessler agus Landenberg.
Morau sluaigh, fir, a's mnathan, as na Siorramachdan-coillteach.

A' Chèud Earrann.—A' Chèud Roinn.

Bruachan creagach ard Loch-nan-Ceithir—Siorramachdan—Coillteach, Coirre—Suits mar coinneamh.

Tha canus beag air an Loch, bo'han dluth air a' chladach, balachan an Iasgair na bhata'g a iomram tho'n air ais's air aghaidh. A null thairis air an Loch chithear loinneau uaine, frithbhailtean, agus bailte-fearainn Suits'nan luidhe anu an deursa soilleir na greine. Air an Taobh chi tha sguir na Hacken ri fhaicinn air an cuvitteachadh le neoil ; air an Taobh dheis chithear, fad' air falbh, stuaidh-sleibhte na h-eighe. Cnuimeareeol nam "Ranz des Vaches," agus gliongarsaich bhinn nan clag a measg a' chruidh.

An t-Iasgair Og (a' seinn 's a' bhata)—Air foun, "Ranz des Vaches"—

Tha 'n Lochan 'an soills' a' cuireadh gu suamh ann,
Bha 'n giuthan ri thaobh 'na chadal gu sannrach,
'N sin chu daig e binn-cheol,
Mar theudan cho grinn,
Mar chaomh-ghuth nan aingeal
Tha 'm Parras a' seinn.
Ach air dusgadh o 'aisling le solas 'na chri,

Feuch tonnan ag ealaidh m'a bhroilleach a nios!
A's, gu h-ard, as an doimhne
Tha 'g eiridh an glaodh—
Gu'n talaidh mi 'n cad'laiche
'S leams' thu, mo laogh!

AM BUACHAILLE (air a' bheinn)—Variation of the "Ranz des Vaches"—
A chluaintean an aigh!
A lointean tha boidheach!
Gur cianail mo shoraidh,
Tha' n Samhradh air triall.
Ach thig mi le 'm spreidh gu direadh nam beannta,
'Nuair a dhuisgear na dain leis a' chuthaig 's na gleannta,
'Nuair tha'n Talamh 'ga comhdach le maise nam blaith,
'Nuair a thaomas na h-uillt anns a' cheitein o 'n bhraigh.
A chluaintean an aigh!
A lointean tha grianail!
Mo chead leibh gu cianail
Tha 'n Samhradh air triall.

SEALGAIR NAN ARD-BHEANN (A' tighinn a's t-sealladh m'ar coinneamh air mullach creige moire —Second variation—
Tha torrunn nan ard-bheann mar bheuchdaich nan speur,
Cha chriothnaich an sealgair air bruachaibh nam beur;
Thar raointean na h-eighe
Theid esan gun sgath,
An sin cha tig earrach
Le ailleachd, a's fas;
'Na laidhe fo chasan tha fairge de cheo,
Gach baile 's tigh-comhnaidh cha'n fhaicear na 's mo
Chi e plathadh de 'n t-saoghal
'Nuair sgoiltear na neoil,
'An iochdar a' chuain ud
Gorm-mhachair an fheoir.

[Tha cnochladh tighinn air aghaidh na duthcha, cluinnear a measg nam beann bruaillean agus spealtadh a' dol air aghaidh, tha dubhradh neoil a' gradhuith thairis air an tir.]
Tha Ruodi, an t-iasgair, a' toirt ceum a mach as a bhothan, tha Bherni, an sealgair, a' tearnadh o mheasg nan creag, tha Kuoni, am buachaille, a' tighinn leis a ghogan bhainne air a ghualainn; Seppi, am balach aige, 'g a leanachd.

RUODI—Greas ort, a Ienni. Thoir gu tir am bata. Tha maor-liath nan gleann aig laimh, tha 'm Firn a' bairich,
Tha Clach-nan-Ursgeul a' cur oirr' a curraichd,
'S is fuar e seideadh nuas o bheur nan neul;
Bi'dh'n stoirm a nuas mu'm fios duinn c'ait am bheil sinn.

KUONI—Tha 'n t-uisge tighinn Fhir-an-aiseig. Tha mo chaoirich
Ag ith' an fheoir mar nach robh greim an diugh ac',
'S tha Fireach trang a' sgriobadh suas na h-urach.

BHERNI—Tha 'n t-iasg a' leum, a's tha 'chearcuisg' gu tric
'Dol fodha. Tha a' ghaillion air a rathad.

KUONI (ris a' bhalach)—A Sheppi, seall nach 'eil an crodh air faondra.

SEPPI—Ni mi an Lisel dhonn a mach, air a' ghliongarsaich.

KUONI—'S i 's fhaide theid, mata, bidh cach am fagus.

RUODI—'S ann agad 'tha na clagain ghrinn, a Bhuachaille.

BHERNI—'S tha 'n fheudail briagh—An leatsa tha iad, 'ille?

KUONI—Cha 'n 'eil na h-uiread sin de bheartas agam—
'S le m' mhaigstir uasal iad, Triath Attinghausen,
A's tha gach te dhiu air a cunntas dhomh.

RUODI—Nach boidheach thig do'n bhò am bann m' a muineal.

KUONI—'S ann aic' tha fios gur h-i ceann-iuil 'na sreud,
Na'n toirinn dhith e sguireadh i a dh' ionaltradh.

RUODI—Cha 'n 'eil thu 'd chiall, beothach gun tur, mar sin.

BHERNI—'S furasda radh. Ach *tha* aig ainmhidh tur;
'S ann *dhuine* 's aithne sin, 'tha sealg nan gemsen.
Tha fear dhiu air a chur gu freiceadan,
'Nuair tha iad air an fheur ag ionaltradh,
'S tha chluas a' biorachadh, a's bheir e'n sanas
Gu soilleir cruaidh, ma dhluthaicheas an Sealgair.

RUODI (ris a' Bhuachaille)—'N ann a' dol dachaidh tha thu?

KUONI—Tha an Alp gu buileach air a lomadh.

BHERNI—Beannachd leat,
A's gu'm a mhath a gheibh thu dhachaidh 'Bhuachaille.

KUONI—Mar sin leat fhein; Cha'n ann o d' thurus-sa
A thigear daonnan tearuinte gu baile.

RUODI—Sud fear a' tigh'n 'na ruith an cabhaig chruaidh.

BHERNI—'S aithne dhomh e—Baumgarten o Altsellan. (Conrad Baumgarten anail 'na uchd, 's e 'g a thilgeadh fhein 'nan teismeadhoin).

BAUMGARTEN—Do bhat', air sgath a' Maitheis, Fhir an aiseig!

RUODI—So, so, co uime tha chabhag?

BAUMGARTEN—Fuasgail i!
Cuir thairis mi! A's teasraig mi o'n bhas!

KUONI—De th' ort a dhuine?

BHERNI—Co a tha 'g ad ruag?

BAUMGARTEN (ris an Iasgair)—Greas ort, greas ort, 's iad direach aig mo shailtean!
Tha marcaichean an t-Siorraim as mo dheigh;
Ma thuiteas mi 'nan lamhan 's duine marbh mi.

RUODI—C'ar son a tha 'n luchd-marcachd air do thoir?

BAUMGARTEN—Sabhail mi 'n toiseach, bidh uine an sin ri cainnt riut.

BHERNI—Tha sridean fola ort, ciod a th'air tachairt?

BAUMGARTEN—Ceannard Dun Rossberg, oifigeach an Iompair'—

KUONI—'N e Bholfensissen! 'N *esan* tha 'g ad ruaig?

BAUMGARTEN—Cha dean e dochann tuille, mharbh mi e.
IAD UILE (a' leum air an ais)—Gu'n sealladh Trocair oirnne. Ciod a rinn thu?
BAUMGARTEN—Ni 'dheanadh duine saor 's am bith 'am aite!
Mo choir mar Fhear-an-tighe ghnathaich mi
'Na aghaidh-san a chuir gu naire m' ainm,
A's ainm mo mhnatha.
KUONI—An d'rinn Fear an Duin
Dochann 'sam bith air d'onoir?
BAUMGARTEN—Mur do rinn
'S e Dia, 's an tuadh agam 'chuir grabadh air
Nach d'fhuair a mhiann mi-bheusach coimhlionadh.
BHERNI—A's rinn thu leis an tuaidh a cheann a spealtadh?
KUONI—O, inn's dhuinn h-uile car, tha uin' agad
Am feadh a tha e cur a' bhata mach.
BAUMGARTEN—Bha mi's a' choille, 'gearradh fiodh, 'nuair thainig
Mo bhean 'na ruith, a cridh' 's a phlosgartaich
Le geilt a's fuathas. Bha Fear-an-Duin' 's an tigh,
Dh' orduich e dh' i gach goireas chur air doigh,
A chum gu'm failceadh 'se e fhein! Am feadh
A bha i' deasachadh gach ni, mar dh' aithn',
Guidhe neo-cheadaicht' rinn e 'chur m'a coinneamh
Theich i o 'n tigh, 'na leum, 'gam iarruidh-sa.
Ruith mis' am dheannaibh, direach mar a bha mi
'S le m' thuaidhe, chuir mi crois air, 's e 's an uisge.
BHERNI—Rinn thu gu maith, cha smad, da thaobh, aon duin' thu.
KUONI—An cu-luirge esan! Fhuair e 'nis a dhuais!
'S fhad o 'n a thoill e i, 'thaobh muinntir Unterwalden.
BAUMGARTEN—Chaidh 'n gniomh a dheanamh ainmeil; tha 'n toir am dheigh.
Am feadh 'tha sinn a' bruidhinn—Mis'?—tha 'n uine ruith—
(Tha 'n tairneanach a' toiseachadh).
KUONI—Clis, cuir an duine coir a null, a Phortair!
RUODI—Neo-chomasach. Tha doinionn gharbh a' tighinn.
Feumaidh tu feitheamh greis.
BAUMGARTEN—Feitheamh! Mo chreach!
Feitheamh cha 'n urrainn mi. B'e moille 'm bas domh—
KUONI (ris an Iasgair)—Feuch ris le comhnadh Dhe! Bu choir ar lamh
Bhith deas a chuideachadh ar coimhearsnach;
Faodaidh a leithid eile tachairt dhuinne.
(Gair thonn a's thairneanaich).
RUODI—Fhuair a' ghaoth-deas mar sgaoil, tha thu a' faicinn
Cho ard 's tha 'n Loch ag at; cha 'n urrainn domh,
An aghaidh gaoith a's thonn am bata stiuradh.
BAUMGARTEN (a' glasadh a lamhan mu ghlunaibh an Iasgair)—
Gu 'n tugadh Dia dhuit comhnadh ann ad fheum
A reir na trocair 'nochdas tusa dhomhsa.
BHERNI—Tha bheath' 's a chuis. Bi iochd mhor, Fhir-an-aiseig.
KUONI—'S Fear-tighe e, tha bean a's paisdean aige!
(Buillean tairneanaich thairis agus thairis).
RUODI—Ciod? Nach 'eil beatha agamsa ri chall?
Tha, mar an ceudna, bean a's clann 'am dhachaidh
Mar th' aige-san—Amhaircibh air an Loch,
A' chaoir, 's an luasgadh, a's a' ghoil a th' ann
'S gach sruth tha tigh'n 'na chuibhleagan le bruthach
A' togail gaoir 'n ar n-aghaidh as an Doimhne!
Bu toilichte a dheanainn chobhair air
An duine coir, ach tha e glan a'm chomas,
Nach 'eil sibh fhein a' faicinn mar a tha e?
BAUMGARTEN (fathasd air a ghluinean)—
'S fheudar, mata, tuiteam an laimh mo namhaid,
Fearann na tearuinteachd cho dluth fa m' chomhair!
Sud e 'na luidhe thall! Ruigidh mo shuil air,
A's ruigidh fuaim mo ghuth a null g'a ionnsuidh,
Tha 'n sin am bata bheireadh thairis mi,
A's mis' an so, gun duil dol as, no doigh air!
KUONI—Faic, co tha tigh'n?
BHERNI—'S e Tell a th' ann, o Bhuirgleann.
(Tell, le bhogha-tarsuinn).
TELL—Co 'n duin' tha 'n so a' guidhe air son cobhair?
KUONI—Is duin' e o Alzellen 'sheas a suas
Gu onoir fhein a dhion, a's Bholfensiess,
Maor leis an Righ, a bha an Daingneach Rossberg,
Rinn e a mharbhadh — Marcaichean an t-Siorraim
Tha air a thoir, 's iad direach aig a shailtean.
Tha 'ghuidhe ris an Iasgair so, 'chur thairis,
Tha es' an geilt roimh 'n stoirm 's cha teid e mach.
RUODI—Sin agaibh Tell, 's aithne dha 'n stiuir a chluich,
Bheir esan fianuis c' dhiu tha 'n rud ri fheachainn.
TELL—Bheir aire a dhuine, dulan do gach ni.
(Buillean cruaidh tairneanaich, an loch a' taomadh le toirm a nios).
RUODI—B'e sin mi fhein a thilgeadh anns an t-slochd!
Co 'n duine ghleidh a chiall a dheanadh sin?
TELL—'S e fhe' a thig mu dheireadh 'n smaoin a' ghaisgich
Cuir d' earbs' 'an Dia, saor es' tha fulang foirneart.
RUODI—Comhairle thaght', 's tha sabhailte 's a' phort!
Sin duit am bata, 's sud an Loch, feuch fhein e!
TELL — Nochdaidh an Doimhne truas cha nochd am Bailli.
Feuch ris, a Phortair!
NA BUACHILLEAN 'S AN SEALGAIR—Saor e? Saor e! Saor e!
RUODI—Ged b' e mo bhrathair, no mo leanabh fhein e,

Cha ghabh e bhith; 's e 'n diugh Feill Shimoin 's Iudais,
Mar sin, tha 'n Loch air bhainidh 'sireadh 'iobairt.

TELL—'S a chuis so cha dean briathra faoin an gnothuch;
Abair, an teid thu thairis, Fhir-an-aiseig?

RUODI—'S mise nach teid!

TELL—An ainm ar De mata!
An so am bata! Bheir mi ionnsuidh air
Le m' neart faoin fhein.

KUONI—Mo laochan Tell!

BHERNI—Smior an t-sar-chompanaich.

BAUMGARTEN—M' fhear-teasraiginn,
A's m' aingeal thu, gu m' bheatha 'chaomhnadh Tell!

TELL—Ni mi, gu dearbh, o neart a' Mhaoir do spionadh!
'S e Cumhachd Eile 'ghleidheas thu o 'n stoirm.
Ach b'fhearr thu thuiteam ann an laimh do Dhe,
Na'n lamhan dhaoin'. (Ris a' Bhuachaill) Ma thig ni saogh'lta rium
Fhir-duthch' thoir thusa comhfhurtachd do m' mhnaoi.
Cha b' urrainn domh a sheachnadh 'n ni a rinn mi.
(Tha e leum a stigh do 'n bhata).

KUONI (ris an Iasgair)—Tha thu an so mar mhaighstir air an stiuir.
'S an ni 'ghabh Tell fo 's laimh cha 'n fheuchadh *iusa!*

RUODI—Tha iomadh duine 'tha na's fearr na mise
Aig nach 'eil cri' no misneach dol da reir-san,
Dithis da leth-bhreac cha 'n 'eil air an t-sliabh.

BHERNI (a' direadh air creig)—Tha e 'mach cheana, Dia 'g ad chomhnadh 'laochain!
Faic mar tha 'm batachan a' tulgail thall
A measg nan tonn!

KUONI—'S e 'n rathad sin tha 'n sruth—
Cha 'n fhaic mi e na's fhaide. Ach stad ort, sin e!
Tha 'n treun gu foghainteach troimh 'n chaoir a' stri!

SEPPI—Sin marcaichean an t-Siorraim tigh'n 'nan sradan.

KUONI—'S iad direach 'th' ann. B' i sin an fhoir 's an airc.
(Buidheann de Luchd-eich Landenberg).

A CHEUD MHARCACH—Thoiribh a mach am mortair 'chuir sibh'm falach!

DARA MARCACH—Thainig e 'n rathad so, cha mig sibh leas a chleith.

KUONI agus RUODI—Co tha sibh 'ciallachadh, a mharcaichean?

A CHEUD MHARCACH (a' toirt an aire do'n bhata)—'De, 'n Donas, chi mi 'n sud?

BHERNI—'N e 'm fear 's a' bhata
Tha sibh ag iarruidh?—Marcaichibh air adhart!
Ma ghreasas sibh, gheibh sibh an ealachd greim air.

DARA MARCACH—Am mallachd, fhuair e as!

A CHEUD MHARC. (ris a' Bhuachaille 's an Iasgair)—Rinn sibhs' a chomhnadh,
Paighidh sibh air a shon—Togaibh an treudan!
Leagaibh am bothan, lasair ris, gu lar leis!
(Tha iad a' greasadh air falbh).

SEPPI (a' ruith 'nan deigh)—Oh, na h-uain agam!

KUONI ('ga leanailt)—Ochoin, ochoin, mo threud!

BHERNI—Na coin-luirge!

RUODI (a' fasgadh a lamhan)—A Fhreasdail chothromaich
C'uin a thig Fear a theasraigeas an Tir so!

AN DARA ROINN.

Aig Steinen ann an Suits, craobh teile air beulaobh tigh Stauffacher, taobh an rathaid-mhoir, dluth do'n drochaid.

Bherner Stauffacher, agus Pfeifer bho Lutsern a' tighinn air an aghaidh a' conaltradh ri 'cheile.

PFEIFER—Seadh, seadh, a Stauffacher, mar thubhairt mi riut.
Na boidich d' umhlachd 'thoirt do Austria
Ma ghabh's e seachanadh. Gu gramail, tapaidh
Ri d' rioghachd seas, mar rinn thus gus a nis.
'S a' d' shaorsa mor o shean gu'n gleidheadh Dia thu!
(A' beireachd air laimh air gu cridheil, 's a' dol a dh' fhalbh).

STAUFFACHER—Dean fuireach gus am faic thu bean-an-tighe.
A's theid do bheatha 'dheanadh leis na h-againn.

PFEIFER—Taing dhuit! Tha agam Gersau 'n diugh ri 'ruigheachd
Leis gach ni cruaidh a thig ort troimh meud-mhoir,
A's sannt nam Maor biodh agad oighidinn
'S goirid a dh' fheudas caochladh tigh'nn mu'n cuairt
Ach *faigheadh* Austria greim ort, 's leis thu 'm feasd.
(Tha e a' falbh. Tha Stauffacher a'suidhe 'sios gu trom-inntinneach air aite-suidhe 'tha aig bun na craoibh. Fhuair an so e a bhean, Gertrud; sheas i dluth dha car ghreis, a' beachdachadh air gu tosdach).

GERTRUD—Cho durachdach, a luaidh! Cha 'n aithn'ghinn thu.
Tha ioma latha o 'n a thug mi 'n aire
Gun diog a radh, mar a tha trioblaid-inntinn
A' toirt nam preasa troma air do mhala.
Le iargain shamhach tha do chri 'ga fhasgadh,
Earb rium an gnothuch; 's mi do cheile dhileas,
Mo leth de d' iomagain tha mi 'tagradh uait.
(Tha Stauffacher a' sineadh a mach a lamh dhi gu tosdach).
Inn's dhomh' de'm mulad is *urrainn* drughadh ort?
Tha beannachd air do dhichioll, blath na rath
Air d' uile sheilbhe, tha na saibhlean lan,
Treuda nam bo, 's na h-eich, 's a chulaidh 's fhearr,
Gu snasmhor, sleamhain le 'n deadh fheurachadh,
Air tilleadh dhachaidh tearuinte o 'n bheinn,

Gu'n geamhrachadh gu socair anns a' phrasaich.
Tha 'n sin do thigh, cho briagh ri tigh-mor tighearn;
Na seomraichean air an ur-linteachadh.
Le fiodh a's boidhche snuadh, de bhun nan craobh,
'S air a dheadh orduchadh a reir ar n-inbhe;
Le ioma uinneag tha e aoidheil, soilleir;
Le dealbh nan suaicheantas, do ioma dath,
A's sgeith do Theaghlaich tha am balla riomhach,
'S le briathra glic, a leughas am fear-turuis,
A' meorachadh le ioghnadh air an seadh,
Am feadh a tha è leigeadh dheth a sgios.

STAUFFACHER—Tha 'n tigh an roghadh-uidheam agus ordugh,
Ach, Och—tha 'n steidh 'toirt geill air an do thog sinn!

GERTRUD—A ghraidh, cia mar a tha thu 'tuigsinn sin?

STAUFFACHER—O cheann a ghoirid, shuidh mi, mar an diugh,
Fo 'n chraoibhe so, a' beachdachadh le solas
Air m' uile obair shnasmhor, choimhlionta,
'Nuair thain' o Chussnacht 'nuas,—an caisteal aige—
Am Maor a' marcachd seachad le 'luchd-eich.
Sheas e mu choinnimh 'n tighe so le ioghnadh,
Ach dh' eirich mi gu luath, 'toirt urraim dha
Mar a bu choir, 's chaidh mi 'na choinneamhsan
A chuir, le 'chumhachd tighearnail, an t-Iompair'
'S an tir so thairis oirnn. Co leis an tigh?
Le droch-run dh'fharraid e, 's dcadh-fhios aig' air.
Fhreagair mi,'gabhail agam fhein gu h-ealamh,
Tha'n tigh, le 'r cead, le'm thriath an t-Iompaire,
Leibhse, am Maor aige, a's leams' mar thuathanach.
A's fhreagair esan:—'S mis' an Tainistear
'Tha riaghladh na duthch' an ait' an Iompair
Cha 'n i mo thoil-sa gu'n dean tuathanach
Aitreabh mar so, air a laimh fhein, a thogail,
'S tigh'nn beo gu saor mar uachdaran 's an tir,
A's gheibh mi doigh gu grabadh a chur oirbh.
Air so a radh dha, thar e air a rathad
A' marcachd as an ait gu h-ardanach.
Ach dh'fhuirich mise, m' anam lan de thriobloid,
A' smaointeach' air an fhacal thubh'rt an t-Olc.

GERTRUD—M' fhear-tighe gaolach, a's mo cheile ionmhuinn!
An gabh thu facal tuigseach bho do mhnaoi?
'S i m' uaill gur h-ann de theaghlach uasal Iberg,
An duine foghluimte, a thainig mi.
'S na h-oidhchean fada, bhiodh mo pheathraichean
'S mi fhein 'nar suidhe trang a' sniamh na h-olainn,
A's ceannardan an t-sluaigh a' cruinneachadh
Mu'n cuairt de m' athair; leughadh iad gu dil
Na seana sgriobhaidhean a bh' air na craicinn
Mu'n t-seann deadh Iompaire 's mu mhaith na rioghachd
A' toirt am beachd d' a cheil a 'm briathra tuigseach.
Do ioma facal druighteach thug mi aire,
Do reusanachadh geur nan daoine glic,
Do ruintean durachdach nan daoine maith,
A's dhruid mi suas, gu tosdach, iad 'am chridhe.
Eisd rium mar sin, a nis, 's thoir suim do m' fhacal,
Air a' cheart ni 'tha'n diugh 'na dhragh air d' inntinn-s'.
Tha'm Maor 'am mi-thlachd riut, na'm b urrainn e
Bu toil leis, ann an doigh air bith, do chiurradh,
Tha thu 'd chnap-starra dha, oir, muinntir Suits
'S tu ghleidh gun striochdadh do 'n tigh phrionnsail ur;
Ach scas gu gramail, dileas ris an Rioghachd
Mar na sean daoine fiachail a bha romhad.
Nach ann mar so a tha? Abair ma's breug e

STAUFFACHER—Gun ag, 's e so a's bun do mhi run Ghessler.

GERTRUD—Tha 'fharmad riut, 'chionn thu bhith 'n so cho sona
A'd dhuine saor, 'tigh'nn beo air d' oighreachd fhein,
Cha'n eil te aige-san. Tha 'n tigh so agads'
O'n Iompair' fhein 's o 'n Rioghachd mar thuathanas;
Tha uiread choir agad do thigh a nochdadh
'S th' aig prionnsa anns an tir a nochdadh 'fhearainn;
Oir tighearn eile cha'n 'eil os do cheann
Ach esan 's airde inbh 'sa Chriosduidheachd.
'S e 'm fear so 'mac a's oighe 'n teaghlach 'athar,
S e cleoc an Ridire na h-aige dh' oighreachd!
Mar sin, air soirbheachadh an duine choir
Tha 'shuil, gun chlos, a' fiaradh farmadach,
S tha 'chridhe uaibhreach lan do nimh a mhi-ruin.
'S fhad o'n a bhoidich e do chur-sa fodha—
Ach cha'n 'eil dochann fathast air tigh'nn ort—
Am feith thu gus am bi thu air do chreineadh,
'Nuair gheibh a dhroch-run borb na chuir e roimh?
An duinn crionna ullaichidh roimh-laimh.

STAUFFACHER—'De 'tha ri dheanamh?

GERTRUD (a' dol na 's dluithe)—Eisd ri m chomhairle!
Tha fhios agad mar tha, an so 'an Suits,
Na daoine 's fhearr ri gearan air gach taobh
Air sannt a's gairge Maor-an-fhearainn so.
Na biodh aon teagamh ort, tha muinntir Uri
A's Unterbhalden shuas, cho searbh ruinn fhein
Do 'n chiosnachadh 's do 'n chuing 'tha iad a giulan—
A chionn tha Landenberg, taobh thall an Loch,
Cho ladarna ri Gessler ann an so—
Cha'n 'eile aon bhatan-iasgaich 'thig a nall,
Gun naigheachd ur ri innseadh dhuinn mu thoiseach

An fhoirneirt a's na h-iorghuill 'thog na Maoir.
Bu mhaith an ni na'n trusadh grainnean dhibh
Gu doigh a thoirt m' an cuairt a ni an t-uallach
Na 's fhasa 'ghiulan. Tha mi uile-chinnteach
Nach treig ar Dia sibh. Bi'dh E fabharach
Do 'n chuis 'tha ceart, a's bheir se i gu crich—
Nach 'eil 'an Uri caraid air bith agad
Da 'm biodh e tearuint' dhuit do chridhe fhosgladh?

TAUFFACHER—'S ioma fear treun tha 'n sin a's aithne dhomh,
A's triathan mora 'tha fo mheas a's cliu
'Tha eolach orm, a's dh' earbainn annt' gun gheilt.
(Tha e 'g eiridh 'na sheasamh).
A bhean, am bhroilleach tha thu dusgadh doinnean
De smuaintean nach 'eil tearuinte a ghiulan!
An ni bu diomhaire 'am thaobh a stigh
Tharruing thu chum an t-soluis, 's chuir fa m' chomhair,
'S an ni air an do dhiult mi beachdachadh.
Le teanga dheas, neo-sgathach labhair thusa.
An d' thug thu ceart faisear a' chomhairle
A thug thu dhomh? Dheanadh tu aimhreit gharbh
A's fuaim airm-chogaidh 'ghairm a stigh do'n ghleann so
Far am bheil sith gu samhach 'gabhail comhnuidh—
Gu'n gabhamaid os laimh, sluagh lag, neo-chleachdt'
Riamh ach ri buachailleachd, seasamh an aghaidh
Maighstir an t-saoghail? Cha'n 'eil a dhith orra
Ach an deadh leth-sgeul fhaotainn gu'n neart-cogaidh
Fhuasgladh 'n ar n-aghaidh,' s an sgaoithean cheatharnach
'Leigeil fa sgaoil air an tir thruagh so againn,
A chum gu'n toireadh coraichean na buadha
An comas dhoibh ar smachdachadh gu goirt,
'S fo 'sgaile peannasachaidh laghail cheairt,
Ar seann Litrichean-saorsa 'mhilleadh oirnn.

GERTRUD—'S fir sibhse cuideachd, 's aithne dhuibh tuaidh a chluich,
Do 'n mhisneachail bheir Dia lan-chuideachadh!

STAUFFACHER—Oh, 'bhean! Is uile-bheist cuthaich, gairisneach
An cogadh daonnan; buailidh e an treud
'S am buachaille le cheile.

GERTRUD—Feumaidh duine
Gach ni a chuireas Freasdal air, a ghiulan,
Le eucoir cha chuir cridhe uasal 'suas.

STAUFFACHER—Tha 'n tigh so 'thog sinn, 'toirt toilliuntinn dhuit—
Loisgeadh an cogadh sgriosail e gu lar.

GERTRUD—B' i mo laimh fhein 'chuireadh an lasair ris
Ach mi bhi fiosraichte mo chridh' bhi leagta
Air mhaith an t-saoghail so.

STAUFFACHER—Tha thu cur creideas
'Am baighealachd a' chinne daoin'! An cogadh
Cha chaomh'n an leanabh maoth a tha 's a chreathall.

GERTRUD—'An Neamh tha Caraid aig an neo-chiontach!
Air d' aghaidh seall, 'Bherner, na b' ann air d' ais!

STAUFFACHER—Sinne, na fir, thuiteadh gun gheilt 's a chath
Ach sibhse, aig an tigh, 'd e thachradh ribh

GERTRUD—'S tric a tha 'roghainn fosgailte do 'n lag,
Aon leum o'n drochaid sin, 's bhithinn-sa saor.

STAUFFACHER ('g a glacadh 'n a ghairdeinean)—
Co aig a bheil cbir cridhe mar th' agadsa
A theannachadh r' a bhroilleach, nach biodh deas
Gu cathachadh air son a thigh 's a theallaich,
Gun fhiamh roimh chumhachd airm righ air an t-saoghal?
Theid mi an ceart-uair fhein a null gu Uri
Far am bheil Bhalter Furst, mo charaid dileas,
A tha dh' aon bheachd rium mu na h-amannan so.
Tha, cuideachd, ann a sin, an ridir uasal,
Triath Attinghausen—Ged thain' o shliochd cho ard e,
Tha gradh aige do 'n t-sluagh, 's tha e toirt urraim
Do na seann chleachduinnean. Leo-san le cheile
Gabhaidh mi comhairle, a dh' fheuchainn cia mar
A ghleidheas sinn, gu duineil, aige fhein
Nambaid ar duthcha – Beannachd leat a ruin!
Stiuir thus', am feadh tha mise fada uait,
Le inntinn thuigeasch, reisimeid an tighe—
Luchd-turuis chrabhach, gu Tigh Dhe 'dol seachad,
Am manach 'trusadh deirc air son na h-Abaid,
Buin riu gu fial, thoir seachad dhoibh gu pailt
'S cuir air an slighe iad gu suilbhire.
Cha cheil gu brath tigh Stauffacher a cheann
Ach tha e, anns an t seadh a's farsuinge,
Taobh an rathaid-mhor, mar fhardach fhosgailte,
Do 'n choigreach 'thig air allaban gu 'dhorus.
(Am feadh a tha iad a' dol as an t-sealladh, tha Tell agus Baumgarten a' tighinn am follais, agus a' dluthachadh oirnn).

TELL (ri Baumgarten) — Cha 'n 'eil feum tuilleadh agad orm a nis
Rach thus' a null do 'n tigh ud; gheibh thu 'n sin
A' fuireach Stauffacher, a tha mar athair
Do dhuin' air bith a th' air a sharuchadh.
Ach, stad ort, sin a fhein—Leau mise, tiugainn!
(Tha iad a' dol a suas 'g a ionnsuidh. Tha 'n sealladh a' caochladh).

AN TREAS ROINN.

Aite Fosgailteach, dluth air Altorf.

Air mullach cnuic, air an taobh a's fhaide o'n fhear-amhairc, chithear daingneach 'ga togail, a tha cho fad air aghaidh gu bheil cruth an iomlain ri fhaicinn. Tha 'n taobh cuil criochnaichte, tha 'n taobh-beoil direach 'ga thogail,

tha gach faradh agus lobhta-seasaidh fathast ri aodainn a bhalla, leis an luchd-oibre a' direadh 's a' tearnadh orra. Air a' mhullach a's airde do 'n togail tha 'n sgleatair trang—tha na h-uile ni air ghluasad a' cur na h-oibre air aghaidh.

Maor. Maighstir nan Clachairean. A Ghillean 's an Luchd-frithealaidh.

AM MAOR (le a bhata-dreuchd, a' greasad an luchd-oibre)—
Na bi'bh 'ga ghabhail tuille 's socair. Clis !
A nall na clachan sin air son a' bhalla,
An so an t-aol, togaibh aol-tathaidh leibh
Gu luath ! 'S gu 'm faic am Maor an uair a thig e
Gu'm bheil an obair 'dol gu maith air adhart,
Cha'n fhearr sibh na na seilcheagan, cho mall.
(Ri da fhear-oibre 'tha tarruing luchda).
An ealach sin ? 'S a mhionaid so 'dha uiread !
Na slaodairean, 's an doigh so 'goid na tim !

A CHEUD GHILLE—'S cruaidh gur sinn fhein a bhiodh a' tarruing chlach
A thogail dhuinn fhein priosain a's tighcheannais !

MAOR—Co uime 'tha thu canran ? Sluagh gun fheum,
Cha ghabh iad cur ri ni ach bleodhainn cruidh
A's lunndaireachd air feadh nam bruthaichean.

SEANN DUINE (a' leigeil 'anail)—Cha 'n 'eil e 'm chomas tuille 'dheanamh.

AM MAOR (a' toirt crathaidh dha)—Sgairteil, a bhodaich, cuir an obair air a h-aghaidh.

A CHEUD GHILLE—Bheil cridhe idir agad ann ad chom ?
Seann duine, 'ni ach gann e fhein a ghiulan,
A chur gu obair chruaidh mar so a dh' aindeoin ?

AM MAIGHSTIR 'S A GHILLEAN—Ni gaoir a' leithid so Neamh fein a ruigheachd !

AM MAOR—Sealladh ribh fhein, tha mise dol a reir
Mar 'tha mo dhreuchd 'g am orduchadh.

DARA GILLE—A Mhaoir,
'D e 'n t-ainm a bheir sibh air an daingnich so
'Tha sinn a' togail, 'nuair a bhios i crioch-naichte ?

AM MAOR—"Ciosnachair Uri," bheir sinn oirre ! Chionn
Fuidh 'n chuing aice theid a thoirt oirbhse cromadh.

NA GILLEAN—Ciosnachair Uri !

AM MAOR—'D e 'n t-aobhar gair 'tha 'n sin ?

AN DARA GILLE—Leis an tighein so ciosnaichidh sibh Uri ?

A CHEUD GHILLE—Stad thusa dh' fheuch co meud de dhuintean-fhamh
Mar so a dh' fheumas iad a charnadh 'suas,
Gus am bi uibhir ann gu'n dean iad beinn
Cho mhor dhiu, ris an te a's bige 'n Uri !
(Tha am Maor a' dol as an t-sealladh air an taobh-cuil).

AM MAIGHSTIR—An t-ord a bh' agam ris an togail mhallaichte
Tilgidh mi sios do ghrunnd an loch a's doimhn' e !
(Tha Tell agus Stauffacher a' tighinn)

STAUFFACHER—Och, b'fhearr nach d'rugadh mi gu'n rud so fhaicinn !

TELL—Deanamaid coiseachd, cha'n 'eil maith 'bhi 'n so !

STUFFACHER—Bheil mi da rir' an Uri, tir na saorsa ?

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—Na'm faiceadh sibh na seileirean, a mhaighstir,
'Tha fo na tuir ! Esan 'theid *annta sin*,
Cha chluinn am feasda tuille glaodh a' choillich.

STAUFFACHER—A Thi a's airde

MAIGHSTIR—Seallaibh air cliathaichean
Nam balla dion, air neart gach balla-taic,
A' seasamh mar gu'm biodh iad air an togail
Gu marsuinn re na siorruidheachd an sin !

TELL—An ni a thogas lamh, ni lamh a leagail.
(Ris na beanntaibh a' sealltuinn).
Aitreabh na Saorsa shuidhich Dia E fein dhuinn.
(Cluinnear fuaim druma, tha daoine tighinn le ad air barr maide fada, fear-gairm 'g an leanachd, mnathan agus clann, le gaoir a's troimh-cheile, a' dròbhadh as an deigh).

A CHEUD GHILLE—De 's ciall do 'n druma ? Gabhaibh beachd !

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—'De 'n seorsa Luchd-siubhail Di-mairt-inid bhios an so,
'S de 's ciall do 'n aid ?

FEAR-GAIRM—An ainm an Iompaire, Eisdibh !

NA GILLEAN—Nach cuisd sibh nis, a's thugaibh aire !

FEAR-GAIRM—An Ad so 'tha sibh 'faicinn, fhearaibh Uri !
Air post ard theid a nis a togail 'suas,
'S a cur 's an ait' a's aird am meadhon Altorf.
'S e so a's run 's a's toil le Maor-an-fhearainn :
Do 'n Aid gu'n toirear onoir mar dha fein,
Le glunaibh lubt, 's le ceann neo-chombdaichte
Tha modh ri thabhairt dh' i—mar so, an Righ
Gheibh aithne orrasan 'tha umhal da.
A's co air bith 'ni dimeas air an aithne
Theid ubhla air, le 'thoirt gu buileach thairis,
E fein, 's na bhuineas dha, do laimh an Righ.
(Tha 'n sluagh a' deanamh glag gaire, tha 'n druma 'g a bualadh, tha iad a' dol as an t-sealladh).

A CHEUD GHILLE—De an rud ur nach cualas iomradh riamh air
Tha 'n ceann a' Mhaoir ! Sinn a thoirt modh do aid !
An cuala gin agaibh a' leithid riamh ?

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—Gu 'n lubamaid ar glun do aid ! Am bheil e
Ri fala-dha ri daoine coire steidheil ?

A CHEUD GHILLE—Na'm b' e 'n crun rioghail a bhiodh ann, b' e sin
Gu dearbh Ad Austria : chunnaic mi an crun
An crochadh thairis air an Righ-chathair
Far an d' thug iad dhuinn coraichean ar fearainn.

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN-Ad na h-Austria.
Thugaibh sibhse 'n aire,
Is ribe th' ann gu 'r brath do Austria !

GILLEAN UILE—Cha striochd duin' onarach do 'n tamailt so.

MHAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—Thigibh, a's deanamaid le cach co-chordadh.

(Tha iad a' tearnadh a dh' ionnsuidh an taobh cuil).

TELL—A nis tha eolas agad air an iomlan.
Mo bheannachd leat an traths' a Mhaighstir Bherner!

STAUFFACHER—C'ait 'bheil thu dol? Na teich cho luath air falbh.

TELL—Bidh ionndrainn aig an tigh ac' orm. Slan leat.

STAUFFACHER—Tha moran ann am chridhe 'theirinn riut.

TELL—Cha'n eutromaich na 'briathra cridhe trom.

STAUFFACHER—Ach dh' fheudadh gniomhara na briathr' a leanachd.

TELL—'S i 'n aon ghniomh dhuinn 'bhi tosdach foighidneach.

STAUFFACHER—An giulain duine ni a tha do-ghiulan?

TELL—Cha mhair ach gearr an ceannas 'gheibh-ear ealamh.
'Nuair dh' eireas a' ghaoth deas le neart a suas
A slugan dorch' nan gleann, theid anns gach tigh
An teine leigeadh as; greasaidh gach long
A dh'ionnsuidh cala: sguabaidh an Anail threun
Gun lorg, gun dochann thairis air an talamh.
Cumamaid uile samhach aig an tigh;
Fagar an sith na daoine siobhalta.

STAUFFACHER—Am bheil thu ciallachadh?

TELL—Nach lot an nathair
Mur teid a brosnuchadh. Fasaidh iad sgith
Iad fhein ma dheireadh thall, an uair a chi iad
Gu bheil na duthchanna a' fantuinn suaimh-neach.

STAUFFACHER—Bu mhor na dheanamaid le seasamh comhladh.

TELL—'Nuair bhrisear long 's e 'n duine singilte
A's usa 'ni e fhein a chuideachadh.

STAUFFACHER—An cuir thu dhiot, cho fuar, an gnothuch coitchionn?

TELL—Air fhein a mhain cumntaidh gach aon le cinnt.

STAUFFACHER—Co-cheangailte, an lag maraon bi'dh neart-mhor.

TELL—'N a aonar 's ann a's treise duine laidir.

STAUFFACHER—Mar sin cha'n fhaod an duthaich amharc riutsa
'Nuair ghlacas i 'na cruaidh-chas airm na h-eiginn?

TELL (a toirt a lamh da)—Thug Tell uan caillt' a slochd an dubhaigein
Saoil thus' an teicheadh e air falbh o 'chairdean?
Ach ciod air bith a ni sibh fagaibh mise
Taobh mach na comhairle! Cha'n urrainn dhomhsa
Seasamh a dearbhadh, a's a taghadh chuisean;
Ach biodh run suidhichte a' teitheamh orm,
Glaodhaibh ri Tell, cha'n fhaillinnich e sibh.
(Tha iad a' dol as an t-sealladh air rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte, tha troimh-cheil obann ag eiridh m'an cuairt do na lobhtaichean).

AM MAIGHSTIR (a' ruith a nunn)—'De th' ann?

A CHEUD GHILLE (a' tighinn dluth a' glaodhaich)—Thuit an sgleatair o dhruim an tighe!

(Tha Berta a' dian-ruith a' stigh. A Luchd-frithealaidh).

BERTHA—A bheil e air a bhruthadh? Ruithibh, tearnaibh,
Cuidichibh e ma 's comasach a chomhnadh.
Teasraigibh e, tha or agaibh an sin——
(A' tilgeadh a seudan am measg an t-sluaigh).

AM MAIGHSTIR—Fhur n-or; Air dhuibh an t-athair a's a chlann,
An duin' agus a bhean o cheile 'sgaradh,
A's doruinn thoirt air aghaidh 'n t-saoghail uile,
Bheil fiughair agaibh gu'n dean *or* a suas e?
Togaibh oirbh! 'S e daoine sona sunntach
A bh' annainn gus an d' thainig sibhs' nar measg,
'N 'ur luib-sa thainig eu-dochas a stigh.

BERTHA (ris a Mhaor, a thil air ais)—A bheil e beo?
(Tha am Maor a' toirt sanas nach 'eil).
A chaisteil mhi-fhortanaich,
Do bhalla tha le mallachdan 'ga thogail
'S do mhallachdan bi'dh e 'na aite-comhnuidh!
(Tha i 'falbh).

AN CEATHRAMH ROINN.

Tha Bhalter Furst agus Arnold fo 'n Mhelchdal a' tighinn aig an aon am o rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte.

MELCHDAL—A Mhaighstir Bhalter Furst——

BHALTER FURST—Na'n tigeadh duin' oirnn!
Dean fuireach far am bheil thu. Tha luchd-brathaidh
M' an cuairt oirnn.

MELCHDAL—Nach 'eil guth idir agaibh dhomh
A thaobh Unterbhalden? Nach 'eil diog air m Athair?
Cha ghiulain mi na 's fhaide le bhi 'n so
Am phriosanach, a' cur na h-uine seachad
Gu diomhanach. 'De 'n cron airidh air peanas
A chuir mi 'n gniomh, gu'm feumainn mi fhein fholach
Mar gu'm bu mhortair mi? Coire air bith
Cha ghabh cur as mo leith, ach, 'nuair a thainig
Am balach ladarna, air aithn' a' Mhaoir,
A thogail leis, 's mo shuil ag amharc air,
A' chuing a b' fhearr a bh' againn do na daimh,
Le strachd de 'n bhata gu'n do bhrist mi 'chorag.

BHALTER FURST—Tha thu tuille 's bras. B' e gille 'Mhaoir a' bh' ann.
B' e d' uachdaran a chuir ad ionnsuidh e.
Bha thu 's a chionnt, bha e mar fhiachadh ort
Gabhail gu samhach ris, 's an smachd a ghiulan
Gu 'de air bith cho trom 's a bhiodh am peanas.

MELCHDAL—An e gu'n eis.linn ris an t-seanachas
A thug am balach gobach dhomh:—"Ma tha
Aig cr.itearan a' mhiann gu aran itheadh
Rachadh iad fhein a's tairneadh iad an crann!"
Ruig e an cridh' agam am balach fhaicinn
A' toirt nam beothaichean boidheach as a' chrann.
Mar gu'n do thuig na creutairean nach robh

An gnothuch ceart, s ann 'thoisich iad air raoiceadh
S' air purradh fhad 's a bh' aca le an adhaircean.
N sin fhuair mo chorruich ceart lan-uachdar orm,
A s, m' an robh fhios 'm ciod a bha mi deanamh,
Thug mi am buille cruaidh do lamh a' ghille.

BHALTER FURST—'S gann a ni *sinne* cumail oirnn fein ;
Ciamar a cheannsaichear an oige bhras?

MELCHDAL—'S e m' Athair a tha 'cur a' chruadail orm—
Tha uibhir fheum aige air curam 's aire.
'S beag air a' Mhaor e, chionn gu'n d'rinn e riamh
Seasamh gu duineil air son saors a s ceartas.
Bithidh iad cinnteach air an aobhar sin
Ainneart a chleachdadh ris an t-seann-duine,
'S gun neach a sheasas eadar e 's an reasgachd.
Thigeadh na thogras, bheir mi mi-fhein a suas.

BHALTER FURST—Feith thusa fathast greis ; dean foighdinn
Gus an tig fios g' ar n-ionnsuidh 'nall o 'n Choill.
Tha cuid-eiginn a' bualadh aig an dorus,
Falbh—Feudaidh 'bhi gur teachdair' th' ann o'n Mhaor—
Bi falbh a stigh, cha'n 'eil thu, ann an Uri,
Tearuint' o ghairdean Landenberger, mionaid,
Oir tha 'n luchd-foireigne a' toirt an laimh
Do aon a' cheil'.

MELCHDAL—Tha iad a' teagasg *dhuinne*
An ni bu coir dhuinn fhein a dheanamh.

BHALTER FURST—Falbh !
Ma bhios e tearuint' ni mi glaodh riut tilleadh.
(Tha Melchdal a' dol a stigh).
An duine truagh, cha'n 'eil a' chridh' agam
A leigeadh ris dha m' amharus m' an olc
'Tha 'n dan da—Co tha sin? Cha luaith' ni dorus
Diosgan, nach 'eil mi 'feitheamh mi-fhortan.
Tha ceilg a's amharus ri feall-fholach
'S na h-uile cearn a's cuil ; luchd-frithealaidh
Aintighearnais 'g am fuchdadh fhein a stigh
Gu ruig an ionad 's diomhaire 's na tighean ;
Cha 'n fhad' ach gus am feum sinn glasan 's croinn
'Chur air na dorsan, ma theid so air adhart.
(Tha e a' fosgladh an doruis agus le clisgeadh, a' toirt ceum air ais, air do Bherner Stauffacher coiseachd a stigh).
Ciod 'tha mi faicinn? Thusa, 'Mhaighstir Bherner !
Air m' fhacal fhein ! Mo charaid measail, ionmhuinn
—Riamh cha do chuir taobh stigh mo stairsneach cas
Duine a b'fhiachala. 'S e slaint' do bheatha tigh'nn
Fo dhruim an tighe so ! 'De thug a nall thu?
Ciod 'tha thu sireadh bhog an so 'an Uri?

STAUFFACHER (a' sineadh a laimh dha)—Na seann amanran, agus an t-seann Suisse.

BHALTER FURST—Thug thus' iad leat a nall.
Faic tha mi gu maith,
Tha sealladh d' aodainn a' cur blath's am chridhe.
Dean suidhe, Mhaighstir Bherner—Ciamar a dh' fhag
Thu Gertrud, do Bhean-tighe shiobhalta,
A's nighean thuigseach Iberg fholuimte?
Gach coigreach, air a rathad troimh ghleann Mheinrad
Do 'n Eadailt, as a h uile cearn de 'n Ghear mailt
Tha moladh fialaidheachd a's suairc do thighe,
Ach, abair, an ann direach a Fluellen
A thainig thu an so, nach d' thug thu suil m' an cuairt
'An aite 'sam bith eile air an rathad,
M' an d'thain' thu thairis air an stairsnich so

STAUFFACHER—Tha obair iongantach ur a chunnaic mi
Gu dearbh, nach d thug dhomh moran toileachaidh.

BHALTER FURST—O, charaid, anns an t-sealladh sin tha'n t-iomlann !

STAUFFACHER—Cha robh a leithid sin an Uri riamh—
Tigh-teannachaidh cha robh, an cuimhne dhaoin'
'S an aite so, b' i 'n aon tigh teann an uaigh.

BHALTER FURST—'S i uaigh na saors' i, 's tu 'thug dh' i a h-ainm.

STAUFFACHER—A Mhaighstir Bhalter Furst, cha cheil mi ort
Nach ann le faoin-run diomhain brath a ghabhail
Air na tha dol air adhart 'thainig mi.
Tha eallach throm de iomaguinn air mo chridhe—
Foirneart tha mi air fhagail aig an tigh,
A's foirneart fhuair mi 'n so air thoiseach orm
Tha 'n rud 'tha sinn a' seasamh glan do-ghiulan,
A's ceann no crioch na teinn cha 'n 'eil ri fhaicinn,
Bha'n Suisseach saor o chian gu ruig an am so,
A's chleachd sinn riamh gu'm buinteadh ruinn gu suairc.
Cha deach ar duthaich riamh ro' 'leithid so
O'n cheud la dh' iomain arach treud air sliabh.

BHALTER FURST—Seadh, tha'n dol air adhart so gun eisimpleir !
Tha, cuideachd, ar triath nasal Attinghausen
A chunnaic na seann amannan e fein,
De'n bheachd nach coir dhuinn so na's fhaide 'ghiulan.

STAUFFACHER—Tha thall 'sa Choille gnothuch goirt air tachairt.
'S gu fuilteach theid a dhioladh—Bholfensiesen,
Maor leis an Iompaire, 'bha n Caisteal Rosberg.
Bha iarrtus air meas toirmisgte a bhuain ;
Beau Bhaumgarten, 'tha fuireach aig Alzellen,
B' i 'run mi-ghnathachadh a dheanamh oirre,
A's bhuail a fear a sios e leis an tuaidh.

BHALTER FURST—O, breitheanais an Tighearn tha i id ceart !
Baumgarten, thuirt thu, duine modhail, stuama,
Ach theasraigeadh e, 's fhuair e aite-folaich?

STAUFFACHER—Chuidich do Chliamhuin-sa e thar an loch ;

Aig Steinen tha e agam-sa am falach—
Thug a cheart duine cunntas dhomh mu dheighinn
Ni 'tha na 's oillteil' fhathast, 's e sin an rud
A thachair ann an Sarnen ; faisgidh e cridhe
Gach duine maith a chluinneas iomradh air.

BHALTER FURST (a' toirt geur aire)—Abair air d' adhart, ciod a bh' ann?

STAUFFACHER—'Am Melchdal
Direach 's an ait' an gabhadh tu an rathad
Gu Cearns, tha duine cothromach a' fuireach,
Enric bho 'n Halden 's e a their iad ris,
Bha buaidh aig 'fhacal anns a' choimhthional.

BHALTER FURST—Co do nach aithne e? De th'air tighinn air?
Criochnaich do naigheachd !

STAUFFACHER—Air son coire faoin
Chuir Landenberger ubhla air a mhac,
Dh' aithn e na daimh, a' phaidhir dhiubh a b'fhearr,
'Thoirt as a' chrann ; 'n sin thug an giullan buille
Do'n t-seirbheiseach le 'bhata, 's theich air falbh.

BHALTER FURST (le dian aire)—Ach 'Athair—abair ciod a thainig ris-san?

STAUFFACHER—Dh' aithn Landenberg do'n Athair tighinn 'na lathair,
Dh' orduich e dha a mhac a liubhairt 'suas ;
'S 'nuair 'thug an seann-duin' mionnan firinneach
Nach b' fhios da ni air bith m' an fhogarach,
Ghairm Landenberger an Luchd-pianaidh 'stigh——

BHALTER FURST (a leum g' a ionnsuidh, agus a' feuchainn a thoirt a leith-taobh) –
Cum ort, na h-innis tuille !

STAUFFACHER (a ghuth a' dol na 's airde)—
" Ma fhuair am mac
Air falbh, tha thusa agam ann am lamhan !"
'N sin thug e orr' a thilgeadh air an lar
'S an staiinn bhiorach a chur troimh na suilean—

BHALTER FURST—A Fhlaitheis chothromaich !

MELCHDAL (a' leum a stigh) — 'S na suilean thuirt thu?

STAUFFACHER (le ioghnadh, ri Bhalter Furst)—Co e 'n duine so?

MELCHDAL (a' deanamh greim teann air)—'S na suilean ! Bruidhinn !

BHALTER FURST—Och, och, a Bhrein, gur tusa 'n t-aobhar truaighs !

STAUFFACHER—Co th' ann? (Nuair a thug Bhalter Furst an sanas dha).
N e mhac? A Thighearn chothromaich !

MELCHDAL—'S mise cho fada uaith ! An da shuil aige !

BHALTER FURST—Ceannsaich thu fein ! Gu duineil giulan e !

MELCHDAL—Agams' tha choire, 's ann air sgath mo chiont-sa !
Tha m' Athair dall ! Tha e da rireadh dall !
Tha 'n leirsinn aige buileach air a dalladh?

STAUFFACHER—'S e sin e. Tobair a sheallaidh shruth air falbh.
Solus na grein' cha'n fhaic e 'ris gu brath.

BHALTER FURST—Nach caomh'n thu 'chradh !

MELCHDAL—Gu brath, gu brath a ris !
(Tha e cur a lamh gu teann thairis air a shuilean, 's a' cumail samhach car prioba no dha ; tha e 'n sin a' tionndadh o h-aon gu h-aon agus a' bruidhinn le tiomachadh agus deoir 'na ghuth).
O, 's tiodhlac 'tha do-smuainteach' priseil neamhaidh
Solus na sul—Gach bith tha 'tarruing beatha
O'n t-solus, tha na h-uile creutair sona—
An luibh i fein, a' tionndadh gu toilichte
A dh' ionnsuidh 'n t-soluis. 'S feumaidh *esan* suidhe
Mothachail, anns an oidhch'—'an dorchadas
Air nach tig crioch—cha'n fhaigh e'm feasda tuilleadh
A bheothachadh le guirme blath nan lon,
Greis ghrinn nam blaith', an giuthas staideil ruadh
Cha'n fhaic e tuilleadh—Cha bu ni am bas,
Ach a bhi *beo gun leirsinn*, 's doruinn sin—
C'arson a dh' amhairceas cho sibh muladach
A nall orm? Tha da shuil fhallain agam,
'S cha'n urrainn dhomh a h-aon diubh 'thoirt do 'm Athair,
No aon ghath-soluis tla a cuan na soills'
A tha cur doille orm le 'dhealradh boillsgeach.

STAUFFACHER—Do dhoilgheas 's eiginn dhomh a mheudachadh,
An ait a leigheas—Tuilleadh tha 'ga dhith !
Chreach Maor-an-fhearainn e da chuid gu h-iomlan !
Aon ni cha d' fhag e aige ach a lorg,
Gu falbh o tigh gu tigh, dall agus lomnochd.

MELCHDAL—Ni ach a lorg do'n duine liath, gun sealladh !
Creachte gu tur, 's do sholus glan na greine,
An oighreachd choitcheann aig an diblidh thruagh—
Na bruidhnibh rium air fantuinn no air falach !
'De 'n seorsa cladhaire a bh' annam riamh
'Bhi smuainteach' orm fein a's nach b' ann *ort-sa !*
Gu 'm fagainn-sa do cheann gaolach mar urras
An laimh fir-cuthaich ! A leith taobh 'n fhaicill mheat,
A sheallas roimpa--Ni ach dioghaltas fuilteach
Cha sasaich mi. A null thairis gabhaidh mi—
Cha ruig sibh 'leas mo bhacadh—Cuiridh mi
Am Maor gu 'dhulan e 'thoirt dhomh air ais
An da shuil a rinn e thoirt air falbh o m Athair—
Am measg a mharc-shluagh uile gheibh mi mach e—
Cha ni mo bheatha tuilleadh leam mur faigh mi
Dian-theas mo ghoimh do-labhairt fhionn-arachadh
Am fuil a chridhe. (Tha e tionndadh gu falbh).

BHALTER FURST—Fuirich ! 'De dheanadh tu 'Na aghaidh? Sud e 'na shuidhe 'n Sarnen,
A bhaile tighearnail ard, a' deanamh sgallais
Air corruich anfhann, 's e 'na dhaingnich laidir.

MELCHDAL—Ged bhiodh a chomhnuidh shuas 'an Luchairt-eighe
Na Sreicthorn, no na 's airde, far am bheil
O shiorruidheachd an Oigh* fo sgail 'na suidhe—
Dheanainn g' a ionnsuidh slighe; faigheam fichead
De 'n oigridh, a dh' aon inntinn, a dhol comh' rium,
Ghabhainn fo 's laimh briseadh a stigh d' a dhaingnich.
'S mur lean duin' idir mi, 'n uair bhios sibh uile
Ri caoidh air son 'ur bothain a's 'ur treudan,
'N uair chromar sibh a sios fo chuing 'n fhir-fhoirneirt,
Gairmidh mi 'n ceann a cheil na buachaillean
A th' air na sleibhte, an sin, fo 'n iarmailt shaor,
Far an teid tuigseadh shoilleir, 's cridhe fallain
A ghleidheadh, ni mi 'n naigheachd aithris dhoibh
M' an aingidheachd dheisneach so 'tha nis air tachairt.

STAUFFACHER (ri Bhalter Furst)—Tha e air tigh'nn gu airde—Am feith sinn, gus
An tig a' chuid a's mios' oirnn?

MELCHDAL—Ciod a's miosa
Roimh 'm bi sinn gealtach, 'nuair nach 'eil Reul na sul
Ri bhi na 's fhaide tearuinte 'nar cinn?
'Bheil sinn mata gun airm? C' arson a chleachd sinn
A' chrois-bhogh' tharruing, 's an tuadh-chatha throm
A chluich gu laidir, ealant'? Gheibh gach creutair
Ball-airm na h-eiginn ann an teinn a chruaidh-chas,
Tionndaidh 'm fiadh 'tha fannachadh, a's nochdaidh
E 'chabar eagallach do'n lodhainn chon,
Tilgidh a' ghemse 'n sealgair anus an t-slochd,
A's ainmhidh calld' a chroinn, seirbheiseach soirbh
An duine, a ni gu foighidneach fo 'n chuing
Treun-neart a mhuineil mhoir a chromadh sios,
Bheir e 'n duibh-leum a suas, ma ruigear e.
'S a' gabhail cuims' le adhairc chumhachdaich
Le urchair tilgidh se a namh 's an speur.

BHALTER FURST — Na 'm biodh na tri Duth-channa dh' aon inntinn
Ruinne 'nar triuir theagamh gu'n gabhadh
Rud-eigin deanamh.

STAUFFACHER—Ma thogas Uri glaodh,
A's Unterbhalden deas g' a cuideachadh,
Cha'n fhuirich muinntir Suits air deireadh orra.

MELCHDAL—'S ioma dlu-charaid dhomhs' tha 'n Unterbhalden
A's cha'n 'eil fear 'nam measg dhiubh nach biodh toileach
A cheann na 'choluinn a chur ann an cunnart
Ach e 'bhi 'n comas da cul-taic no dion
A thoirt do chach—O Aithriche na Tir so!

*The Jungfrau.

Laimh ribhs', a tha lan-eolach, foghluimte,
'Nar dithis, cha'n 'eil annams' ach an giullan—
Mo ghuth-sa feumaidh 'bhi 'na thosd, gu modhail
'An Cuirt na Soirr'achd: Ach na deanaibh dimeas
A chionn gu bheil mi og, 's nach fhac' mi moran,
Air m' fhacal, 's air mo chomhairle. Cha'n ann
Do mhianna bras na h-oige 'tha mi striochd-adh,
Ach neart mo ghuin, a's cradh mo dhoilghis geur.
Is aithrichean sibh fein, air ceann 'ur tighean,
Nach b'i bhur durachd gu'm biodh agaibh mac
Steidheil, d' ur ciabhan priseil 'bheireadh urram,
'S a dhionadh Reul bhur sul gu furachail?
O, ged nach d' thainig fathast dochann oirbh
'An corp na 'n cuid, a's tha bhur suilean agaibh
Gu fallain, soilleir, tearuinte 'n 'ur ceann,
Na biodh, mar sin, ar n-aire-ne coimheach leibh.
Tha thairis oirbhse mar an ceudna 'n croch-adh
Sleagh fear-na-foireigne. Rinn sibh an duth-aich
A tharruing leibh, air falbh o Austria;
Cionnt eile cha robh aca 'n aghaidh m' Athar,
Tha sibhs' co-chionntach ris, 's fo 'n diteadh cheudna.

STAUFFACHER—(ri Bhalter Furst)—Dean d' inntinn suas!
Tha mise deas gu d' leanailts'.

BHALTER FURST—Cluinnidh sinn comhairle nan triathan uasal
Aig Sillinnen, a's ann an Attinghausen—
Tha 'r leam gu'n coisinn d' ainm-sa cairdean dhuinn.

MELCHDAL—C'ait a bheil ainm 'an Shabh-na-Coill gu leir
Airidh air tuille urram na bhur n-ainm-sa—
Bhur n-ainmeannan le cheil? 'Na leithid sin
De chuinneadh cinnteach cuiridh daoine creideas,
Tha 'ghliong a th' aca maith air feadh na duthcha.
Tha agaibh oigbreachd bhearteach na deadh-bheus
O'r sinnsreadh, mheudaich sibh gu pailte i:—
'De 'm feum a th' air daoin'-uaisle? Comh-dhuineamaid
Leinn fhein an gnothuch! Ged nach biodh againn ach
Sinn fein 's an duthaich! Is i mo bharail-sa
Gu 'n tigeamaid air doigh sinn fein a dhion.

STAUFFACHER—Cha 'n 'eil an tein a th' oirnne a choir cho trom
'Na luidhe air na h-uaislean; oir an sruth,
'Na caoir, a ruidhleadh air an ionad iochdrach,
Cha d' rainig fathast air an ionad uachd-rach—
Gidheadh cha toir iad dhuinn an cuideach-adh,
Ma 's ann fo airm a gheibh iad an ceud shealladh

Air suidheachadh na tire.
BHALTER FURST—Na'm biodh breitheamh
Eadar sinn 's Austria, dh' fheudadh coir a's ceartas
'Bhi air an socrachadh. Ach 'se ar n-Iompaire,
Am Breitheamh 's airde, 'tha 'gar cumail fodha—
Mar sin 's ann *trid ar cairdean fein 'ni Dia Ar comhnadh.* Sireadh sibhs' a mach fir Suits.
A's trusaidh mise cairdean ann an Uri,
Ach co a chuireas sinn gu Unterbhalden?
MELCHDAL—Cuiribh mise null—Co aig 'tha uibhir choir?
BHALTER FURST—Cha 'n aontaich mi dha sin, tha thu air aoidheachd
'Am thigh-sa, feumaidh mi do ghleidheadh tearuint'.
MELCHDAL—O, leigibh leam! Gach ath-ghoirid, a's bealach,
Gach frith-rath'd feadh nan creagan 's aithne dhomh
'S tha cairdean ann gu leoir a cheileadh mi
O'm naimhdean, 's fasgadh bheireadh dhomh gun ghruaim.
STAUFFACHER—Leig leis dol thairis, 's Dia bhi maille ris,
Cha 'n 'eil an sud am fear a bhrathadh e,
Tha iad air gabhail grain cho dubh do'n fhoirneart
Nach faighear inneal a ni obair dha.
Theid an Alzellen cuideachd, shios fo'n Choillidh,
An Tir a dhusgadh 's companaich a choisneadh.
MELCHDAL—Ciamar a gheibhear fios o 'cheil le cinnt
Air dhoigh nach duisgear amharus nam Maor?
STAUFFACHER—Dh' fheudamaid coinneachadh aig Treib no Brunnen,
Far am bheil loingeis-mharsantachd a taghal.
BHALTER FURST—Cha'n fhaod sinn dol cho bitheanta m'an obair.
Fiadhh ri m' bharail-sa—Shios taobh an Loch,
Aig an laimh chli, far an gabh duin' an t-ainm,
Gu Brunnen, ceart mu choinneamh Clachnan-ar-sgeul,
Tha loan uaigneach, folaichte 's an doire,
'S e 'n Ruitli 'thug na buachaillean mar ainm air,
A chionn gu 'n deach a choille 'spionadh as.
Tha 'n sin do dhuthaich-sa a' criochnachadh
(A' tionndadh ri Melchdal)
Ri 'n duthaich-ne; a's bheireadh bata sibhse
(A' tionndadh ri Stauffacher)
Air ais e gu ath-ghoirid a null a Suits.
Co-chruinnich' air an doigh so, gheibh sinn bruidhinn
Gu cialach, thairis air a' gnothuch choitcheann
'S dol ris gu misneachail, le comhnadh Dhe.
STAUFFACHER—Bi'dh e mar sin. Sin dhomh do dheas laimh dhileas
A nall do thé-sa; Mar a tha sinne 'n dingh *Triuir Fhear*, le'r lamhan toinnt' 'an aon a cheile,
Mar sin ni sinn gu treibhdhireach, gun cheilg,
Seasamh a suas air son *tri Duthchanna*,
Gu'n dion 's am fasgadh ann am beatha no 'm bas.
BHALTER FURST agus MELCHDAL—Am beatha no 'm bas!
(Tha iad a' seasamh greis mhaith 'nan tosd, le 'n lamhan toinnte 'na cheile).
MELCHDAL—M' Athair aosda, dall,
Latha na saors' cha'n 'eil e'd chomas fhaicinn;
Ach cluinnidh tu e 'nuair o Alp gu Alp
A dh' eireas suas 'na caoiribh a' chrois-taraidh,
'S a thuiteas daingneach laidir an Fhir-fhoirneirt,
A's theid an Suisseach ait a stigh gu d' bhothan
A ghiulan sgeul an aoibhneis 'chum do chluais,
A ni le 'dhealradh d' oidhche soilleir dhuit!

AN DARA EARRAIN. A' CHEUD ROINN.

For-sheomar Gothach, riomhach le suaicheantais agus clogaidean. Am Baran, duine liath, ard, deas direach, mu chuig a's ceithir-fichead, ann am peiteag-mholach, a' lcigeil a thaic air bata le cromag do adhairc ghemse. Cuoni agus seathnar sheirbheiseach eile 'nan seasamh m' an cuairt da, le rasdalan agus fail. Ulrich O Rudents a' tighinn a stigh ann an eudach ridire.

RUDENTS—Tha mi 'n so oncle—Ciod i bhur toil a nis?
ATTINGHAUSEN—Ceadaich dhomh 'n toiseach an deoch-mhaidne ol
Le m' sheirbheisich, a reir seann ghnath an tighe.
(Tha e ag ol a biceir, a tha, an sin, air a chur m' an cuairt orra air fad).
B'abhaist dhomh fein 'bhi leo an dail 's an coill·
A riaghladh, le m' shuil, an saothair 's an dichioll,
Ceart mar a stiuir mo bhratach iad 's a chath;
Cha dean mi, 'nis ach riaghladh 's an tigh,
Mur tig am jonnsuidh guthan blath na greine
Cha 'n fheud mi dol g' an sireadh air na beannta
Tha 'chuairt gu sior na 's cuinge dol 's na 's cuinge
'S am bheil, gu fadalach, mo bheatha 'gluasad
A chum na cuairt a's deireannaich 's a's cuinge,
Far an tig seasamh air a bheatha gu h-iomlan,
Cha'n 'eil mi ach am fhaileas fann a dis,
'S cha bhi mi ach an ainm an nine ghoirid.
CUONI (a' tairgsinn a bhiceir do Rudents)—So dhuit-sa, uasail oig.
(Nuair a tha Rudents an teagamh an gabh se e).
Siuthad, a's ol e!
Fo *aon* chridhe, cho mhaith ri a *aon* bhiceir,
Tha e a' tighinn.

ATTINGHUSEN——Falbhaibh a nis, mo chlann,
Air a' cheud Fheasgar-Feill a thig m' an cuairt
Mu ghnothuichean na Duthch' bi'dh cothrom bruidhinn.
(Tha na seirbheisich a' dol a mach),

Attinghausen agus Rudents.

ATTINGHUSEN—Tha thusa 'n so, an eideadh 's ann an uidheam,
Bi'dh tu a' dol gu Altorf, gu baile 'n Duin?
RUDENTS—Tha oncle, a's cha 'n fheud mi moille 'dheanamh——
ATTINGHUSEN—Bheil uibhir sin de chabhag ort? Ciamar?
Am bheil an tim cho spiocach air a tomhas
A mach do d' oige, nach 'eil tuille uine
Agad r' a chaitheamh air seann bhrath 'r-do mhathar?
RUDENTS—Tha mi a' faicinn nach 'eil feum a so orm,
Cha'n 'eil mi ach am choigreach anns an tigh so.
ATTINGHAUSEN (le 'shuil gu dil a' beachdachadh air, tacain maith)—Cha 'n 'eil, gu mi-fhortanach.
Ach 's i cuid
A's duilghe nach 'eil thu aig an tigh ad dhachaidh!
Och Ulli! Ulli! Cha'n aithne dhomh thu nis.
Tha thu 'an sioda riomhach, a's, mar mhorchuis,
Tha thu, le naill, a' caitheamh it' na pencaig,
Thilg thu an cleoca-purpuir mu do ghuaillibh!
Air an fhear-duthcha tha thu 'g amharc sios
Gu dimeasach, a's tha thu 'gabhail athaidh
Roimh fhailte chuidheil.
RUDENTS—Bheir mi dha gu toileach
Am meas a's cubhaidh thabhairt. Diultaidh mi
A choir a ghabhas e air fein 'thoirt uam.
ATTINGHAUSEN—Tha 'n tir air fad 'na luidhe fo chorruich throm
An righ—tha cridh' gach duine maith lan iom' guin
M' an ainneart chruadalach 'tha sinn a' fulang—
Ort-sa a mhain cha'n 'eil an deuchainn choitchionn
A' deanamh drughaidh—'S ann a chithear thusa
'Gad dhealachadh o d'chuideachd fein 's o d'chairdean,
'S a' seasamh suas air taobh naimhde do dhuthcha,
M' ar n-eiginn bruidhnidh tu gu tarcuiseach,
Tha thu a' ruith gu faon an deigh toilinntinn,
Tha thu ri miodal ris na h Uachdarain
A chum an deadh-ghean, a's am meas a chosnadh,
A's Tir do shinnsre fuidh an sgiursadh fuilteach.
RUDENTS—Tha 'n tir a' fulang foirneirt—ach c'arson?
Co 'tha 'ga tilgeadh 'n coir-a-chinn 's a chas so?
Aon fhacal beag 's e sin na chostadh e,
Gu fuasgladh fhaotainn o bhur teinn 'am prioba,
A's Iompair' suairce, trocaireach a chosnadh.
An-aoibhinn dhoibh-san a tha 'gleidheadh an t-sluaigh
Le 'n suilean duinnt, 's g' am brosnuchadh gu stri
An aghaidh ni a bhiodh 'na thairbhe fhior dhoibh.
Air sgath am buannachd fein tha iad a' cumail
Nan Siorramachdan-Coillteach air an ais
Gun mhionnan dligheach 'thoirt do Austria.
Mar a thug uile dhuthchanna m' ar timchioll.
'S maith 'thig e dhoibh 'bhi 'measg nan Triath 'nan suidhe,
'S ann 'chum nach bi triath idir os a cheann
A ghabhas duin' an t-Iompaire mar Thighearn.
ATTINGHAUSEN—Am feum mi eisdeachd ris a' leith'd so,
O d' bhilibh-sa?
RUDENTS—Chuir sibh thuige mi,
A's leigibh leam crioch a chur air mo chainnt—
D e 'n seorsa neach a th' annaibh fein an so?
Am bheil cho beag do mhoralachd 'n ar nadur
Nach iarradh sibh dreuchd a bu mheasaile,
No a b' airde na bhi 'n so 'n 'ur ridire,
'S 'n 'ur breitheamh thairis air 'ur ciobairean?
Ciod e? Nach roghainn i 'bu chlintaiche
Bhur n-umhlachd dhligheil 'thoirt do 'r Tighearn rioghail
Seasamh ri 'thaobh an camp dealrach nan lann,
Seach a bhi co'-iomnan ri bhur seirbheisich,
'S a' suidhe 'n 'ur breitheamh am measg thuathanach?
ATTINGHAUSEN—Och Ulli! Ulli! 's mise' dh' aithnicheas i,
Guth mir a bhuaireadair! 'S ise a mheall
Do chluas gu deas, 's a chuir an nimh a' d' chridhe!
RUDENTS—Seadh, ni mi aideachadh, cha dean mi cleith air,
Tha goimh a' dol a stigh gu doimhneachd m' anma,
An uair a thoisicheas na coigrich sin
Ri magadh air ar n-uaisle-thuath-nachail—
Cha chuir mi suas na 's fhaide leis an dol so,
Am feadh 'tha'n oigridh uasal air gach taobh, dhinn
A' cosnadh cliu dhoibh fein fo bhratach Hapsburg,
Tha mise 'n thamh gu diomhanach air m' oighreachd,
Ceitein mo bheatha feumaidh mise chall
Thairis air obair-latha shuarach choitchionn.
An aitean eile tha nithe 'gabhail ait—
'Na luidhe air taobh thall nan sleibhte sin
Tha saogh'l a chliu, dealrach le gniomhra gloir-mhoir,
Mo chlogaid sa 's mo sgiath tha ann am Thalla
Meirgte 'nan crochadh; guth misneachail na trombaid,
Ghaodh an Fhir-ghairm, 'chum cleas nan airm a' cuireadh,
Cha ruig iad air na gleannta cianail so;

Cha 'n 'eil aon fhuaim r' a chluinntinn ann a so
Ach dranndail leibideach "Sreuda nam Bò"
A's gliogarsaich nan clag am measg nan treudan.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Oh 'dhuine thruaigh, 's ann ort-sa thain' an sgleo,
Tharruing faoin-dhearsa mealltach thu air seachran!
Dean dimeas air an tir 's an d' rugadh tu,
Gabh naire do gach cleachduinn mhaith a thainig
O chian an t-sgaohail a nuas o d' shinnsearachd,
Ach thig an latha 'n uair a thionndaidheas tu
Le deura geirt, a's tagradh trom a' mhulaid,
A dh' ionnsuidh sleibhte chairdeil d' aithriche,
'S an ceol so air am bheil thu 'g amharc sios
Le uiread ghrain an ceart uair, ann ad fhadal,
"Sreuda nam Bò" bheir fasgadh air do chridhe
Le cudthrom tiamhaidh druidhidh 'stigh air d' anam
'Nuair chluinneas tu am fonn an tir nan Gall.
Oh 's cumhachdach an ceangal naduir sin
A tha le cuibhreach gaoil a snuim an duine,
Gu daingeann, ris an tir 's an d' rugadh e!
An saoghal cealgach, fuar cha dhachaidh dhuit-sa;
An sud, an cuirt uaibhreach an Iompaire,
Le d' chridhe treibhdhireach bi' dh tu gu siorruidh
'A d' choigreach ann a measg. Cha 'n ionnan bhuaidhean,
Riu-san a dh' fhoghluim thu air feadh nan gleann,
A ni an saoghal mor a tl agradh uait.
Bi thusa faibh, thoir d' anam ann an eiric
Gabh fearann, bi ad sheirbheiseach do thriathan
Nuair dh' fhaodidh tu 'bhi 'd thriath thu fein a's riaghladh
Thairis air d' oighreachd fein, 'am fearann saor.
Och, Ulli! Ulli? Fuirich le do chuideachd!
Na rach gu Altorf—Oh na dean a treigsinn,
Rud 'tha cho priseil—duthaich d' aithriche!
'S mi neach a's deireanaich' de m' shliochd gu leir,
'S an la an caochail mi thig crioch air m' ainm,
Tha 'n sin mo chlogaid, a's mo sgiath an crochadh;
Theid iad le cheil' a charadh leam 's an uaigh.
Am feum, da rir' an smuain tigh'nn thairis orm
Am feadh a tha mi 'toirt a suas na h-anail
Nach 'eil thu ach a' feitheamh dunadh mo shul
Gu dol a null gu cuirt a' Bharain uir so
'S an oighreachd uasal, a fhuair mi saor o m' Dhia,
'S a ghleidh mi saor, a ghabhail o laimh Austria!

RUDENTS—Is diomhain dhuinne stri an aghaidh an Righ,
Is leis an domhan; an dean sinne 'mhain,
Gu danarra, sinn fein a chruadhachadh
'Nar ceann-laidireachd, anns an dochas fhaoin
An t-slabhruidh dhuthchanna a bhriseadh air,
A tharruing e gu cumhachdach m' an cuairt oirnn?
Is leis na margaidhean, na moidean 's leis,
Na rathaidibh-mora marsandachd, 's gu ruig
An traill-each fein, a' tarruing air Beinn-Ghotard
Gach aon diu feumaidh cis a phaigheadh dhasan,
Mar lion m' ar timchioll tha na fearainn aige
G'ar cuartachadh, 's g'ar druideadh teann a stigh.
An dean an Rioghachd ar dion? An urrainn di
I fein a dhion an aghaidh Austria,
D' am bheil an neart a' dol am meud gach latha?
Mar cuidich Dia sinn, cha'n 'eil air an talamh
An t-Iompaire a ni ar cuideachadh.
'D e 'bheirear air son facal Iompairean
An uair 'tha 'chridh' aca na bailtean sin,
A ghabh fo sgiath na h-iolaire am fasgadh,
A thoirt a suas, mar urras, as an rioghachd.
'Nan cas mu airgiod, no an teinn a' chogaidh?
Ni h-eadh, oncle, is buanachd e, a's gliocas
Sealltuinn air thoiseach oirnn 's na laitbean doirbh so,
Am measg nan roinnean a tha gabhail aite,
'S ri ceannard cumhachdach sinn fein a cheangal.
Theid crun na h-Iompaireachd o shliochd gu sliochd,
Aige-san cha'n 'eil cuimhn' air seirbheis dileas,
Ach deanamaid do Thriath na tir deadh sheirbheis:—
'S e 's ciall da sin, duine 'bhi cur an t-sil
'S an àm a tha ri teachd.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Bheil thu, mata, cho glic?
'S na 's leirsinniche na do shinnsre uasal,
A rinn ar sgath neamhnaid luachmhor na saorsa
Cogadh, mar laoich, eadhon gu fuil a's bas?
Gabh aiseag gu Lutsern, flosraich an sin
Ciamar 'tha tighearnas cruaidh Austria,
Mar eallach throm, a' saruchadh nan duthchannan,
Thig iad ar chum a spreidh 's ar caoraich aireamh,
Ar n-airidhean 's ar beanntan theid a mheasadh,
Bacadh theid a chur leo air eunlaith 's sithionn
'S na frithean saor againn; an cachaileithcise
Cuiridh iad tarsuing air gach geata 's drochaid,
Theid iad a's cuiridh iad an ciacras fein
Gu fearran fhaighinn fa chomhair na bochduinn againn,
A's paighidh iad an cogaidhean le 'r fuil-ne—
Ni h-eadh, ma 's fheudar fuil a dhortadh idir,
Air ar sgath fein biodh e, bi' dh e na 's saoire
Dhuinn saorsa 'chosnadh, seach an trailleachd thaireil!

RUDENTS—'D e 's urrainn dhuinne, sluagh de bhuachaillean,

Fheuchainn an aghaidh armailt Ailebeart!

ATTINGHAUSEN — Foghluim, a bhalaich, gne na'm buachaillean so
A thuigsinn! 'S maith a's aithne dhomhs' e,
Oir rinn mi 'n treorachadh gu tric 's a chomhraig,
Chunnaic mi iad a' cath aig blar Fabhents.
Thig iad gu cuing a sparradh air ar muineal
A tha sinn suidhicht' air nach giulain sinn.
Oh, foghluim fhaireachduinn co 'n t-sliochd o 'm bheil thu!
Air sgath gloir dhiomhain, a's faoin-uaill gun sta,
Na tilg a leth-taobh neamhnaid d' fhiachalachd—
A bhi air d' ainmeachadh mar Cheannard thairis
Air pobull saor, a ni, o ghradh a mhain,
An seirbheis toileach dhuit a choisrigeadh,
'An cath 's am bas a sheasas dileas riut—
Gu'm b' e sinn d' uaill, dean bosd de 'n uaisle sin—
Ceangail gu teann na boinn 's an d' rugadh tu,
Ri d' dhuthaich, a's ri d' mhuinntir aon thu fein,
A's gramaich riu le d' uile chridhe 's neart,
An so tha freumha diongmhalta do threise;
'S an t-saoghal choimheach ud bidh tu leat fein
Lag mar a chuilc, a ni gach gaoth a bhriseadh.
Oh, thig, tha fada o nach fac thu sinn,
Dearbh sinn an diugh, direach air son aon latha—
Na rach gu Altorf—eisd rium 's na rach ann
Direach an diugh; Thoir an t-aon latha so
A suas, gu toileach, mar ghean-maith do d' chairdean.
(Tha e a deanamh greim air a laimh).

RUDENTS—Ach thug mi m' fhacal—Leigibh leam—Cha'n fheud mi,
Oir tha mi ceangailte.

ATTINGHAUSEN (a' leigeil as a laimh, 's a' bruidhinn gu durachdach—Tha thu ceangailte—
Tha, a dhuine thruaigh, ach cha'n ann le d' fhacal,
No boid air bith a tha thu air do cheangal
Ach teud a' ghaoil!
(Tha Rudents a' tionndadh air falbh).
Cleith e, ma thogras tu,
Ach s i a' mhaighdeann og Berta o Bhrunec
A tha 'gad tharruing-sa gu Baile 'n Duin,
'S 'gad chuibhreachadh an seirbheis an Iompaire.
Le cul a chur ri d' dhuthaich fein 's a treigsinn
An og Bhean-uasal chosnadh tu mar dhuais,
Na meall thu fein! Is ann le run do ribeadh
'Tha iad a' gleidheadh na mna-oig fa d' chomhair,
Ach cha 'n ann dhuits' a chuir iad i air leth.

RUDENTS—Rinn mi gu leoir a chluinntinn. Beannachd leibh. (Tha e a' dol a mach).

ATTINGHAUSEN—Oganaich amaidich, nach stad thu! Dh' fhalbh e!
Cha'n urrainn mi a ghleidheadh, no a shaoradh—
Mar sin chuir Bholfensiessen cul ri 'dhuthaich,
A's leanaidh muinntir eil' e mar an ceudna,
Draoidheachd nan coigreach tha le cumhachd laidir
A taladh leis ar n-oigridh thar nam beannta.
Oh, mi-fhortan na h-uair sin anns an d' thainig
An coimheach do ar gleannta samhach ciuin,
A thilgeadh bun os ceann, 's a' mhilleadh oirnn
Na cleachduinnean neo-lochdach, coir a bh' againn!
Tha annasan a' taomadh oirnn a stigh
Mar thuil, gu bras; 's a' sgaradh as a cheile
Na nithe seana, fiachail. Thu aimsir eile
A' teachd; tha ginealach ag eiridh suas
De bheachdan, 's dhoighean eadar-dhealaichte
O'n aithriche! 'D e th' agam-sa r'a dheanamh
Na 's fhaide 'n so? Tha iad-san anns an uaigh,
Na dhoine leis am b' abhaist dhomh 'bhi riaghladh,
'S am measg an robh mo bheatha air a caitheamh.
An aimsir agam-sa bithidh, an uine ghearr,
Fo 'n uir na luidhe; 's maith dhoibh-san uil' e
Nach ruig a leas 'bhi beo 's na timean ur' so.

AN DARA ROINN.

Lon le creagan ard agus coille m' a thimchioll. Air na creagan tha staidhrichean le callaid ri an taobh, agus mar an ceudna faraidhean, air am faicear an deigh uine ghoirid-muinntirduthcha a' tearnadh. Air an taobh-cuil chithear an Loch, agus tarsuinn air, ann an solus na gealaich, bogha-frois. Tha beanntan arda a' dunadh a stigh an t-seallaidh air a chulaobh, agus sleibhtean-eighe a tha na 's airde fathast a togail an sguirr os an ceann. Tha 'n oidhche 'na luidhe air an tir air fad, ach tha 'n Loch, agus na sleibhtean geal eighe, a' dearsadh ann an solus na gealaich.

Melchdal, Baumgarten, Bhincelrid, Meier o Sharnen, Burcard aig Buihel, Arnold o Shebha, Claus o'n Fhlue le ceathrar eile de mhuinntir-duthcha, uile a' giulan airm.

MELCHDAL (fathast air taobh-cuil an t-seallaidh)—
A nios am dheigh-sa Fheara, tha am frith-rath'd
A nis a' fosgladh suas air thoiseach oirnn!
Tha mi ag aithneachadh na craige ud
Le croiseag bheag 'na seasamh air a mullach;
Tha sinn aig ceann ar criche, so an Rutli.
(A' tighinn air adhart le leusan).

BHINCELRID—Eisdibh!

SEBHA—Glan falamh.

MEIER—Cha 'n 'eil duin' ann. Is sinn,
A Unterbhald a th' air a' ghrunnd an toiseach.

MELCHDAL—'D e 'n t-am a dh' oidhche 'tha e?

BAUMGARTEN—Tha 'm Fear-faire
Air Selisburg an deigh da uair a ghairm.
(Cluinnear fuaim cluig fad air falbh).

MEIER—Bi'bh samhach! Eisdibh!

BURCARD—Nach grinn buille clag bheag
Caibeil-na-frith, a' gairm gu maduinnean,

A seirm gu soillier binn a nall a Suits.
O FLUE—Giulanaidh 'n t-adhar glan an fhuaim cho fada.
MELCHDAL—So, faighibh grainnean barrlaich, cuid agaibh,
A's cuiribh srad ris, gu'm bi lasag againn
A' feitheamh air na fir, an uair a thig iad.
(Tha da fhear-duthcha a' falbh g' a thrusadh).
SEBHA—'S boidheach an oidhche ghealaich i. Tha 'n Loch
'Na luidhe 'n sin, cho ciuin, 's cho min ri sgathan.
BURCARD—Tha aiseag furasd aca 'n nochd.
BHINCELRID—(a' seoladh ris an Loch)—E! Seallaibh!
Seallaibh 'sud thall! Nach 'eil sibh 'faicinn dad?
MEIER—'D e 'rud a tha'nn? Mar 'eil, mata, gu cinnteach?
Bogha-froise, 'n teis-meadhoin na h-oidhche!
MELCHDAL—Solus na gealaich, 's e a tha 'ga dhealbh.
O FLUE—'S ainneamh, 's is iongantach an comhara so,
Tha iomad aon nach faca riamh a leithid
SEBHA—Tha dithis ann; seallaibh, tha fear is baine,
'Na sheasamh os a cheann.
BAUMGARTEN—Tha bata beag
A' tigh'nn a nall, an ceart-uair, direach fuidhe.
MELCHDAL—'S e Stauffacher a th' ann, 's a gheolag aige,
Cha chum an duine coir sinn fada 'feitheamh.
(Tha e 'dol le Baumgarten gu taobh an Loch).
MEIER—'S iad muinntir Uri 's fhaide 'tha ri moille.
BURCARD—Tha cuairt mhor aca-sau ri dol m' an bheinn
A chum an car a thoirt as an luchd-anuis
A tha 's na h-uile ait aig maor-an-fhearain,
(Re na h-uine tha dithis de 'n luchd-duthcha air gealabhan a lasadh am meadhon an aite).
MELCHDAL (air a' chladach)—Co 'th' ann? Am focal-sanuis!
STAUFFACHER (as a bata)—Cairde na tir.
Tha iad uile a dol as an t-sealladh, an coinneamh nam muinntir a tha tighinn. Tha Stauffacher, Itsel Reding, Iain a Bhalla, Deorsa Tuathanach, Conrad Hunn, Ulrich Gobhainn, Iost a Chlachain, agus triuir eile a' leum air tir, as a' bhata, a h-uile gin ac' armaichte mar a tha cach.
IAD UILE (a' toirt glaodh)—Failte dhuibh!
Am feadh a tha cach a' cur seachad na h-uine agus a' cur failt air a' cheile air taobh-cuil an t-seallaidh, tha Melchdal a' tighinn air adhart le Stauffacher.
MELCHDAL—Oh, 'Mhaighstir Stauffacher! Chunnaic mi esan
Aig nach 'eil comas amharc orm-sa tuilleadh!
Rinn mi mo lamh a leagail air a shuilean
Agus dian-thogradh teinntidh diogh'ltais dh'ol mi
A grian a shealladh 'th' air a smaladh as
STAUFFACHER—Na h-abair diog air diogh'ltas. Cha 'n e diogh'ltas
'Tha cheana seachad, ach an t-olc 'tha bagradh
A dheanamaid a choinneachadh an traths',
Ach inn's dhomh 'de 'rinn thu an Unterbhalden,
'De 'bhuidhinn thu air son an Aobhair Choitcheann,
A's ciamar a chaidh agad air dol as,
Thu fein, o ribeachan a's foill luchd-brathaidh.
MELCHDAL — Troimh shleibhtean eagallach Shurenne ghabh mi,
Thar roinntean eighe, farsuing-sgaoillte fasail,
Far nach 'eil guth aoin creutair beo r' a chluinntinn
Ach rochdal gharg an Lammergeier reasgaich,
Gus an do ruig mi Bealaich-ard-an-t-sleibh
Far am bi buachaillean na h-Engelberg
A's feadhain Uri tric a' dheanamh glaodh,
'S a failteachadh a' cheile anns an t-samhradh,
Agus ag ionaltradh an treudan comhladh.
Chaisg mi mo thart le bainne fuar nan Gletsher,
'Na chobbar geal, a' stealladh troimh na claisean.
A stigh do bhothain leth-uaireach nan Aireach
Chaidh mi, 's gun duin' annta, mi fein 'am aonar
Mar aoidh 's fear-tighe, gus an d' rainig mi
Frith-bhailtean, 's comhnuidhean na muinntir sin
A chleachd a bhi 'n co-chomunn aon a cheile.
Bha, cheana, glaodh na gairisinn ur so 'thachair
Air gaoir a thogail anns na gleanntan sin.
Iomradh mo mhi-fhortain, rinn urram crabhach
Air thoiseach orm a ghiulan thun gach doruis
Aig an do bhuil mi re mo thuruis uile.
Fhuair mi lan diomb gach anam glan neochealgach
Thairis air cumhachd dalma 'n Tighearnais nuaidh so;
Oir, mar na Beanntan ac', o linn gu linn,
A' toirt a mach gu sior nan luithean ceudna,
Na h-uilld gun mhughadh riochd a' sruthadh sios,
Na neulta fein 's na gaoitheadh 'tha, gun fhiaradh
A' gabhail nan aon slighean troimh an speur.
Mar sin tha 'n so na seana chleachduinnean
A' tighinn o'n t-seanair nuas a chum an odha.
Cha 'n fhuiling iad gu h-obann doighean ura
Bhi air an sparradh alr a' chaithe-beatha
Riaghailteach ris an robh iad cleachdte riamh.
Shin iad a mach dhomh 'n deas lamh chruaidh aca,
Thug iad na sleaghan meirgte 'nuas o'n bhalla.
Dhealraich o 'n suil solus a mhisnich aoibhinn
A ghlac an cridhe 'n uair a dh' ainmich mi
Na h-ainmean sin 'tha coisrigt' feadh nam beann
Bhur n-ainm fhein's Bhalter Furst—An ni sin,
'Tha ceart 'n 'ur beachd-se, bhoidich iads' a dheanamh,
Eadhon gu bas bhoidich iad sibhs' a leantuinn.

Mar sin fo fhasgadh naomha coir na h-aoidh-eachd
Gu tearuint' ghreas mi eadar Baile 's Baile,
'S an uair a thainig mi gu gleann mo dhach-aidh.
'S am bheil luchd-daimh dhomh 'chomhnuidh 'm fad 's am fagus,
'Nuair fhuair mi m' Athair, dall, a's air a chreachadh,
Air connlach coigrich, a tigh'nn beo air caoimhneas
Dhaoine le baigh a's seirc annt' ——

STAUFFACHER—A Thighearna Neimh!

MELCHDAL—Cha d' rinn mi gul! Cha b'an le deoir na laigse
A dhoirt mi neart a 's teas mo chraidh a mach,
'Nam bhroilleach ghlais mi e mar ionmhas priseil,
Ach m' inntinn suidhichte a mhain air gniomhra.
Streap mi gach eas a's coirre anns an t-sliabh.
Cha robh aon ghleann cho diomhair nach do ghlac
Mo shealladh e, 's nach d'fhuair mo chas a mach;
Gu ruig bun reodht' a' ghletsher rinn mi taghal,
A's fhuair mi bothain air an aiteachadh
A's anns gach ait an deachaidh bonn mo choise
Fhuair mi co-ionann fuath an aghaidh foir-neirt;
A chionn gu ruig a chrioch a's iomallaich'
'S am faighear creutair idir 's am bheil anail.
Far a bheil talamh cruaidh a' diultadh toraidh,
Tha sannt nam Maor a' creachadh anns gach cearn—
Cridhe nan daoine coire truagh sin uile
Le gath mo bhriathra guineach bhrosnuich mi,
Is leinn iad uile eadar chorp a's anam.

STAUFFACHER—'S mor na chaidh agad air, 'an uine ghoirid.

MELCHDAL—Ach rinu mi tuille 'e sin. 'S iad na daingnichean
Rosberg, a's Sarnen, roimh 'bheil geilt an t-sluaigh;
Oir gheibh an namhaid, cul am balla-craige,
E fein gu deas a dhion, 's an tir a mhilleadh.
Le m' shuilean fein bu mhiann leam fhiosrach-adh;
Bha mi aig Sarnen, 's chaidh mi stigh do'n Daingneach.

STAUFFACHER—Bha dh' aghaidh agad dol do ghara 'n Tiogair?

MELCHDAL—Chaidh mi an sin 'an eideadh Eilthireach
Chunnaic mi Maor-an-fhearainn aig a bhord
A ruidhtearachd—Thugaibh breith mar 'eil
Mo chridhe agam air a cheannsachadh;
Chunnaic mi 'n Namhaid 's cha do ghearr mi sios e.

STAUFFACHER—Bha 'm fortan fabharach, gu dearbh, ri d' dhanachd.
(Re na h-uine tha 'n luchd-duthch 'eile air tighinn am follais, agus air dluthach-adh riu 'uan dithis).
Ach inn 's dhomh 'nis, co iad na cairde so,
'S na daoine maithe uile 'rinn do leantuinn?
Cuir mi 'an eolas orra 's fosglamaid
Ar cridheachan gu muinghinneach ri cheile.

MEIER—Co do nach aithne sibhse 's na tri Duthchanna?
Is mise Meier o Sharnen; an duine so
'S e mac mo pheathar, Strnth o Bhincelrid.

STAUFFACHER—Is ainm sin air nach 'eil sin aineolach,
'S e Bhincelrid a bh'ann, a mharbh a' bheithir
'S an Rumaiche, aig Sarnen; 's a thuit 's a' chleachd.

BHINCELRID—B'e sin mo shinnsear-sa, a Mhaighstir Bherner.

MELCHDAL (a' leigeadh ris dha da fhear-duthcha)—
'S ann cul na coille 'tha iad so a' fuireach,
Buinidh iad do Thigh-manach Engelberg
Cha dean sibh tair orra, ged 's traillean iad,
'S cha'n ann mar sinn' air oighreachd shaor 'nar suidhe;
Tha gradh aca do'n Tir, 's tha iad, 'nan dithis,
A thuilleadh air a sin, fo theistneas maith.

STAUFFACHER (Riu 'nan dithis)—
Sinibh 'ur lamh dhomh. 'S maith do'n duine sin
Nach 'eil an eismeil maighstir air an talamh;
'S mor luach na h-oncir ann an inbh air bith.

CONRAD HUNN—So Maighstir Reding, an seann Bhailidh againn.

MEIER—'S ann domh a's aithne e. M'eascaraid 'sa mhod
Mu shean bhall-sinnsearachd a tha aig lagh leam.
A Mhaighstir Reding, ged is naimhdean sinn
'Sa chuirt, tha a machd eadarainn an so.
(Tha e a' toirt crathadh d'a laimh).

STAUFFACHER—Thubhairt thu sin gu maith.

BHINCELRID—Fisdibh! Sin agaibh iad!
S' i dudach muinntir Uri th' ann a sinn.
(Chithear air an laimh-dheas a's chli, fir fo airm le leusan a' tearnadh nan creag).

IAIN A BHALLA—Faicibh! Nach 'eil am Ministeir a fein,
Seirbheiseach naomha Dhe, a tearnadh leo?
Cha chum an rathad doirbh, no oillt na h-oidhche
Am Buachaill' dileas coir air falbh o 'threud.

BAUMGARTEN—Tha'n Cleireach leis, a's Maighstir Bhalter Furst,
Ach Tell cha'n fhaic mi feadh na cuideachd uile.

Bhalter Furst, Raosselman am Ministeir, Paruig an Cleireach, Cuoni am buachaille, Bherni an seulgair. Ruodi an t-iasgair, le cuignear eile de luchd-duthcha. Tha ann duibh gu leir, tri-deug-'ar-fhichead, tha iad a' tighinn air adhart a dh' iounsuidh an teine, agus a' seasamh m'a thimchioll.

BHALTER FURST—'S ann air an doighe so, air ar criochan fein,
A's air an fhearann far an deach' ar n-arach
Is fheudar tighinn, gun fhios, an ceann a cheile,
'san t-seapail mar a bhios na mortairean.
'S fo sgail na h-oidhch'a bheir, am bitheantas,
Coingheall d'a cleoca tiugh do Chiont's do Cheannairc,
A sheachnas suil na greine—coir a's ceartas

A thoirt a mach dhuinn fein, gnothuch cho soilleir
Ri aghaidh dhealrach fhosgailt' meadhonlatha.

MELCHDAL—Coma leibh, sniomhaidh siun 's an oidhch' an snath
A's caithidh sinn an clo ri solus la.

RAOSSELMAN—Eisdibh an ni chuir Dia am chridhe, 'chairde!
Tha sinn an so mar chuirt na Siorramachd
A' seasamh ann an aite 'n t-sluaigh gu h-iomlan.
Mar sin, biodh ar co-thional socruichte
A reir sean nos na Tir an am na sithe;
Bitheadh an teinn 's a bheil sinn dhuinn 'na leth-sgeul
Ma thachras ni neo-laghail ann ar coinneamh.
Tha Dia 's gach ait 's am fritheil duine ceartas,
Agus tha sinn fo iarnailt-'san 'n ar seasamh.

STAUFFACHER—Seadh, coinnicheamaid a reir nan gnath o shean;
A's ged tha 'n oidhch' ann dealraidh ceartas oirnn.

MELCHDAL—A's ged nach 'eil lan-aireamh 'n t-sluaigh againn,
Tha 'n cridhe leinn, tha 'n raghadh dhiu a lathair.

CONRAD HUNN—'S mur 'eil na seana leabhraichean aig laimh
Gidheadh tha 'n reachdan air ar cridhe sgriobhte.

RAOSSELMAN—Cruinnicheamaid m' an cuairt, ma ta, gun dail
Cuirear 'nan seaaamh claidhmhnean a' chumhachd!

IAIN A' BHALLA—Seasadh Fear-riaghlaidh 'suas 'na aite fein,
A's seasadh 'oifigich a suas r'a thaobh!

AN CLEIREACH—Ach tha tri Pobuill ann. Co 'nis de'n tri
D'an coir dhuinn ceannas a thoirt air an iomlan?

MEIER—Air son na h-onoir sin biodh Suits a's Uri
A' stri, ach seasaidh Unterbhald a leth-taobh.

MELCHDAL—Seadh, seasaidh sinn air ais; 's e sinn 'tha 'g asluchadh
Cuideachaidh o ar cairdean cumhachdach.

STUAFFACHER—'S le Uri 'n claidheamh; chaidh do ghnath a bhratach
Air thoiseach air ar feachd 's na turuis Roimheach.

BHALTER FURST—Onoir a' chlaidheimh is le Suits a mhain,
Is uaill leinn uile 'n stoc o 'n d' thain' ar sliochd.

RAOSSELMAN—A' chomh-stri shuairce leigibh leam gu cairdeil
A shocruchadh: Ni Suits 's a chomhairle,
A's Uri anns a' champ dol air ar ceann.

BHALTER FURST (a' sineadh nan claidhmhnean do Stauffacher)—Gabh iad!

STAUFFACHER—Cha ghabh, an onoir biodh do'n aois.

DEORSA TUATHANACH—Ulrich an gobhain, 's e an duine 's sine.

IAIN A' BHALLA—Is duine treun e, ach cha 'n 'eil e saor;
Cha ghabhar traill mar bhreitheamh ann an Suits.

STAUFFACHER—Nach 'ell an so againn ar sean Fear-riaghlaidh?
Co 'b fhearr a dh' iarramaid na Maighstir Reding?

BHALTER FURST—Biodh esan dhuinn 'na Bhreitheamh a's 'na Cheannard?
Gach aon ri 'n cord sin togadh e a lamh.
(Tha iad uile a' togail na laimhe deise).

REDING (a' seasamh 'n am meadhon)—Cha 'n urrainn domh mo lamh a chur air leabhar,
Ach air na reulta siorruidh bheir mi mionnan,
O'n cheartas ghlan nach teid mi 'thaobh gu brath.
(Tha dithis de na claidhmhnean air an cur 'n an seasamh m' a choinneamh, tha na fir a' seasamh 'nan sreith m'a thimchioll, Suits anns a' mheadhon—air thoiseach air—Uri air a laimh dheis, agus air a laimh chli, Unterbhalden. Tha e a' seasamh a' leigeil a thaic air a chlaidheamh-mor).
Ciod 'thug an so tri cinnidhean nan sliabh
Aig meadhon-oidhch' a dh' ionnsuidh cladach fhuar
An Loch, gun aoidheachd ann no fasgadh tighe?
Ciod e 'n choimh-cheangal ur 'tha sinn a nis
Ri 'shuidheachadh an so fo reulta neimh?

STAUFFACHER (a' seasamh taobh stigh na sreith)—
Cha chumhnant ur 's am bith 'tha sinn a deanamh,
Ach coimhcheangal a rinn, o chiann, ar sinnsear
A dheanamaid ath-nuadhachadh an nochd!
Biodh fhios agaibh, a chairde, 'tha 'n cobhoinn rium,
Ged tha an Loch 'g ar sgaradh a's na sleibhtean,
A's tha gach pobuill dhinn 'g a riaghladh fein,
Tha sinn de 'n aon sliochd, tha sinn de 'n aon fhuil,
'S ann a aon dachaidh 'thainig sinn a mach!

BHINCELRID—Mar sin, is fior, mar chanar anns na dain,
Gu'n d'thainig sinn o dhuthaich chein air imrich?
O, aithris dhuinn na 's aithne dhuit de 'n sgeul,
A chum gu'n socruichear an cumhnant nuadh
Air a' choimhcheangal a bha ann o shean.

STAUFFACHER—Eisdibh, ma ta, ri sgeul nam Buachaillean,
Bha cinneach mor ann, cul na duthcha so
Rathad na h-airde tuaith, a bha 'n an eiginn
Fo ghorta chruaidh. 'S a chas so anns an robh iad
Rinn Comhairle an t-sluaigh a shocruchadh,
Gach deicheamh saor-dhuin' air an tuiteadh crannchur,
Gu'n treigeadh e a dhuthaich—Thachair sin!
Thog iad a mach, a' caoidh, fir agus mathan,
Feachd mor, a dh' ionnsuidh tir na h-airdeas,
Le 'n claidheamh rinn iad slighe troimh an Ghearmailt,

Gus an do rainig iad Ard-thir nan sliabh so.
A's air an fheachd cha d'thainig sgitheachadh
Gus an deach' iad a stigh do 'n fhas-ghleann fhiadhaich
Far am bheil am Muotta, eadar lointean
An diugh a' siubhal—Anns au aite so
Cha robh aon lorg de 'n chinne-daoin' ri fhaicinn
Ach bothan aonaranach taobh a' chladaich.
An so bha duine 'feitheamh air an aiseag—
Ach bha an Loch fo bhruaillean mor, 's cha robh
E comasach do 'n t-sluagh dol thairis air;
Bheachdaich iad na bu dluithe air an duthaich.
Thug iad fainear beartas nan coilltean maiseach.
Fhuair iad a mach tobraichean maithe fior-uisg'
Bha 'r leo gu'n d'fhuair iad aon uair eil' air ais
D'an duthaich ghaolach. Chuir iad rompa fanachd.
Thog iad an sin an sean frith-bhaile Suits,
A's chuir iad seachad ioma latha goirt.
M' an d'fhuair iad freumhan diongmhalta nan craobh,
Aig an robh greim cho farsuing air an talamh,
A ghart-ghl nadh, 's an t-aite 'reiteachadh—
Fadheoidh, an uair nach robh gu leoir de fhearann
Aca, air son an aireamh shluaigh a bh'ann,
Chaidh iad air adhart thun a' Mhonadh-dhuibh,
Seadh, eadhon gu ruig Bheisland, far am bheil
Pobull de chanain eile, folaichte
Air chul bhallachan siorruidh eighe 's shneachd.
Chuir iad a suas 's a Chernbhald Baile-Stants,
Shuidhich iad Altorf ann an gleann na Reuss—
Ach ghleidh iad riamh cuimhn' air an sinnsireachd;
Am measg nan sliochdan coigrich uile 'thainig
A stigh do 'n Tir o'n am sin gus a nis,
Gheibh muinntir Suits a cheile 'mach gu h-ealamh,
'S e 'n cridhe blath a dh' aithnicheas an fhuil.
(Tha e 'sineadh a mach a lamh air a dheis agus air a chli).

IAIN A' BHALLA — Seadh, tha sinn a dh' aon chridhe, a dh' aon fhuil!

IAD UILE (a' crathadh lamhan a' cheile)—Is aon sluagh sinn, theid sinn mar aon m 'ar gnothuch.

STAUFFACHER—Tha dream eile 'n ar tir fo chuing a' choimhich,
Striochd iad gu h-iriosal fo smachd a Bhuadhair.
Tha, eadhon ann ar criochan fein, a' fuireach
Moran de Shasunnaich a tha 'nan iochd'rain.
Fo ughdarras coimheach, agus tha an clann
'N an oighreachan air iochd'ranachd an athar.
Ach sinne 'tha de fhior shean stoc na Suits,
Ghleidh sinn a ghnath an t-saorsa mar ar coir,
Riamh cha do lub ar glun fo phrionnsachan,
O'r saor-thoil fein ghabh sinn ri dion an Iompair'.

RAOSSELMAN—" O'r saor-thoil fein fo sgail 's fo dhion na Rioghachd,"
Sgriobh Iompair' Fridrich e mar sin 'na litir.

STAUFFACHER—Gidheadh cha 'n 'eil an duine saor gun mhaighstir.
Feumaidh Priomh-cheannard a bhi ann, Ard-bhreitheamh,
Far am faigh duine ceartas anns a' chomhstri.
Thug, air an aobhar sin, ar n-aithriche
An t-urram so do 'n Iompair' thar an fhearainn
A bhuidhinn iad le 'n saothair as an fhasach,
Oir is Triath e air a' Ghearmailt, 's air an Eadailt,
A's mar na saor-dhaoin' eile ann a rioghachd,
Ghabh iad 'n a sheirbheis urramach 's an Arm;
Oir is e so aon dleasanas sonruichte
A tha mar fhiachadh air an t-saor-dhuine,
An rioghachd a tha 'ga dhion a dhion gu toileach.

MELCHDAL—Is comharradh traill ni 'thuilleadh air a sin.

STAUFFACHER—An uair a chaidh an sluaghghairm feadh na duthcha,
Lean iad a' bhratach rioghail, chuir iad a bhlair.
Chaidh iad do 'n Eadailt leis, a' giulan airm,
'Chum crun na Roimh a shuidheachadh air a cheann.
Fhritheil iad, aig an tigh, gu ciallach ciuin,
A reir sean chleachduinn, fuidh an laghan fein,
Na cuisean aca; aig an Iompaire
A mhain bha coir binn-bais a thoirt a mach.
A chum na cuise so a fhrithealadh,
Bha Morair ard a bh' air a chur air leth,
Aig nach robh oighreachd anns an duthaich so,
An uair 'bha breith ri thoirt air cionta-fola
Ghairm iad a stigh e 's fuidh an iarmailt fhosgailt'
Labhair e 'cheart-bhreith 'mach, gu simplidh soillier,
Gun gheilt no fhiamh roimh aghaidh duin' air bith,
C' aite 'bheil lorg an so gur iochdarain sinn?
An ti d' an aithne atharrach, bruidhneadh e!

AN TUATHANACH—Ni h-eadh, tha h-uile cuis mar 'tha thu 'g radh,
Tighearnas air 'fhoirneadh oirnn a dh' aindeoin
Riamh air an t-saoghal cha do ghiulain sinn.

STAUFFACHER—Dhiult sinn do 'n Iompaire e fein ar n-umhlachd.
Air dha, air sgath nan sagairt, ceartas fhiaradh.
An uair a ghabh muinntir na h-Abaide
Aig Ehsiedeln, coir air ar monadh-feurach,
Air an robh spreidh againn bho am ar sinnsear,
Agus a thug an t-Aba 'mach sean litir,
A thiodhlaic dha an grunnd neo-aitichte,
Air nach robh coir aig duine seach a cheile—
Ghleidh iad ar lath'reachd-ne tur as an t-sealladh—
An sin thubhairt sinne: "Tha bhur litir fealltach!
Cha 'n urrainn Iompalre an ni a's ieinne
A thoirt air falbh do dhuin' air bith, mar thiodhlac;

A's ma ni 'n rioghachd ceartas aicheamh dhuinn
Ni sinn gu maith as eugmhais rioghachd 'n ar beamntan."
Mar sin labhair ar simsir! An dean sinne,
An clann, masladh na cuinge ur so 'ghiulan,
Bho iochdaran coigreach an cuir sinn a suas
Le giollachd nach robh 'chridh' aig Iompaire
Air bith 'na chumhachd riamh a thairgse dhuinn?
Chruthaicheadh, mar gu'm b'eadh, an grunnd so leinn
Le 'r dichioll fein as na sean choillte fasail,
A bha 'n an dachaidh aig na math-ghamhna,
A's rinn sinn e 'na aite-comhnuidh dhaoine;
Sgrios sinn gu tur sliochd phuinnseanta nam beithir,
A bhris a mach oirnn as na mointichean;
Reub sinn an sgaile glas de cheo a bha
Os ceann an fhasaich so gu sior an crochadh,
Spealg sinn a' charraig chruaidh, thar beul an t-sluichd
Thilg sinn an drochaid thearnint' do 'n fhearthuruis:
Coir mile bliadhna air an talamh so
Tha aig sinne—Agus tha 'chridh' aig duine,
Seirbheiseach coigreach uaislean, tighinn an so
Gu slabhruidhean a dheanamh dhuinn, 's an sparradh,
Le masladh oirnn, a's sinn 'n ar dhuthaich fein?
O 'leithid de fhoirneart nach 'eil doigh dol as?
(Tha ghrasad mor am measg nan daoine).
Ni h-eadh, tha eadhon crioch ri cumhachd foirneirt.
An uair nach faigh an duine sarnichte
Ceartas, air taobh air bith ri 'n amhaire e,
An uair a bhios an t-am do-ghiulan ghlacaidh e
Spionnadh as ur, a's treoir d'a chridh' o neamh,
A's bheir e nuas dha fein na coraichean
A bh'air an tasgadh tearuint' shuas san sud dha,
Nach gabh gu brath toirt naith, a tha do bhris-eadh,
A's sionnaidh mar na reultan fein 's an speur—
Sean ordugh Naduir fein theid car air-a-caoin,
An uair a thionndaidheas duin' an aghaidh dhaoine—
An t-inneal deireannach a bheirear dha,
An uair a thig gach meadhon eile gearr,
'S e sin an claidheamh. Tha coir againn ar seilbh
Is luachmhoire a dhionan aghaidh foirneirt—
Tha sinn a' seasamh suas air son ar duthaich,
Air son ar mnai, agus air son ar cloinn!

IAD UILE (a' tarruing an claidhmhnean)—Tha sinn a' seasamh air son mnai, a's cloinn!

AN DARA EARRANN.

RAOSSELMAN (a' seasamh taobh na sreith)—Mu 'n d'fhoc sibh 'n teile gh, thugaibh fainear gu maith!
Fendor a chuis a shocruchadh gun aindreit
Eadar sibh fein 'san t-Iompaire. Von Gacal,
'S e sin na cho duilh e, 's bhi dh an luchdceannais
A tha 'g ar sarnachadh a' sodal ribh.
Gabhaibh an ni a thairgeadh dhuibh cho bitheant',
Sgaraibh sibh fein o 'n Iompaireachd gu buileach,
Aidichibh uachdaranachd na h-Austria ——
IAIN A' BHALLA—Ciod 'thuirt am Ministeir? Sleuchdadh do Austria!
BURCARD—Na h-eisdibh ris!
BHINCELRID—Comhairle brathadair, Namhaid do 'n tir!
REDING—Socair, a chompanaich!
SEBHA—Sleuchdadh do Austria, 's i 'n deigh ar creineadh!
O FLUE—Gu 'n tugamaid a suas, fo bhagradh ainneirt,
An rud a dhiultadh leinn do chiuineas seimh!
MEIER—Bu traillean 'an da rireadh sinn an sin, 'S bu mhaith a thoilleamaid a bhi 'nar trailleau!
IAIN A' BHALLA—Gearramaid esan as o choir nan Suisseach
A their aon smid mu gheill do Austria!
Fhir-riaghlaidh, b' i mo chomhairle gur e so
A cheud lagh-duthcha 'bheireamaid a mach.
MEICHDAL—Biodh e mar sin. Gun choir gun urram bitheadh
An ti 'their diog mu gheill do Austria.
Na gabhadh duine 'stigh gu taobh a thein' e.
UILE (a' togail na laimhe deise)—'S i sin ar toil, biodh e 'n a lagh!
REDING (an deigh uine ghoirid)—Is lagh e.
RAOSSELMAN—Tha sibh a nis, tre 'n lagh so, saor gu dearbh.
Cha tarruing Austria le diorras uaibh
An rud nach d' rinn i 'chosnadh uaibh gu caindeil ——
IOST A' CHLACHAIN—Air adhart ordugh 'n latha!
REDING—A chompanaich!
Am bheil gach meadhon suairce cheau' air fhenchainn?
Faodaidh e bhi nach fios do 'n righ mar 'tha;
Dh' iharaidte nach ann le 'theil 'tha sinn a' fulang.
'S ann mu dheireadh so feuchamaid fathast—
Mu 'n glac ar lamh an claidheamh, cuireamaid
Ar gearan ann a lathair. Is uamhasach,
Eadhon 's an aobhar cheart, cumhachd a' chlaidheimh.
Thig comhnadh Dhe a mhain an uair nach urrainn
An duin' e fein a chuideachadh na 's fhaide.
STAUFFACHER (ri Conrad Hunn)—S i d' aite-sa do chomhairle 'thabhairt. Labhair.
CONRAD HUNN—Chaidh mi do luchairt Rheinfeld thun an Righ,
Mu riaghladh teann nam Maor a dheanamh gearain,
'S a dh'fhaotainn liir maith, a' daingneachadh
Ar saorsa mar o shean, a reir nan cleachduinn
A rinn gach Iompair' ur air thoiseach air.
Fhuair mi an sin a' teitheamh, teachdairean
O Iomad ait, o na bha 's taobh na Rhein;
Fhuair iad ga b-ir na sgriobhaidhean mu 'n d'their iad.
A's thoill iad dhachdh, teillichte, d' an duthaich.
Ach mise 'mhain, an teachdair' agaibh-se,
Sheoladh a stigh an lathair na Comhairle,
A thug, le briathra falamh, domh mo chead:

"Cha robh, an ceart-uair, uine aig an Iompaire ;
Bhiodh cuimhn' aig', uair-eiginn, amharc m' ar deighinn :"
'S air dhomh 'bhi dol le ceumaibh airsnealach
Roimh 'n luchairt, chumaic mi 'n Diuchd og Iain
'N a sheasamh dluth air uinneag-mhor, a' gul
'S m' an cuairt air, uaislean Bhart, a's Tegerfeld.
Rinn iad so ghaodh rium :—" Cuidichibh sibh fein !
O'n Righ na bi'bh a' sealltuinn air son ceartais.
Nach 'eil e 'creachadh mac a bhrathar fein,
'S a' gleidheadh 'oighreachd laghail uaith air ais ?
Tha 'n Diuchd a' guidhe air son cuid a mhathar,
Tha e air tighinn gu aois, tha 'n t-am dha 'nis
Am fearann, a's na daoin' aige a riaghladh.
Ciod an fhreagairt a fhuair e ? Crun beag bhlathan
Chuireadh air ceann a' ghille leis an Righ :
'S i sin a' mhaise 's freagarraich' do 'n oige."

IAIN A' BHALLA—Tha sibh a' cluinntinn sin.
Coir agus ceartas
Cha toir an Righ dhuibh ! Cuidichibh sibh fein !

READING—Meadhon eile cha 'n 'eil againn. Thugaibh breith,
Ciamar a stiurar leinn ar cuis le faicill
Gu crioch a bheir toil-inntinn do gach cridhe.

BHALTER FURST (a' seasamh taobh stigh na sreith)—
Fuadaichidh sinn am foireigneadh grainealtas ;
Ni sinn ar seann chorachean a ghleidheadh,
Mar 'thugadh dhuinn iad le ar n-Athraichean,
Cha leig sinn ruith leinn fein, gu gramachadh
Le miann gun srein a dh'iomsuidh coireach ar.
Gleidheadh an Righ an ni 's leis an Righ,
A's co air bith aig am bheil Tighearna
Thugadh e seirbheis dha a reir a dhleastanais.

MEIER — Tha m' fhearann' air a ghabhail fo Austria.

BHALTER FURST—Do Austria leanaidh tus' air dlighe iocaidh.

IAIN A' CLACHAIN—Tha mise 'paigheadh cis do Rappersuail.

BHALTER FURST—Rach thus' air d' adhart a' toirt cis a's cain.

RAOSSELMAN—Do'n Bhaintighearna aig Tsuirch tha mise fo bhoid.

BHALTER FURST—A dlighe fein bheir thusa do 'n Righ-mhanach.

STAUFFACHER—Tha mise saor o dhlighe ach do 'n Rioghachd.

BHALTER FURST—An ni a mhain a's fheudar dhumn dol ris,
Deanamaid sin, cha teid sinn ceum na's fhaide.
Fuadaicheamaid na Maoir le 'n seirbheisich,
A's briseamaid a nuas na dúngniche an ;
Gun dortadh fola, ma bhios e 'n ar comas.
Faiceadh an t-Iompaire mur sin gu soilleir
Gu h-i an eigin a chuir cluige sinn
Gu cuing ar n-urrain dligheach a thilgeadh dhinn.
Ma chi e sinne 'cumail casg oirnn fein,
Theagamh gu 'n gleidh e 'fhearg gu seolt' fo smachd.
Oir duisgidh sluagh, a cheannsaicheas iad fein
Le 'n claidheamh ann nan lamhan, eagal ceart.

READING—Ach ciamar a tha sinn ri 'thoirt gu crich ?
Tha airm a' chogaidh ann an laimh an namhaid.
Air chiunt cha dean e striochdadh dhuinn 'an sith.

STAUFAACHER—Striochdaidh, cho luath 's a chi e sinn fo airm ;
Thig sinn gun fhios, m' an urrainn da 'bhi ullamh.

MEIER—Tha sin gu math na 's usa 'radh na 'dheanamh.
Tha anns an tir da dhaimgneach laidir mhor',
Bheir iad do 'n namhaid dion 's bi h iad 'nan namhas
'Nuair 'thig an Righ a nuas g' ar ciosnachadh.
Rossberg a's Sarnen 's fheudar a chur fodha
Mu'n togar sleagh anns na tri Duthchanna.

STAUFFACHER Le dail cio fada gheibh an namhaid sanns ;
Cha ghabh a rrun cleith 's fios aig uibhir uime.

MEIER — Cha 'n fhaighear brathadair 's an Duthaich-choillteach.

RAOSSELMAN — Bhrathadh deadh eud 's an aobhar, caid againn.

BHALTER FURST—Ma chuirear seachad uine bidh an Dun
Aig Altorf air a chriochnachadh, a's gheibh
Am Maor e fein a dhaingneachadh 'n ar n-aghaidh.

MEIER—'S ann oirbh fein a mhain a smuaintich sibhse.

AN CLEIREACH—Agus tha sibhse neo-cheart.

MEIER—'S inne neo-cheart !
Tha 'chridh' aig Uri sin a radh 'n ar n-aodann !

READING—Air 'ur boid, tosdaibh ! Tha mi 'guidhe oirbh !

MEIER—Seadh, ma tha Suits a's Uri air a cheile
A thuigsinn, feumaidh sinne cumail samhach.

READING—'S fheudar 'ur toirt an lathair na Comhairle,
Tha sibh a' togail aimhreit le 'ur braise !
Nach 'eil sinn uile 'seasamh 's an aon aobhar ?

BHINCERRID—Na'n cuireamaid air ais a' chis gu Nollaig,
Tha e 'na chleachduinn aig na Sas'unnich uile
Dol thun a' Caisteil le geau-nath do 'n Mhaor.
B' urrainn mu dheich no dusan de na fir
Dol leo do 'n Dun gun amharus a thogail.
Biodh aca 'n f hach orra stuib nahath iarunn,
A tuchd gu furasd' anns na bataichean,
Oir cha 'n 'eil duine a toirt airm do 'n Dun.
Bhodh a' chuid mhor dhinn anns a' choill 'am falach.
'S cho luath 's a gheibh each ceannas air a gheata
Gu daingean, reidh, seidear an dudach leo,
Brisidh an companaich o 'n ionad-falaich,
'S gun mhoran tuilleadh dragh is leinn an Caisteal.

MELCHDAL—Dun Rossberg gabhaidh mis' os laimh a streap,
Tha 'chailleag air a bheil mi 'n gaol 'na traill ann,
B' fhurasda dhomh a briodal thun na h-uinneig
Fuidh 'n leth-sgeul cothrom bruidhne fhaotainn leotha ;

Aon uair 's gu 'm faighinnse gu ceann an fharaidh
Cha b' fhada 'bhiodh mo chairdean as mo dheigh.

REDING—An i bhur toil a' mhoille so a dheanamh?
(Tha a' chuid a's mo dhiu a' togail an laimh).

STAUFFACHER ('g an cunntas)—Tha tuilleadh 's fichead ann an aghaidh dusan!

BHALTER FURST—'Nuair, air an latha 'theid a shocruchadh,
A tha 'n da dhaingneach ri bhi air an leagail,
O bheinn gu beinn theid a' chrois-taraidh 'lasadh!
Gairmear an sluagh gu luath an ceann a cheile
A dh' aon bhuidhean, gu Priomh-aite gach Duthaich!
'Nuair 'chi na Maoir fo airm sinn 'an da-rireadh
Bheir iad a suas a' chomh-stri, creidibh mise,
'S 'an ealachd bidh iad taingeil leth-sgeul fhaotainn
Gu seapadh as an tir le craicionn slan.

STAUFFACHER—'S e Gessler an t-aon duine a bheir dragh dhuinn,
'S duin' uamhasach e le 'luchd-eich m'an cuairt air;
Cha gheill e anns a bhlar gun dortadh fola,
Seadh, eadhon as an tir againn air 'fhuadach'
Bhiodh esan fathast dhuinn 'na chulaidh-eagail.
Tha geilt orm nach teid againn air a chaomh-nadh,
'S cha mhor nach biodh e cunnartach a dheanamh.

BAUMGARTEN—'Bheil cunnart ann r'a sheasamh, cuiribh mis' ann!
'S e Tell d'an toir mi taing air son mo bheatha.
Bu toilichte a shaothraichinn, mar thraill,
Aig obair dhiblidh, air son math na dutheha,
M' onoir fhein dhion mi, 's riaraich mi mo chridhe.

REDING—Bheir tim m' an cuairt a' Chomhairle a's fearr.
Feitheamaid e le foighidinn. 'S fheudar earbsa
A' chur, an tomhas, anns an am ri teachd.
Ach faicibh, fhad 's 'tha sinne fathast trang
Mu obair-la na h-oidhch', air aird nan cruach
Tha solus glan na maidne ur a' lasadh
Le dealradh tla—'S mithich dhuinn uile sgaoileadh,
Mu 'n tig lan sholus latha oirnn gun fhios.

BHALTER FURST—Na gabhaibh iomagain, cir is athaiseach
A gheilleas dorchadas nan gleann do 'n la.
(Tha iad uile, a dh' aon inntinn, a togail an adaichean, agus ag amharc cir uine, gu tosdach, air rughadh dearg na faire, air mullach nan sleibhte).

REDING—Air an la ur a tha 'g ar failteachadh
Air thoiseach air gach sluagh gu h-iosal fodhainn,
'S na bailtean ann an tromadas a chomhnaidh,
Le 'r boid an cumhnant nuadh so nasgaidh sinn.
'N ar sluagh de bhraithrean aointe mairidh sinn.
Cha dealaich cas na cunnart sinn o cheil'.
(Tha iad uile ag radh nam briathra ceudna 'n a dheigh, a' togail tri meoir).
Mairidh sinn saor mar bha ar n-Aithriche,
Am bas a roghainn air a bhi 'n ar traillean.
(Mar gu h-ard).
Ar n-earbsa cuiridh sinn 's an Dia a's airde,
A's cha bhi eagal oirnn roimh cumhachd dhaoine.
(Mar gu h-ard. Tha iad uile a' crathadh lamhan a cheile gu cridheil).

STAUFFACHER—Rachadh a h-uile duine 'nis gu samhach
Dhachaidh thun a luchd-daimh 's a chompanaich.
An ti 'n ar measg a tha 'n a bhuachaille,
Geamhraicheadh e aig an tigh a threud 'n sith,
Agus 'an samhchair cairde coisneadh e
D' ar co-cheangal. An rud a's fheudar fhulang
Gu ruig an t-am sin, giulainibh gu duineil!
Leigibh le cunntas an fhir-fhoirneirt ruith
Cho ard 's a thogras e, gu ruig an la sin
'S am feum na fiachan, sonruichte a's coitch-eann,
A bhi, a dh' aon bheum, air an diolaidh leis.
Cumadh gach aon a chorruich ceart fo cheannsal,
'S airson an iomlain carnadh e a dhiogh'ltas;
A chionn, gach aon fa leth a ni e fein
Gu glic a chuideachadh 'na chuisean fein,
Tha e a' buidhinn na creiche dhuinn air fad.

(Tha iad a' sgaoileadh, cho tosdach 's a's urrainn doibh, a dh' ionnsuidh tri rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte. Tha 'n t-aite car ghreis falamh, fosgailte, am feadh a tha a' ghrian ag eiridh thairis air na sleibhtean-eige).

AN TREAS EARRANN. A' CHEUD ROINN.

A Chuirt mu 'n cuairt an dorus Tell. Tell leis an tuadh 'na laimh; Hedbhig (a bhean) trang ri obair-tighe; Bhalter agus Uilleam, air an taobh cuil, a' cleasachd le crois-bhogha bheag.

BHALTER (a' seinn)—

Thar nan gleann 's nan sleibhte,
Moch aig eiridh grein,
Thig a ruag nan eilid,
Fear a' bhogha threin.

Mar is triath am fir-eun
Ard thar ealt' nan speur;
Fear nan saighead, 's righ e
Thar na seilg gu leir.

'S leis na tha 's na frithean
Air a' bheinn ud shuas,
Eun air sgeith, na sithionn,
Bheir na saighde nuas.

(A' tighinn 'na leum).
Bhrist an t-sreang orm! Ceanglaibh dhomh i, 'athair.

TELL—Cha cheangail, cuidichidh sealgair maith e fein.
(Tha na balachain a' dol as an rathad).

HEDBHIG—Gu'n tugadh Dia nach ionnsuicheadh iad am feasd i!

TELL—Ionnsuichidh iad a h-uile rud. Is fheudar

Easan a bheir e fein roimh 'n t-saogh'l gu sgairteil
A dheanamh acfhuinneach gu dion a's cath.
HEDBHIG—Mo thruaigh, cha 'n fhan iad toilicht' aig an tigh.
TELL—A bhean, cha 'n 'eil dol agams' air na 's mo.
Cha d' rinneadh mise air son iomain threud ;
'S toil leamsa comharadh a theicheas uam
Gun chlos a ruag Cha 'n 'eil mo bheatha sona
Muir toir gach la rud dhomh as ur ri ghlacadh.
HEDBHIG—'S cha smuaintich thu air iom'gain bean-an-tighe,
A' feitheamh riut le cridh' an impis sgaineadh.
Lion oillt mi 'n uair a dh' inn's na gillean dhomh
Na chual' iad mu do thuruis chunnartach.
Gach uair a thig thu 'dh' fhagail beannachd agam
Tha mi air chrith nach till thu m' ionnsuidh tuilleadh.
Chi mi thu air na sleibhte fiadhaich eigh'
A' dol air seachran, na, o sgorr gu sgorr,
A' toirt an leum, 's a' tuiteam eatorra.
Chi mi a' ghemse hochd a th' air a ruigheachd
A' tionndadh ort le leum a's sibh 'n 'ur dithis
A' ruidhleadh sios do iochdar dubh an t-sluichd.
Chi mi, 'am prioba, am beum-sneachd 'gad phronnadh
No 'n gletser mealltach fo do chos a' fosgladh
A beul gun iochd, 's 'gad dhunadh beo 's an naigh—
Mo chreach, a 'n ceud cruth eadar-dhealaichte
Tha 'm bas a' ghlacadh sealgair treun nam beann !
'S i 'n obair thubaisteach, neo-thoilicht' ise,
A bheir air duine dol, gu cunnart beatha,
O la gu la 'na ruith thar oir an t-sluichd !
TELL—Am fear a dh' amhairceas gu brisg m' a thimchioll,
Le coluinn 's ceann aige cho slan ri bradan,
'S a chuireas earbsa ann 'na Chruithear dileas,
Bheir esan as gach teinn e fein gu furasd' ;
Cha'n 'eil a' bheinn gu brath 'na culaidh eagail
Do 'n duine 'rugadh a's a thogadh oirre.
(Tha e air obair a chriochnachadh, agus tha e a' cur seachad na h-acfhuinn).
A nis, is i mo bheachd gu'n seas do dhorus,
Gu diongmhalta, car latha 's bliadhn' na dheigh so :
Cha chuir sinn feum air saor, a's tuadh 's an tigh.
(Tha e togail 'aid).
HEDBHIG—C'aite 'bheil thu 'dol ?
TELL—Gu Altorf, thun d' athar.
HEDBHIG—Tha rud-eiginn le cunnart ann a thaic A' ruith 'ad inntinn ? Aidich dhomh nach 'eil ?
TELL—Ciod air an t-saoghal a chuir sin 'ad cheann ?
HEDBHIG—Tha rud-eiginn 'nar measg 'ga chur 'an ordugh
An aghaidh nam Maor. Bha coinneamh air an Rutli,
Tha fhios 'm air—'s tha thusa 'an co-bhoinn riu.
TELL—Cha robh mis' ann—ach cinnteach seasaidh mi
Air son mo dhuthaich ma bhios feum aic' orm.
HEDBHIG—Sparraidh iad thusa 'n teis-meadhoin a' chunnairt !
'S i 'chuid is duilghe 'thuiteas ortsa daonnan.
TELL—Leagar a' chis air duine 'rcir a chuibhrinn.
HEDBHIG—A's chuir thu 'n t-Unterbhaldnear thar an aiseig
'Am meadhon na stoirm—'s iongnadh gu 'n d' fhuair sibh as :
Nach robh smuain idir agad air beann no clann ?
TELL—'S ann oirbh a smuaintich mi, a bhean mo ghaoil,
Theasraig mi beatha athar air son a chloinne.
HEDBHIG—Am bata 'chur a mach 's na tonnan beuchdach !
Cha b' e sin idir earbsa chur 'n Dia,
'S e buaireadh Dhe a theirinn-sa r' a leithid.
TELL—Cha mhor a choimhlionas an duine sin
A sheasas tuille 's fad' a' beachdachadh.
HEDBHIG—Tha thusa cneasda, deas gu cuideachadh,
Ni thu tiurn coimhearsnaich do dhuin' air bith,
Ach ann an teinn cha chuidich duine thusa.
TELL—Nar leagadh Dia gu 'm bi mi 'n eismeil comhnadh !
(Tha e 'toirt leis a chrois-bhogha agus na saighdean).
HEDBHIG—'De 'ni thu leis a' bhogha ? Fag 'an so i !
TELL—Na'm fagainn ise bhiodh mo lamh a dhith orm. (Tha na balachain a' tilleadh).
BHALTER—Athair, c'aite 'bheil sibh a' dol ?
TELL—Gu Altorf,
A laochain, thun an t-seanair—An tig thu leam ?
BHALTER—'S mi 'thig, gu toilichte.
HEDBHIG—Tha 'm Maor an sin
Aig a' cheart am so. Cum air falbh o Altorf.
TELL—'S e 'n diugh an latha 'bha e ri dol ann.
HEDBHIG—'S a chionn gur e, fuirich ach gus am falbh e ;
Na toir thu fein 'n a chuimhne, 's beag air sinn.
TELL—Is beag a choire a ni 'mhi run ormsa.
Gluaiseam gu ceart, cha chuir aon namhaid fiamh orm.
HEDBHIG—'S iad daoine ceart is mo a dhuisgeas fhuath.
TELL—Direach a chionn nach faigh e greim orra ;
Riumsa cha ghabh e gnothuch, 's e mo bharail.
HEDBHIG—Seadh, tha thu dearbhta as ?
TELL—'S cheann a ghoirid
Chaidh mi a shealg thar a ghrunnd fhiadhaich ud
Braigh Ghlinne Shach, gun aileadh cois g' am stiuradh,
Aig dol air adhart dhomh thar frith-rath'd creagach
Far nach robh roghainn ann, ach gabhail romham ;
Bha bruach na creige 'n crochadh os mo cheann,

A's fodham bheuchd an Shach, 'na caoir a' siubhal.
(Tha 'n da bhalachan a' druideadh dluth dha, h-aon air gach taobh, agus ag amharc 'na aodann leis an iongnadh a's modha).

'S an aite sin thainig am Maor 'am choinneamh,
Esan, 'na aonar, leamsa, 's mise leis-san,
Duine ri duine, an slochd ri taobh ar coise :
Cho luath 's a thug am Maor an aire dhomh,
'S a dh' aithnich e mi—mis' air an deanadh e
O cheann a ghoirid peanas trom a leagadh,
Air son gle bheagan aobhair—'s a chunnai : e
Mi 'tighinn 'na choinneamh le 'm bhogha treun 'am lainh,
Dh' fhas aodann ban, a's chrith a ghluinnean fuidhe ;
Chunnaic mi e a' tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh sin dheth
Gu'n tuiteadh e gu'n lughas air a' chraig.
Lion truas mo chridhe etha, chaidh mi gu modhail
G' a ionnsuidh, 's thubhairt mi :—Is mise th' ann
A Maighstir Gessler. Ach cha b' urrainn da
An t-aon smid bhochd fhaighinn a mach o' bhilean,
Le 'lamh a mhain smeid e rium dol air m' adhart ;
Dh' fhalbh mi 's chur mi a sheirbheisich d' a ionnsuidh.

HEDBHIG — Chriothnaich am Maor roimh d' ghnuis—mo thruaigh thusa !
Cha mhaith e dhuit gu 'm faca tu a laigse.

TELL—Air son an aobhair sin tha mi 'ga sheachnadh,
A's cha bhi iarruidh aige-san air m' fhaicinn-s'.

HEDBHIG—Fuirich an dingh air falbh o 'n aite sin
Rach thusa 'shealg do 'n bheinn a roghainn air.

TELL—Ciod a th' ort ?

HEDBHIG—Tha iomagain orm. Fuirich air falbh.

TELL—C'ar son tha thu 'cur draigh ort fein gun aobhar ?

HEDBHIG—A chionn gur ann gun aobhar, 'Tell, fuirich leinn.

TELL—Gheall mi, a bhean mo ghaoil, gu 'n rachainn ann.

HEDBHIG — Am feum thu falbh ? Mata, fag dhomh mo ghiulain !

BHALTER—Cha 'n fhag, a mhathair, falbhaidh mi le m' athair.

HEDBHIG—A Bhalti, staoil an treigeadh tu do mhathair ?

BHALTER—Bheir mi rud boidheach dhachaidh dhuibh o 'n t-seanair.
(Tha e a' falbh le athair).

UILLEAM — A mhathair, tha uisge 'fuireach leibhse.

HEDBHIG (a' tilgeadh a lamhan m' a tnimchioll) —Tha a laoigh !
Ach 's tusa 'd aonar a th' air fhagail agam !
(Tha i a' dol gu dorus-mor na cuirte, agus a' cumail a suil re uine fhada air an dithis a th' air falbh).

AN TREAS EARRANN. AN DARA ROINN.

Duthaich choillteach, fhiadhaich, dhuinte.
Steallairean a' taomadh 'nan smuid thar nan creagan.

Berta ann an eide-seilg ; ann an tiota 'na deigh, Rudents.

BERTA (rithe fein)—Tha e 'gam leanachd.
Gheibh mi mu-dheireadh thall
Mi fein a mhineachadh.

RUDENTS (le ceum cabhagach a' tighinn a' stigh) —A Bhan-tighearna,
Fhuair mi, mu-dheireadh thall, 'n 'ur n-aonar sibh
Tha bruachan creagach, cas, mu 'n cuairt 'g ar druideadh,
'S an fhasach so cha chluinnear sinn 's cha'n fhaicear,
Cha leig mo chridhe leam 'bhi 'm thosd na 's fhaidhe——

BERTA—'Bheil cinnt agaibh nach 'eil an t-sealg 'g ar leanachd ?

RUDENTS—Tha 'n t-sealg an sud fa 'r comhair—mur glac mi 'n cothrom,
A tha cho luaichmhor, caillidh mi am feasd e—
Feumaidh mi nis mo bhinn a chluinntinn uaibh
Eadhon ma's ann gu 'r sgaradh uam gu siorruidh.
O ! ciod a tha 'teint dhuibh bhur sealladh tla
Fho'ach fo choslas gruaim ? Ach co e mise
Gu'n deanainn-sa mo shuil a thogail ribhse ?
M' ainm cha 'n 'eil fathast iomraiteach ; cha'n fheud mi
Mi-fein a mheas a 'n airearah ard nan ridir
Curanta, cliuiteach, ann an drenchd 's 'am morchuis
A' dearadh oirbh mu'n cuairt, 's gun tamh 'g 'ur bi bodal.
'S iad gradh a's treibhdhireas a mhain mo stor-sa——

BERTA (le durachd gheur) —Tha dh' aghaidh agaibh bruidhinn mu thrcibhdhireas
Agus mu ghradh, sibhse a tha neo-dhleas
'N 'ur dleasdanas iomchuidh do 'ur coimhearsnaich ;
Traill Austria, a reic e fein do 'n chaigreach,
Do 'n fhear a tha a' saruchadh a dhuthcha ?

RUDENTS—Tha sibhse 'tilgeadh so a suas 'am aodann ?
Co 'shin mi air an taobh sin ach sibh fein ?

BERTA—Bha tiughair agaibh 'an da-rireadh m' fhaotainn
Air taobh na h-ainneart ? Bheirinn mo lamh seachad
Do Ghessler fein (Fear-saruchaidh a phobuill)
M' an tugainn i do mhac mi-nadurra
Na Suiss, a thug e fein a suas, gu soireach,
Gu bhi 'na inneal ann an laimh an Namhaid.

RUDENTS—O, cha 'n e so ris an robh tiughair agam !

BERTA—Ciamar ? Nach i a chuideachd fein a's dluithe
Do chridhe 'n duine mhaith ? C' aite am faighear
Dleasnas a's measaile le nadur uasal,
Na 'seasamh mar fhear-dion do neo-chiontachd,
Ceartas a chumail riusan a tha sa'ruicht' ?

Tha m' anam air a chradhadh air son an t-sluaigh,
Tha mi a' fulang leo ; tha iad cho modhail,
Agus aig a' cheart am cho lan de neart
Nach urrainn domhsa gun an gradhachadh,
Tha iad a' tarruing m' uile chridh' d' an ionnsuidh
A's tha mo mheas a' meudachadh gach la.
Ach sibhse, d' an d' thug nadur, 's inbhe Ridir
Coir-breith, a's cothrom air an dion 's an comhnadh,
Gidheadh a dh'reig iad, agus, gu neo-dhileas,
A tha air dol a nunn gu taobh an Namhaid,
'S a' deanamh shlabhruidhean air son 'ur duthcha,
'S e sibhse 'tha 'cur mi-thlachd orm, a's doilgheas ;
'S ann tur a dh' aindeoin air mo chridhe 'tha e
Mur d' rinn mi roimh so 'ur fuathachadh.

RUDENTS—Nach e fior mhaith mo shluaigh a dh'iarrainn-sa
Fo riaghladh cumhachdach na h-Austria ?
Mhealadh iad sith ——

BERTA—Mhealadh iad traillealachd !
Chuitichidh sibh an t-saorsa as an daingneach
Mu dheireadh 'dh 'fhagadh aic' air uachdar talamh.
Tha tuigse aig an t-sluagh na 's fearr na sin
Ciod a tha 'chum an maith. Faoin-choslas maith
Cha mheall am fiosrachadh neo-mhearachdach.
Ach chridh an lion a thilgeadh thar bhur cinn-sa.

RUDENTS—'Bherta ! 's beag oirbh mi, tha sibh 'deanamh tair orm !

BERTA—Na 'n d' rinn mi sin 's e 'b'us dhomh. Ach, esan
Fhaicinn fo dhimeas, seadh, a'toilitinn dimeas,
A dheanamh duin'a gheidheachadh ga toileach.

RUDENTS—O, Bherta ! Bherta ! Tha sibh 's aon phroba
'Gam thogail suas gu airde aoibhinn sonais,
Agus 'gam thilgeadh sios gu doimhneachd truaigh !

BERTA—Cha'n 'eil idir, an naisle ann bhur nadur
Cha'n 'eil gu buileach air a mhuchadh fathast !
An grinneas a tha 'ruith 's an fhuil againbh
Cha ghrabhadh a chur fodh' as cugmhais ainneart.
Ach 's maith gur i a's laidire na sibhse.
'S gu'r n-aindeoin tha sibh fathast maith a's uasal !

RUDENTS—Tha earbsa agaibh annam ? Bherta, Bherta,
Bhithinn na dheanainn mi air bith a thogradh Bhur gradhsa !

BERTA—Bithibh, a mhain, an ni air son
An deach 'ur cruthachadh le nadur ainmn !
Lionaibh an t-aite 's an do chuir i sibh,
Fanaibh air taobh 'ur pobaill a's 'n duthaich,
Seasaibh a mach air son 'ur coireun ceart !

RUDENTS—Mo thruaigh ! Ciamar a sin a choisninn sibhse,
Ciamar, gu brath, a gheibhinn idir coir oirbh
Ma theid mi 'n aghaidh cumhachd an Iompaire ?
Nach ann fo thoil ainneartach 'ur fear-cinnidh
A tha gu teann 'ur lamh-sa air a gleidheadh ?

BERTA—'S an anns an duthaich choillteach a tha m' fhearainn
Na'm biodh na Suissich saor bhithinns' ann cuideachd.

RUDENTS—O, Bherta, ciod an sealladh a nochd sibh dhomh !

BERTA—Na h-earb tre dheadh-ghean Austria mis' a chosnadh ;
A lamh tha sinte mach a dh'ionnsuidh m' oighreachd,
Fa rinn a h-aonadh ris an Oighreachd mhor.
Tha 'n ciocras fearainn sin, a shluigeadh suas
An t-saorsa agaibhse, 'gam mhaoidheadh-sa
Aig a' cheart am, air son an aobhair cheudna !
A charaid, tha mi air mo chur air leth
Mar thabhartas ; mar dhuais theid mo thoirt seachad
Do chuideiginn mu'n cluirt a choisneas fabhar—
An sud far am bheil foill, a's cuilbheartan
A' dol air adhart—air falbh a dh' ionnsuidh cuirt
An Iompaire—tha e 'n am beachd mo tharruing
Tha 'n sud a' feitheamh orm cuibhrichean posaidh
'Is furthach leam—cha'n 'eil dol as dhomh ann
Mur dean an gradh mo theasragainn—Bhur gradh-se !

RUDENTS—Dheanadh sibh teilichte sibh fein an sin,
Bu leoir leibh a bhi leam 'n am dhuthaich fein ?
O Bherta, ciod a bha 'n am thogradh dian
A mach do 'n t-saoghal ach oidheirp sibhse thaotuinn ?
Sibhse a mhain shir mi air slighe na gloire,
Mo dheigh air urram fhuair a steidh 'n am ghradh.
N' am b' urrainn duibh 'ur beatha 'chaitheamh leam-sa
Duinte a stigh anns a' ghleann shamhach so,
'S 'ur cul a thionndhi air an t-saoghal uaibhreach
An sin bha crioch mo spairn-sa air a ruighe achd ;
Faodaidh, an sin, sruth bras an t-saoghail bhuairte
Sadadh ri taobh bruich dhiongmhalta nam beann so—
Aon togradh luaineach tuilleadh cha'n eil agam
A dh' ionnsuidh caithe-beatha 's farsuinge—
Faodaidh, an sin, na creagan so mu'n cuairt oirm,
Am balla ard neo-ghluasdach a thogail,
Agus an gleannan sona duinte so
Fosgladh a suas ri aghaidh neimh a mhain
A's bidh e air a lionadh dhomh le soillse !

BERTA—Tha thu gu leir an ni a shaoil mo chridhe
A bha tha, cha'n 'eil m' earbsa air a mealladh !

RUDENTS—Air falbh gu brath, an doille-inntinn ghorach
A mheall mi ! Gheibh mi sonas aig an tigh.
An so, am measg nam bruthaichean 's nan lointean

Far an do chleasaich mi gu h-aoibhinn eutrom,
Far nach 'eil tom, no creag, no lagan boidheach
Nach toir air ais gu'm chuimhne mile solas,
A's tha gach craobh, a's preas, a's fuaran aluinn
Co-ionann leam ri cairde caomh mo ghaoil,
Bheireadh tu ann am dhuthaich fein dhomh coir ort?
O, 's maith a thug mi gaol dh' i riamh! Tha fhios 'm
Air thalamh nach biodh gean orm an taobh mach dhith.

BERTA—C'aite am biodh I-an-t-sonais dhuit ri fhaotainn
Mur b' ann an so, 'an tir na neo-chionta
An so, far am bheil dachaidh thearuint' fathast
Aig an t-seann dilseachd agus threibhdhireas
A b' abhaist a bhi eadar duine 's duine,
Far nach 'eil cealg, no breug a' tuinneachadh?
An so cha tig am farmad a chur dragh
Air obair glan ar n-aoibhneis, ach, gu reidh
Sruthaidh o la gu la na h-uairean seachad.
Thusa chi mi an sud, gu duineil fiachail
Am measg nan sar a's cliuitiche a cheud fhear,
Le meas a's deadh-ghean air do chuartachadh,
Eadhon mar righ ag oibreachadh 'n a rioghachd.

RUDENTS—Thusa chi mise 'ad ribhinn am measg bhan,
Am banalchd a's finealta, le gliocas
A riaghladh os ceann obair an tighe,
A' togail Paras ann am dhachaidh dhomh,
A's mar an t-Earrach, air an talamh lom,
A blaithean grinn a' sgapadh anns gach ait',
A sgeadachadh mo bheatha-sa le maise,
'S a' dusgadh aoibh a's cridhealas mu'n cuairt ort.

BERTA—Mo charaid, feuch c'arson a bha mi 'caoidh!
Thu fein fhaicinn a sgrios, a' tilgeadh uait
An toileachaidh so 's airde leat 'ad bheatha.
Mo thruaigh mi! Ciamar a rachadh leamsa
Na 'm feumainn ridir uaibhreach mor a beantuinn,
Fear-ciosnachaidh—a stigh d' a chaisteal-dubh?
Balla no dun cha'n 'eil an so gu'm sgaradh
Bho shluagh a mhiannaichinn a dheanamh a-ribhinn.

RUDENTS—Ach ciamar a gheibh mi 'n ribe 'thilgeadh dhiom
A chuir mi fein le 'm ghoraich' thar mo cheann?

BERTA—Sracbd thar do mhuineal i, le misneach dhuineil!
Thigheadh an rud a thoilicheas seas ri d' shluagh
Tha coir-breith agad sin a dheanamh——
(Dudaichean na seilg air an cluinntinn fad as).
Tha 'n t-sealg
A tighinn na's dluithe—falbh, feumar deal-achadh,
Dean cath air son do dhuthaich, as dohag oil!
Oir tha sin uil' air chrith roimh an aon mhaighd
'S i an aon saorsa a ni saor sinn uile!
[Tha iad a' falbh.

AN TREAS EARRANN. AN TREAS ROINN.

Lon laimh ri Altorf.

Air an taobh beoil tha craobhan, air an taobh cuil tha an Ad air barr stuib. Tha an sealladh air a dhunadh a stigh le Beinn-na-draoidh-eachd,* os ceann am bheil sliabh-eighe ag eiridh gu maiseach.

Friesshard agus Leutold air freiceadan.

FRIESSHARD—Tha sinn an so ri freiceadan gun fheum.
Duine cha tig g'ar coir, air eagal modh
A thoirt do'n Aid so againn. Roimh so
B' abhaist an t-aite 'bhi cho trang ri faidhir;
Tha'n fhaiche so mar fhasach, riamh o'n latha
A chaidh am Bochdan a chur air an stob.

LEUTOLD—Cha'n 'eil ach slaodaire an drasd 's a rithis.
'Toirt dheth a bhoinneid phrabach 's an dol seachad
Gu aimheal a chur oirnn. Theid dacine fiachail
Astar mu 'n cuairt mu 'n crom iad druim ri Ad.

FRIESSHARD—Feumaidh iad gabhail seachad air a so
'Nuair 'thig a' Chuirt a mach, aig meadhon-latha.
Bha fiughair agam—la o cheann a ghoirid—
Gu 'm faighinn grainnean math a chur an sas,
Oir cha robh smuaint air modh a thoirt do 'n Aid,
T-ug Raossehnan, am ministeir, gu grad
An aire dha,—'s e air a cheum a' tilleadh
O 'bhi a' frithealadh air duine tinn—
Sheas e an so, direach air beul an stuib,
Le samhlaidhean na sacramaid 'na lamhan,
Dh' fheum Para Cleireach gliongadh leis a' chlagan;
Thuit gach fear riamh 'sa chuideachd air a ghluinneau,
A's dh' fheum mi fhein a dheanamh comh'ri cach—
Chrom iad do'n Chisteig-naoimh, cha b' ann do'n Aid.

LEUTOLD—A chompanaich, 's ann 'tha mi fhein a' saoilsinn
Gu bheil sinn air ar cur an so air brangas
Air beul na h-Aid'. Is tamailt e do mharcaich
Seasamh mar fhreiceadan air beulaobh Aid'—
Ni duine smiorail 'sam bith dimeas oirnn.
Gu 'n deanadh duine modh a thoirt do Aid—
Air m' fhirinn fhein 's e reachd gun tur a th' ann

FRIESSHARD—Urram do Aid fhalaimh, c'arson nach toirteadh?
Nach iomadh claigionn falamh 'ni thu modh dha?
(Hildegart, Melchtild, agus Ealasaid, le an clann a' tighinn agus a' seasamh 'nan sreath mu 'n cuairt air an stob).

LEUTOLD—'S tha uibhir de 'n ghill'-easgaidh annad-sa,
Bheireadh tu dragh air daoine coir a nasgaidh.
Rachadh na thoilicheas seachad air an Aid,

* The Bannberg.

Cha seall mo shuils' an rathad aca tuilleadh.
MELCHTILD—Tha sin am Maor an crochadh—
'ur *bou* dha, chlann!
EALASAID—'Eudail, n i'm falbhadh e's an ad aig' fhagail,
'S i 'n duthaich nach bu mhisd a chulaobh fhaicinn!
FRIESSHARD (g am fuadach air falbh)—
An gabh sibh as a so! Muathan na mallachd!
Co 'tha 'g 'ur n-iarraidh! Cuiribh an so bhur fir,
Ma tha fonn orra 'n lagh a chur gu dulan!
(Tha na mnathan a' falbh).

Tha Tell a' tighinn a nios, am balachan aige air laimh; tha iad a' gabhail seachad air an Aid gun an aire 'thoirt dh' i, an aghaidh ris na beanntan.

BHALTER (le 'chorag a' leigeadh ris Beinn-na-draoidheachd)—
Athair, am bheil e fior ma bheirear buille
Le tuaidh do chraoibh 'sam bith a th' air a' bheinn ud,
Gu'n tig an fhuil aisde?
TELL—Co 'thuirt sin, a laochain?
BHALTER—'S e 'm buachaille mor a bha 'ga innseadh dhuinn—
Tha draoidheachd air na craobhan, thubhairt e,
'S ma ni sinn eron orra, cinnidh ar lamh
An aird—an deigh dhuinn siubhal—as an talamh.
TELL—Cionteach gu leoir tha iad 'nan craobhan coisrigh't'.
Am faic thu'n sud na Firnen, aidhearcean geala
Cho ard gu'n caillear sealladh dhiu 'san speur?
BHALTER—'S iad sin na Gletseren 'bhios sinn a' cluinntinn,
A' deanamh uibhir stairn air feadh na h-oidhche,
'S o'm bheil na beannan sgriosail seachad a' tuiteam.
TELL—Seadh direach, agus bhiodh, o cheann a fada,
Altorf 'na luidhe, pronn, fo bheannan-sneachd
Mur-bhith a' choille ghiuthais shuas an sud—
Feachd-duthcha treun—a sheas 'g a dhion o sgrios.
BHALTER (an deigh beachachadh car tiota)—
Athair, am bheil tir 'sam bith gun bheanntan ann?
TELL—Na'n tearnadh duine bho na cruachan againn'
Ruigeadh e duthaich a tha farsuing, reidh,
Cha chluinnear fuaim nan eas 'an sin a' taomadh,
Na h-aimhnichean tha 'ruith gu lubach seimh;
Chi duine 'h-uile cearn mu'n cuairt gun bhacadh,
Tha 'n coirce 'cinntinn ard an dailtean briagh
Tha 'n tir, gu amharc air, mar gl aradh maiseach.
BHALTER—'S e'arson, athair, nach rachamaid gu luath
A sios a dh' fhuireach anns an duthaich briagh sin
Seach a bhi ann an so le geilt 'gar cubadh?
TELL—Tha 'n duthaich aluinn, maith eadhon mar Pharas
Ach cha 'n e 'n treabhaiche a bhios a' mealtuinn
A bheannachd phailt' a tha an cois a shaothair.
BHALTER—Nach 'eil na daoine 'fuireach, mar 'tha sibhse,
Saor air am tearann fein?
TELL—'S ann leis an Easbuig,
Agus an Righ a tha na dailtean aca.
BHALTER—Ach saoil nach feud iad sealgach anns a' choille?
TELL—Is leis an triath an sithionn a's an eunlaith.
BHALTER—Nach feud iad iasgach anns na h-uilld mata?
TELL—Is leis an Righ na-huillD, an loch, 's an salann.
BHALTER—Co e an Righ mata, roimh 'm bheil an eagal?
TELL—An Ti a tha 'g am beathachadh 's 'g an dion.
BHALTER—Nach urrainn iad an air' 'thoirt orra fein?
TELL—Cha 'n earb na coimhearsnaich a cheil' an sud.
BHALTER—Athair, bhiodh an tir fharsuing cumhann leamsa,
'S fearr a bhi fuireach fo na beuman-sneachda.
TELL—Seadh, 's mor 'is fearr a laochain slei bhtean-eighe
A' seasamh aig do chul seach daoine ocla.
(Tha iad a' dol a ghabhail seachad).
BHALTER—Eh, athair, faic an ad air barr a' chabair!
TELL—Nach coma leinne 'n ad! Tiugainn air adhart.
(Tha e air ti 'dol seachad, an uair a tha Friesshard a' tighinn 'na choinneamh le a shleagh a suas).

FRIESSHARD—'An ainm an Iompaire! Tha thu ri stad!
TELL (a' deanamh greim air an t-sleagh)—
'D e 'tha dhith ort? C'arson a ghleidheadh tu mi?
FRIESSHARD—Bhrist thu an aithne; feumaidh tu tighinn leinne.
LEUTOLD—Cha d' rinn thu modh do 'Aid, 'an gabhail seachad
TELL—Leig as mi, 'charaid.
FRIESSHARD—Air falbh do 'n phriosan ort!
BHALTER—M' athair do 'n phrioson! Cuideachadh! Cuideachadh!
(A' ruith air adhart).
'An so, fhaara! Cuidichibh m' athair, a dhaoine!
Ainneart! Ainneart! Tha iad 'g a chur an sas!
(Raosselman, am Ministeir, Paruig an Cleireach, agus triuir fhear eile a' tighinn air an adhart).

PARA CLEIRICH—'D e 'th' ann?
RAOSSELMAN—C'arson a ghlacadh tu an duine?
FRIESSHARD—Is namhaid e do'n Righ, 's fearceannairc e!
TELL (a' beirsinn air le braise)—Mise 'am fhearceannairc!

RAOSSELMAN—A charaid, tha thu 'm mearachd, 'S e Tell a th' ann, fear-duthcha siothchail coir.

BHALTER (a' toirt an aire do Bhalter Furst, agus a' ruith 'na choinneamh —
A Sheanair, cuidichibh! Tha m' athair fo ainneart.

FRIESSHARD—Do 'n phriosan ort!

BHALTER FURST (a' greasad a nios)—
Stad! Seasaidh mi'n urras air!
'An ainm an Fhortain, 'Tell ciod a th' air tachairt?

(Tha Melchdal agus Stauffacher a' tighinn a nios).

FRIESSHARD—Ard-uachdaranachd a' Bhaillidh thar na duthcha
Cha 'n aidiche e, a's tha e 'deanamh tair air.

STAUFFACHER—Rinn Tell, da-rireadh so, am bheil thu 'g radh?

MELCHDAL—A spolochdaire, 's i 'n dearg bhreug a th'agad!

LEUTOLD—' ha d' rinn e modh' do 'n Aid 's a ghabhail seachad.

BHALTER FURST—Agus air son so theid a chur anns a' phriosan?
A charaid, gabh ri m' urras a's leig as e.

FRIESSHARD—Rach thus'an urras air do cholui:n fein!
Ni sinn'ar dleasdannas—Thugaibh air falbh e!

MELCHDAL (ris an luchd-duthcha)—'S i ainneart narach a tha 'so, a mhuinntir!
An giulain sinn gu'n toir iad leo an duine
Gu ladarna, mar so, fa chomhair ar suilean?

PARA CLEIREACH—Cha seas sinn e, is sinne 's treise, 'chairde,
Guala ri guala seasaidh sinn a cheile.

FRIESSHARD—Co agaibh 'theid an aghaidh reachd a' Mhaoir?

T. ITIR (eile de Luchd-duthcha)—Cuidichidh sinne sibh.
'D e th' ann? Gu lar iad!

(Hildegard, Melchtild, agus Ealasaid a' tilleadh air an ais).

TELL—Ni mi mi-fein a chuideachadh an ealachd
Falbhaibh, a mhuinntir. Na 'm biodh feum air spionnadh
An gabhainn geilt, saoil sibh, roimh 'm biodagan?

MELCHDAL (ri Friesshard)—Thoir as ar meadhon e, ma tha 'chridh' agad!

FURST agus STAUFFACHER—Air d' athais! Socair!

FRIESSHARD (a' glaodhaich)—Ar-a-mach! Ceannaire!

(Cluinnear dudaichean seilge).

NA MNATHAN—Sin am Maor a' tighinn!

FRIESSHARD (a' togail a ghuth)—Ar-a-mach! Ceannaire!

STAUFFACHER—Raoichd thus' a shlaightire! Ran gus an spreadh thu!

RAOSSELMAN—An cum thu samhach?

MELCHDAL—Duin do ghlochd, a chlap-sgain!

FRIESSHARD—Foir, foir air seirbheiseach an lagh 's na rioghachd!

FURST—Tha 'sin am Maor! Mo thruaigh, ciod a thig ruinne?

Gessler, air muin eich, seabhag-seilg air caol a dhuirn, Rudolf bho Harras, Berta agus Rudents, buidheann mhor sheirbheiseach fo airm 'gan leantuinn, agus a' seasamh, le 'n sleaghan fada, mu 'n cuairt an iomlain.

RUDOLF—Ait', aite do 'n Mhaor!

GESSLER—Sgaoilibh o 'cheile iad,
C'ar son a thrus an sluagh? Co 'bha 'glaodhaich foir?
Co 'bh' ann? Bu mhaith leam fios.
(Ri Friesshard)—Seas thusa mach!
Co thu, 's c'ar son a ghlac thu 'n duine so?

FRIESSHARD — Uachdarain chumhachdaich, 's fear-airm leat fein mi,
Air freiceadan an so air beul na h-Aid.
Ghlac mi an duine so direach 's a ghniomh
A' gabhail seach gun mhodh a thoirt do'n Aid.
Bha mi 'ga chur an sas a reir bhur n-ordugh,
Ach dh' fheuch an sluagh le ainneart a thoirt uam.

GESSLER (an deigh dha 'bhi mionaid 'na thosd)—
Am bheil thu 'deanamh dimeas air an Iompair'
A's ormsa, 'Tell, a tha 'na ainm a' riaghladh,
Gu 'n diult thu modh do 'n Aid a chroch mi 'n so,
Gu dearbhadh cinnteach a chur air 'ur n-umhlachd?
Deoch-ruin do chridhe rinn thu 'bhrathadh dhomh.

TELL—A mhaighstir choir, thoir maitheanas domh! Cha b' ann
A' deanamh tarcuis oirbh a bha mi idir,
Ach cha do ghabh mi umhail's an dol seachad.
Cha 'n ainm dhomh TELL, ma 's ann 'gam dheoin a bha e,
Gabhaibh mo leisgeul, cha tachair e a rithis.

GESSLER (an deigh a bhi greis 'na thosd)—
Tell, tha thu 'd mhaighstir air a' chrois-bhogha,
Chaidh a radh rium nach tig duin' eile suas riut?

BHALTER—'S tha sin fior, a mhaighstir; tilgidh m' athair
Ubhal bho chraoibh dhuibh aig cuig fichead ceum.

GESSLER—An leats' an giullan, 'Tell?

TELL—Is leam, a mhaighstir.

GESSLER—'Bheil duine cloinne 'thuilleadh air-san agad?

TELL—Tha dithis ghiullan ann, a mhaighstir choir.

GESSLER—A's co de'n dithis dhiu a's docha le tt?

TELL—Tha iad an aon chuid ionmhuinn leam le cheile.

GESSLER—A nis mata, Tell, ma chuimsicheas tu
Ubhal air craoibh aig astar ceud ceum naipe
Bheir thu lan dearbhadh ann am lathair air d' ealdhain—
Gabh a' chrois-bhogha—tha i aig do lamh—
Dean thu fein deas gu cuimseachadh air ubhal
A theid a chur air ceann do bhalachain—
Gabh cuimse mhaith, bheirinn a' chomhairl' ort,
A chionn, mur buail do shaighead air an ubhal
Aig a' cheud iomsuidh, caillidh tu do cheann!

(Tha namhuin ri fhaicinn anns gach gnuis .

TELL A mhaighstir—'d e 'n rud namhasach tha

'N 'ur beachd do m' thaobh ?—Bho cheann mo leinibh tha mi—
Ni h-eadh, a mhaighstir choir, cha 'n fheud e 'bhith
Gu 'n tigeadh sin 'n 'ur smuaint—Nar leigeadh Dia e—
Cha b' urrainn sibh gu brath, an ceart dha-rireadh,
Sireadh air athair a leithid sin a dheanamh !

GESSLER—Feuchaidh tu air an ubhal, air ceann do mhic—
Tha mi 'ga shireadh ort, 's tha thu ri 'dheanamh.

TELL—Tha mi ri cuimse 'ghabhail leis a' bhogha
Air a' cheann ghaolach aig mo bhalachan fein ?—
'S fhearr leam dol thun a' bhais na aontachadh !

GESSLER—Feuch e, no basaich fein 's do leanabh comhladh.

TELL—Dheanadh sibh mi 'am mhortair air mo ghiullan !
A mhaighstir, cha'n 'eil clann agaibh, mar sin
Faireachduinn cridhe Athar cha 'n aithne dhuibh.

GESSLER—Seadh, 'Tell, tha thu air tighinn g' ad ionnsuidh fein
Gu h-ealamh ; thuirt iad rium gur duin' thu
A bhi o h a' coiseachd mar gu 'n robh thu 'bruadar,
Gu bheil thu neonach ann ad dhoighean uile
'S gur toigh leat nitheanan neo-chumanta,
Mar sin tha mi air geall neo-chumanta
A chur fa 'd chomhair. Eheachdaicheadh fear eile,
Chuireadh e air a mheigh na cuisean aige—
Theid thusa—dall 'g ad dhioin—gu dian air adhart,
A's theid thu 'n sos le d' uile neart 's a chuis.

BERTA—O, sguiribh a thoirt dheth nan daoine bochda !
Tha iad air chrith, a's ban le geilt m' ur timchioll—
Cha 'n 'eil iad cleachdte ri 'ur briathra-sa
A ghabhail ann am beachd mur theala-dha.

GESSLER—Co 'their gur feala-dha a th' ann am aire ?
(Tha e 'sineadh a lamh a dh' ionnsuidh geug craoibh a tha os a cheann).
Tha so an t-ubhal — Deanaibh ait', a mhuintir—
Tomh'sibh a mach an t-astar mar is cleachdta—
Ceithir fichead sinteag—cha toir na's lugha,
Na thuilleadh air a sin. Rinn eson uaill as
Gu 'n tugadh e a dhuine nuas aig ceud dhiu—
Tilg, Fhir-a'-bhogha, 's biodh do chuimse cinnteach !

RUDOLF—Mo chreach ! Tha so air tighinn gu da-rireadh !
Guidh air a' Mhaor, mo ghiullan, air do ghluinnean,
A dh' fheuch an dean sin maith—air son do bheatha !

BHALTER FURST (fo 'anail, ri Melchdal a tha air eiginn a' ceannsachadh a mhi-fhoighidinn)—
Bi samhach, tha mi 'guidhe, cum ort fein !

BERTA—'Uachdarain, deanadh so do riarachadh; Tha e an aghaidh naduir, amhghar athar
A thionndadh 's an doigh so gu culaidh-mhagaidh.
Ma thoill an duine bochd so corp a's anam
A chall tre choire fhaoin, air m' fhirinn ghloin !
Dh' fhuiling e cheana 'm bas deich uairean thairis,
Leig dhachaidh e gun lochd d' a thigheintubha ;
Tha e air eolas a chur oirbh ; bidh cuimhn' aige,
'S aig clann a chloinne, air an latha so.

GESSLER—Fosglaibh an t-slighe ! Clis, c'ar son do mhoille
Thoill thu do bheatha 'chall, tha e am chomas
Do chur gu bas, a's feuch gu h-iochdmhor, tha mi
A' cur do chor ann do laimh sheolta fein.
Cha'n urrainn duine 'radh gur cruaidh a bhinn
Ma nithear air a chur e fein 'n a mhaighstir.
Rinn thusa bosd a d' shuil neo-mhearachdach.
Ro-mhaith ! A shealgair, dealbh a nis dhuinn d' ealdhain !
Tha am ball-cuimse airidh ort, 's ard do dhuais !
Amaisidh duine cumant air an t-suil-dhubh
Am meadhon na targaid, ach their mise sar
Ris-san a thaisbeanas, gu deas, a sheoltachd
Gun chaochladh, aig gach am, a's anns gach aite—
Aig nach 'eil 'aigne 'dol 'na laimh 's na shuil.

BHALTER FURST ('ga thilgeadh fein a sios na lathair)—
'Uachdarain, 's aithne dhuinn gu maith bhur cumhachd,
Ach leigibh seachad coir, a's nochdaibh trocair !
Thugaibh leibh leth mo mhaoin—gabhaibh na th' agam !
Ach caomhnaibh athair o dheanamh tuirn cho oillteil.

BHALTER TELL—A sheanair, na lubaibh glun do 'n duine chealgach !
Innsibh dhomh c'ait' an seas mi. Cha 'n eagal domh.
Bheir m' athair eun air sgeith a nuas le 'shaighead
Cha teid e cearr 'am bualadh cri th' a leinibh.

STAUFFACHER—Nach gluais neo-chiont an leinibh sibh, a Mhaoir ?

RAONSELMAN—O, cuimhnichibh, tha Dia air airde Neimh
D' am feum sibh cunntas a thoirt air 'ur briathrar.

GESSLER (le a laimh a' comharrachadh a' bhalachan doibh)—
Ceanglaibh e ris a' chrann-teil' ud !

BHALTER—Mo cheangal !
Cha ruig sibh leas mo cheangal ! Seasaidh mi
Gun eang a charachadh, cho bidh ri uair,
Cha dean mi uibhir 's anail bheag a tharruing.
Ach ceanglaibh mi 's cha 'n urraim mi 'bhi samhach,
Bhithinn air son gach ioll a shracadh dhiom.

RUDOLF—A laochain, leigidh tu, mata, breid air do shuilean !

BHALTER—C'ar son a cheangladh sibh eadhon mo shuilean ?
Am bheil sibh 'smuainteach' gu'm bi eagal orm

Roimh shaighead, 's i an lamhan cinnteach m' athar?
Seasaidh mi teann, cha dean mi rosg a phriobadh.
Greasaibh, athair, feuchaibh gur fear-bogha sibh!
Tha e 'cur teagaimh annaibh, tha duil aige
Gu'n sgrios e sin—Tilgibh an t-ubhal, buailibh e
Gu mi-thlachd a chur air an duine mhosach!
(Tha e 'dol agus a' seasamh fo 'n chrannteile, tha 'n t-ubhal air a chur air a cheann).

MELCHDAL—Ciod? An coimhlionar fo na suilean againn
Eucoir cho gailbheach? C'ar son a rinn sinn boidean?

STAUFFACHER—Tha sin an diomhain. Cha 'n 'eil airm againn;
Nach faic thu coill de lannan timchioll oirnn.
Dia 'thoirt maitheanais dhoibh-san a chomhairlich dail!

GESSLER (ri Tell)—Gu d' obair. Ma bhios duine 'caitheamh airm
Cha 'n ann an diomhain. Tha e cunnartach
A bhi a' giulan inneal-bais mu 'n cuairt,
Tillidh an t-saighead air an duine 'thilg i.
Tha a' choir ard so 'tha 'n luchd-duthcha 'gabhail
A' tabhairt oilbheum do Ard-Thriath na tire,
Na caitheadh airm ach neach a striochdas dhasan.
Bha thusa 'gabhail tlachd 'am bogha 's saighead,
Ro-mhaith, ball-cuimse taghaidh mise dhuit.

TELL (a' tarruinn a bhogha agus a' cur saighead air)—
Fosglaibh dhomh slighe! Aite dhomh!

STAUFFACHER—Ciod, 'Tell? Gu brath cha 'n fheuch—'Ha thu air bhall-chrith
Cho luath ri duilleig, tha do lamh a' crith'
'S do ghluinnean mar gu'm failnicheadh iad fodhad ——

TELL (a' leigeil leis a' bhogha sleamhnachadh a sios)—
Tha 'h-uile ni a' snamh air thoiseach orm.

NA MNATHAN—A Fhreasdail chothromaich!

TELL (ris a' Bhaillidh)—Na cuiribh chuige mi
Gu'm shaighead a thilgeadh. Sin dhuibh mo chridhe!
(Tha e a' rusgadh a bhroillich).
Gairmibh 'ur marcaichean gu 'm sgath a sios!

GESSLER—Cha 'n i do bheatha idir a tha 'dhith orm.
Bu mhaith leam dearbhadh air do chuimse fhaicinn.
Ni thusa 'h-uile rud, cha mheataich dad thu,
Glacaidh tu 'n stiuir cho ealamh ris a' bhogha;
Cha chuir a' ghaillion oillt ort, ma bhios duine
Ri theasragainn. Cuidich thu fein a nis,
Thusa a theasraigeas cho deas dream eile!

(Tha Tell a seasamh ann an spairn eagallach, a lamhan ag oibreachadh agus a shuilean a' tionndadh aig aon am le feirg, a dh' ionnsuidh Gessler, aig an am eile, le durachd, a suas gu neamh. Ann am prioba na sul, tha e a' glacadh a bhalg-shaighead, a' tarruing an dara saighead as, agus 'ga chur ann a chrios. Tha 'm Baillidh a' gabhail beachd air a h-uile car).

BHALTER (fo 'n chraoibh-teile)—Athair, nach tilg sibh! Cha 'n 'eil eagal orm!

TELL—Feumaidh e 'bhi!
(Tha e a' tighinn g' a ionnsuidh fein agus a' deanamh deis a bhogha gu tarruing).

RUDENTS (a bha fad na h-uine fo ghluasadinntinn cho dian gur gann a bha e a' cumail air fein)—
'Uachdarain, tha 'n t-am
Nach cuireadh sibh a' chuis na 's fhaid' air adhart,
Cha dean sibh e—Cha robh ach dearbhadh ann—
Ruig sibh 'ur crioch—Oir thig a' ghairge gearr
Air a' chrich cheart ma theid i tuille 's fada.
Ma bhios an t-sreang ro-theann brisear am bogha,
An uair 'is teinne 'n 'gad 's ann 'bhrisear e.

GESSLER—Bi thus' ad thosd gus an teid bruidhinn riut.

RUDENTS—Feumaidh mi labhairt! Feudaidh mi a dheanamh!
Onoir an Iompaire tha luachmhor leam,
'S e fnath a choisneas riaghladh mar so dha.
Cha 'n i so toil an Righ, tha mise fiosraich—
Cha toill mo shluagh a leithid so de liodairt,
Agus cha'n 'eil lan-choir agaibh 'thoirt dhoibh.

GESSLER—Seadh! Tha thu dalma!

RUDENTS—Bha mi ann am thosd
A' gabhail ealla ris gach gniomh an-iochdmhor,
Dhuin mi mo shuilean air na bha mi 'faicinn,
Mo chridhe goirt, le corruich a' cur thairis,
B' fheudar gu teann a ghlasadh ann am bhroilleach;
Ach b' e neo-dhilseachd a bhiodh ann do 'm duthaich,
Agus do 'n Iompaire 'bhi 'm thosd na 's fhaide.

BERTA ('ga tilgeadh fein eadar e agus Gessler)—
Cuiridh tu 'n duine cuthaich sin air bainidh!

RUDENTS—Threig mi mo chinneadh, thionndaidh mi mo chulaobh
Riusan a tha dh' aon fhuil rium, thilg mi dhiom
Gach cheangal naduir, a chum sibhs' a leanntninn—
Chreid mi gur i a' chuid a b' fhearr a rinn mi
Ann a bhi daingneachadh cumhachd an Righ—
Tha nis an sgail air tuiteam o mo shuilean—
Le uamhas chi mi 'n slochd air thoisich orm,
Mo thuigse gearr-sheallach thug sibh air seachran
Mheall sibh mo chridhe earbsach—Bha mi air ti
Mo shluagh a sgrios, fo dhurachd maith a dheanamh.

GESSLER—A leithid de ladarnachd ri d' Thriath, 'dhuin' oig?

RUDENTS—'S e 'n t-Iompaire mo thighearna, cha sibhse—
Rugadh cho saor ribh fein mi, neo-air-thaing
Mur 'eil co-inbhe agam ribh mar Ridir.
Mur bitheadh sibh 'an so 'an ainm an Righ
D' an toir mi urram, ged a bheirear masladh
'N 'ur riochd-sa air, thilginn a sios a' mheatag
Mur coinneamh, agus bhiodh e oirbh mar fhiachadh
Freagairt a thabhairt a reir gnath nan Ridir.
Seadh, smeidibh air bhur marcaichean—Cha 'n 'eil

Mise an so mar iadsan—
(A' sineadh a laimh a chum an t-sluaigh)—
Gun bhall-arm
Tha claidheamh agam, ma thig neach 'g am choir ——

STAUFFACHER (a' toirt glaoidh)—Tha 'n t-ubhal air tuiteam !

(Am feadh a bha aghaidh a h-uile duine air a thionndadh ris an taobh so, agus a thilg Berta i fein eadar Rudents agus an t-Uachdaran, tha Tell air an t-saighead a thilgeadh).

RAOSSELMAN—Tha 'n giullan beo !
MORAN GHUTHANNA—Dh' amais e air an ubhal !
(Tha Bhalter Furst gu tuiteam ann an laigse, Berta a' cumail taice ris).
GESSLER (le iongnadh)—Ciod ! An do thilg e air ? An t-uamhas duine !
BERTA—Tha 'm balachan beo ! Thigibh d' ur n-ionnsuidh fein !
BHALTER TELL (a' tighinn 'na leum leis an ubhal)—
Athair, so an t-ubhal ! Nach robh fhios agam Nach leonadh sibh gu brath 'ur balachan fein.

(Tha Tell ag aomadh air adhart mar gu 'n robh a shuilean fathast a' leanachd na saighde—tha a chrois-bhogha a' sleamhnuachadh gu lar—an uair a tha e 'faicinn a bhalachain a' tighinn tha e a' greasad 'na chomhail le gairdeannan fosgailte, agus air dha a thogail tha e 'g a phasgadh gu teann ri 'bhroilleach ; tha e an sin a' call a neart agus gu tuiteam ann an laigse. Tha cridhe a h-uile duine mu 'n cuairt air a ghluasad).

BERTA—Gu 'n sealladh Trocair oirnn !
BHALTER FURST (ri Tell agus a ghiullan)—
Mo chlann ! mo chlann !
STAUFFACHER—Moladh gu'n robh do Dhia !
LEUTOLD—B' i sin an urchair !
Theid iomradh oirre gu linn a-n dheireadh 'n t-saoghail.
RUDOLF — Theid sgeul a dheanamh air an t-sealgair Tell
Fhad 's a bhios beinn a' seasamh air a bunair.
(Tha e a' sineadh an ubhail do 'n Uachdaran).
GESSLER—Air m' fhacal, air a sgoltadh roimh 'n teis-meadhoin !
Sar obair chuinis' da-rireadh, bheir mi 'chliu dha.
RAOSSELMAN — Tha 'n urchair taghta, ach an-aoibhinn dhasan
A dh' fhoirn air adhart Tell gu Dia a bhuairеadh !
STAUFFACHER—'Tell, thig g' ad dh' ionnsuidh fein, seas air do chasan,
Gu duinell dh' fhuasgail thu thu fein, 's a nis
Gu saor 's gun dochann faodaidh tu dol dachaidh.
RAOSSELMAN—Tiugainn, a's thoir air ais do 'n mhathair a mac !
(Tha iad a' feuchainn a thoirt air falbh leo).
GESSLER—'Tell, eisd rium !
TELL (a' tilleadh)—Ciod, a mhaighstir, a bu mhaith leibh ?
GESSLER—Chuir thu 'am falach saighead eil' ad chrios—
Seadh, chunnaic mi gu maith thu ! C'ar son a bha i ?
TELL (fo amhluadh)—Tha sin 'na chleachdуinn aig na sealgairean.
GESSLER—'Tell, cha 'n e sin a bh' ann, cha ghabh mi 'n fhreagairt ;
Bha rud-eiginn a thuilleadh ann ad bheachd ;
Abair an fhirinn ghlan gu saor a mach
A's ciod air bith e tha do bheatha cinnteach,
C'ar son a thug thu leat an dara saighead ?
TELL—Mata, a mhaighstir, o 'n a rinn sibh cinnteach,
Mo bheatha dhomh –bheir mi dhuibh brod na firinn.
(Tha e a' tarruing na saighde as a chrios, agus a shuil air a' Mhaor le sealladh eagallach).
Na'm biodh a' cheud te air mo leanabh a leon,
Chuirinn an dara saighead troimh 'n chridh' agaibhse,
Air chinnt cha rachainn cearr 'an amas oirbhse.
GESSLER — Seadh, mata, 'Tell, gheall mi do bheatha dhuit,
M' fhacal mar Ridir thug mi, gleidhidh mi i—
Ach air do dhroch-run fhiosrachadh cho dearbhta,
Togaidh mi leam thu, 's theid do ghleidheadh tearuint'
Far nach ruig grian no gealach ort na 's mo,
'S bidh mise tearuint' o na saighdean agad.
Cuiribh 'an sas e 'Illean ! Ceanglaibh e !
(Tha iad a' ceangal Tell).
STAUFFACHER—Ciod, Uachdarain ! Ni sibh mar so ri duine
A rinn Lamh Dhe gu follaiseach a dhion ?
GESSLER—Chi sinn an saor I e an dara uair.
Thugaibh air bord mo bhat' e ; Leanaidh mi sibh
'Am prioba, bheir mi fein thun Cussnacht e.
RAOSSELMAN — Cha 'n 'eil a chridh' agaibh, eadhon an t-Iompair',
Cha'n 'eil a chridh' aige a leithid a dheanamh.
Tha sin an aghaidh ar litrichean-saorsa !
GESSLER—Ach c'ait' am bheil 'ur litrichean-saorsa ?
An d' rinn an t-Iompaire an daingneachadh ?
Cha d' rinn e 'n daingneachadh. Is ann tre umhlachd
A tha am fabhar so agaibh ri 'chosnadh.
Tha 'n uile gin agaibh 'n 'ur ceannairceich
An aghaidh lagh an Righ, tha sibh a' fadadh
Ruintean an-dana ar-a-mach a dheanamh.
'S aithne dhomh sibh—tha mi a' faicinn troimh
A h-uile h-aon agaibh gu soilleir—Esan
Tha mi a' toirt an ceart-uair as bhur meadhon,
Ach tha sibh uile coireach cho maith ris-san.
Esan 'tha giic 'n 'ur meaig ionnsuicheadh e
A theanga 'ghleidheadh, agus a bhi umhal.
(Tha e a' falbh, Berta, Rudents, Harras, agus na gillean 'ga leanntuinn, Friesshard agus Leutold a' fuireach air deireadh).
BHALTER FURST (ann an cradh geur cridhe)—
Tha e air falbh ; tha e an deigh cuir roimh',
Mi fein agus mo theaghlach uile 'sgrios !
STAUFFACHER (ri Tell)—C'ar son a chuir thu 'm beist cho fada chuige !
TELL—Am fear a dh' fhuiling cradh cho goirt ri 'm chradh-sa
Ceannsaicheadh 'se e fein ma 's urrainn e

STAUFFACHER—O, tha na h-uile gin againn 'an geimhlibh!
MUINNTIR-DUTHCHA (a' dluthachadh mu 'n cuairt air Tell)—
Ar dochas deirionnach tha caillte leatsa.
LEUTOLD (a' tighinn dluth)—'Tell, 's duilich leam —Ach feumaidh mi 'bhi umhal.
TELL—Mo bheannachd leibh!
BHALTER TELL (le briste-cridhe, a' cur a lamhan m' a mhuineal)—
O, m' athair! M' athair laghach!
TELL (a' togail a laimh gu neamh)—'S ann shuas an sud 'tha d' athair! Amhairc ris-san!
STAUFFACHER — 'Tell, nach 'eil guth agad ri chur gu d' mhnaoi?
TELL (a' teannachadh a bhalachan ri 'uchd)—
Tha 'n giu'lan slan; dhomhsa bheir Dia a chomhnadh.
(Tha e 'g a fhuasgladh fein uapa gu grad agus a' leanachd an Luchd airm).

AN CEATHRAMH FARRANN. A' CHEUD ROINN

An Cladach air taobh an ear Loch-nan-ceithir —Siorramachdan—Coillteach. Tha sguirr agus stallachan cas an taobh an iar a' dumadh a stigh an t-seallaidh. Tha buasgadh air an Loch, tha srann na gaoithe, agus sleisreadh nan tonn a' dol na 's airde an drasda 's a rithis tha tein'-athair agus tairneanach ann.

Cuns o Ghersau, Iasgair agus a Bhalachan.

CUNS—Chunnaic mi e le 'm shuilean, creidibh mi,
Thachair e uile mar a dh' inn's mi dhuibh.
IASGAIR—Tell air a thoirt 'na phriosanach do t bussnacht,
An duine 'b' fhearr's an tir, an lamh 'bu treine
Ach sinn a sheasadh, suas air son ar saorsa.
CUNS—Tha 'm Baillidh fhein 'g a thoirt leis thar an Loch,
Bha iad a' deanamh deas gu dol air bord
Air dhomh Fluelen fhagail; ach ma dh' fhaoidte
Gu 'n d' rinn an stoirm, a tha gu bras ag eiridh,
'S a chuir mi fein, gun taing, an so air tir
Mairneal a chur 'nan car nach d' fhuair iad seodhadh.
IASGAIR—Tell ann an geimhlibh ann an laimh a' Mhaoir!
Theid a chur, creid mi, domhain gu leoir fodha
Nach faic e solus geal an latha tuilleadh!
A chionn bidh geilt air-san a rnig cho goirt e,
Roimh a dhi ghaltas ceart na 'm biodh e fuasgailte.
CUNS—Tha ar sean Riaghlair, cuideachd, chuala mi,
Triath Attinghausen, air a leaba-bhais.
IASGAIR—Bri car mata ar n-acair dh-iteamnaich,
Tha aigeas an mhuin a chrith' a ghuth
A thogail suas gu ceiran t-shuaigh a thagradh.
CUNS - Tha 'ghaillionn air lan-nuchdar fhaotainn; slan leibh;
Theid mis' a null do 'n Chlachan air son aoidheachd;
Cha 'n 'eil maith smuainteachadh air falbh an dugh.
IASGAIR—Tha Tell an sas, tha 'm Baran maith a caochladh!

Togaidh Ainneart gu ladarna a ceann,
Tilgidh i nair a's naisneachd tur air chul;
Tha beul na firinn a's a' cheartais balbh,
An t-suil gheur air a dalladh, an gairdean sin
A bheireadh fuasgladh dhuinn 'an slabh-ruidhean!
AM BALACHAN—Tha e 'cur clach-mheallain throm. Thigibh a stigh
Do 'n bhothan, athair; cha 'n 'eil comhfhurt-achd
Fuireach 'an so 's an tigh cho forgailte.
IASGAIR—Seidibh, a' ghaoithean! Boillsgibh, a dhealanaich!
Sgoltaibh o chei'e, 'neula! Doirtibh a nuas
A shruithean neimh, cuiribh an tir fo dhilinn,
Sgriosaibh 's an eitein ginealach nach d' rug-adh!
Gabhaibh, a dhuile borba, tighearnas;
Tillibh air ais gu'r dachaidh anns an fhasach
A mhangana, agus a mhadaidh alluidh,
Is leibh an duthaich. Co againn le 'm b' aill
Fuireach as eugmhais saorsa anns an aite!
BALACHAN—Fisdibh ri goil a' chaoil, ri beuchd na cuairt-ghaoith,
Bi amh cha robh dairirich coltach ris 'sa ghlaic so!
IASGAIR—Air ceann a leinibh fein cuimse a ghabhail,
Riamh roimh' cha deach orduchadh do athair?
Agus cha 'n eirich Nadur ann an corruich.
A' suas 'n a aghaidh—O, cha ghabhainn iongnadh
Na stallachan sin fhaicinn thun an Loch
'Gan aomadh fein, na sguir ud shuas,
Baideatan reodht' na h-eigh, air nach do dhruigh
An t-aiteamh riamh o Là a chruthachaidh,
Bho 'm binnein ard a leaghadh mar a' cheir.
Na beanntan air an sgoltadh, na gleanntan ciar
'G am filleadh air a cheil', no tuil a sgrios,
An dara uair, gach comhmuidh dhaoin' air thalamh!
(Tha gliongarsaich air a chluinntinn).
AM BALACHAN—Fisdibh, tha clag a' bualadh air an aoinidh.
Cionteach tha iad a' faicinn bat' an cunnart,
'S tha 'n clag 'gan trusadh air son urnuigh 'dheanamh.
IASGAIR—Mo thruaigh, an long a th' air a sligh' an ceart-uair
'Ga tulgadh anns a' chreadhail eagallaich so!
Stinir cha dean feum a so, an stiuradair
Lithidh, e fein, fo cheannsal aig an doinnionn.
Chichidh a' ghaoth's na tonnan leis an duine
Mar gu 'n bu chniota e—Am fad 's am fagus
Cha 'n 'eil aon chamus anns am faigh e fasgadh!
Gu corrach doiibh, ag eiridh ard fa 's homhair,
Tha creagan gruamach, air nach fo gail dorus,
A' togail aodann dur neo-bhaigheil ris.
AM BALACHAN (a' sealtainn ris an laimh chli)—
Athair! 'Sin long a' tighinn a Fluelen!
IASGAIR—Dia a thoirt comhnadh do na daoine bochda!
Aon uair 's gu 'n glac a' chumhann so a' ghaillionn
Le cuthach sadaidh i mu 'n cuairt s mu 'n cualrt air,
Mar a ni leomhan, ann a gharradh iaruinn

Casadh gun tamh, a's cath an aghaidh nan crann,
Aig sireadh doruis dha le beuchdaich dhiomhain ;
A chionn tha balla ailbhinn thun an speur
'Ga druideadh air gach taobh 's a Bhealach so.

BALACHAN—Birlinn a' Mhaoir, 's i th' ann bho Uri, athair,
Faicibh am mullach dearg oirre, 's 'm bratach.

IASGAIR—A cheartais Dhe ! 'S e fein a th' ann gu cinnteach,
An t-Uachdaran, a tha tighinn thar an aiseig—
Sud e a' seolaidh agus tha a chionta
Aige 'ga giulan leis air bord na luinge !
Fhuair gairdean diogh'ltais e a mach gu h-ealamh,
Tuigidh e gu bheil Uachdaran 's treise
Thairis air fein a nis. Cha toir na tonnan
Feart air a ghluth ; agus cha chrom na creagan
An ceann gu modhail ris an aid aige—
A laochain, na dean urnuigh, na dean greim
Air Laimh a' Bhreitheimh, gu bacadh a chur oirre !

AM BALACHAN—Cha 'n ann air son an Uachdarain 'tha mi 'g urnuigh,
Ach air son Tell, a th' air an t-soitheach leis.

IASGAIR—Mo thruaigh, neo-reusantachd nan duilean dall !
A chionn nach feud *aon pheacach* faighinn as,
An sgrios Thu 'n stiuradair comh 'ris an long ?

AM BALACHAN—Faicibh, fhuair iad seach Buggisgrat gu tearuint'
Ach thilg a' ghaoth, a sheid a nuas cho laidir
Bho 'n Chrannaig-dhuibh, air ais a rithisd iad
Gu Acsenberg. Cha 'n 'eil mi nis 'gan faicinn.

IASGAIR—Tha iad a' dluthachadh ris an Sgiathbhearnach,
Far am bheil uibhir bhataichean 'g am briseadh,
Mur oibrich iad an long mu'n cuairt gu seolta
Theid i 'na sgionabhagan aig Uisge-Flue
A tha a' ruith mar bheirm a stigh 's an Loch.
Tha 'n radha stiuradair air bord aca,
Na 'm b' urrainn duin' an teasraiginn, b' e Tell e ;
Ach tha a lamh 's a ghairdean-san 'an geimhlean.

Uilleam Tell leis a chrois-bhogha.

Tha e a' tighinn air adhart le ceuman ealamh, ag amharc mu 'n cuairt le iongantas agus a' nochdadh gu bheil fhaireachduinnean air an gluasad air an doigh 'is laidire. Tha e 'ga thilgeadh fein air an lar, le a lamhan sinte air an talamh agus an sin air an togail a suas gu neamh.

AM BALACHAN (a' toirt an aire dha)—Co 'm fear 'tha sud, athair, a th' air a ghluinnean ?

IASGAIR—Tha a lamhan ris an lar a' greimeachadh
A's tha e mar gu 'm biodh e thar a bheachd.

AM BALACHAN (a' tighinn air adhart)—'De tha mi 'faicinn ? Athair, thigibh an so !

IASGAIR (a' dluthachadh ris)—Co 'th' ann ? A Thighearna Neimh ! 'S e Tell a th' ann !
Ciamar a thainig sibh an so ? O, innsibh !

AM BALACHAN—Nach robh sibh ceangailt' ac' air bord na birlinn ?

IASGAIR—Cha robh sibh air 'ur toirt air falbh do Chussnacht ?

TELL (ag amharc mu 'n cuairt air)—Fhuair mi dol as.

IASGAIR 's am BALACHAN—Dol as ! O, miorbhuil Dhe !

AM BALACHAN—Co as a fhuair sibh 'so ?

TELL—Fhuair as a' bhata.

IASGAIR—Ciod ?

AM BALACHAN—C'aite 'bheil am Maor ?

TELL—Air bharr nan tonn.

IASGAIR—Am bheil e comasach ? Ach sibhse ?
Ciamar a fhuair sibh saor o gheimhlean a's o ghaillionn ?

TELL—Fhuair trid roimh-eolas grasmhor Dhe. Ach eisdibh !

IASGAIR 's am BALACHAN—O, innsibh, innsibh !

TELL—Am bheil fios agaibh
A h-uile ni mar 'thachair dhomh aig Altorf ?

IASGAIR—A h uile car dheth, rachaibh air 'ur n-adhart.

TELL—Gu 'n d' rinn am Maor mo chur an sas, 's mo cheangal,
'S gu 'n robh e los mo thoirt air falbh do Chussnacht ?

IASGAIR—'S gu 'n deachaidh e air bord leibh aig Fluelen,
'S aithne dhomh 'h-uile dieg. Innsibh a nis
Ciamar a fhuair sibh teicheadh as an t-saoitheach ?

TELL—Bha mi 's a bhat' am luidhe, ceangailte
Le ialtan teann, gun airm, air duil a thoirt
A suas gu buileach. Cha robh fiughair agam
Gu 'm faicinn, tuilleadh, solus aoibhinn latha
No aghaidh chaoimh mo cheile, a's mo chloinne,
'S le mulad sheall mi air an fhonn mu'n cuairt domh ——

IASGAIR—A dhuine thruaigh !

TELL—Sheol sinn mur sin, air falbh,
Am Maor, Rudolf o Harras a's na gillean.
Ach bha mo bhogh-sa, leis a' bhalg-shaighead,
Shios aonn an deireadh, direach aig an stiuir.
'S air dhuinn tighinn thun na glaice sin troimh 'n bheil
An Acsen-bheag a' ruith, aig ordugh Freasdail
Bhris oirnn, a nuas o achlais chiar a Ghotaird,
Doinnionn cho mhortach, ghabhaidh, a dalladh oirnn
Gu 'n d' fhailnich cridhe gach fear-stluir a bh' againn,
'S shaoil sinn gu'n robh sinn uile ri dol fodha.
Chuala mi 'n sin h-aon de na seirbheisich,
A tionndadh ris a' Mhaoir, 's ag radhainn ris :
A mhaighstir, tha sibh 'toirt fainear na h-eiginn
'S am bheil sibh fein a's sinne, gu bheil sinn
Thar bruach na siorruidheachd air a's dheth 'gar n-iomain ;
Tha 'n sgioba air an ciall a chall le h-eagal,
'S a thuilleadh air a sin, cha'n 'eil iad eolach—
Ach, feuchaibh, is duine laidir Uilleam Tell,
Agus is aithne dasan bat' a stiuradh—
'De theireadh sibh a nis ri 'chur gu feum,
Gu comhnadh a thoirt dhuinn 'an am air n-airc ?
Thionndaidh am Maor riunn—'Tell, na'm biodh tu earbsach
Ar toirt gu sabhailt as a' ghaillionn so,
Bheirinn gu deonach dhiot na ceanglaichean !

A's fhreagair mi—"Le comhnadh Dhe, a mhaighstir,
Dh' earbainn 'ur toirt gu tearuint' as a so."
Fhuair mi, mar sin, cuidhteas de 'm chuibhrichean;
Ghlac mi an stiuir 's chaidh sinn gu reidh air adhart.
Ach bha mi 'siaradh daonnan thun na leth-taobh,
Far an robh m' airm 'nan luidhe, 's bha 'mi gleidheadh
Suil bhiorach, fad na h-uiue, air a' bhruaich,
Gu leum a mach cho luath 's a gheibhinn cothrom.
'S air toirt an aire dhomh do bhile creige
A bh' air sron chorrach, a ruith a mach 's an Loch ——

IASGAIR—Aig cas na h-Acsen-mhoir, 's aithne dhomh i,
Ach cha do shaoil mi e bhi comasach—
Tha i cho cas—'leum oirre as a' bhata ——

TELL—Dh' orduich mi do na balaich iad a dh' iomram
Gu sgiobalta gu taobh na sroine ud
"An sin," ghlaoidh mi, "tha 'chuid a's miosa thairis!"
Le sgriob chaidh sinn a stigh 's ruig sinn a cliathaich;
Ghuidh mi gras Dhe 'bhi leam, uile spionnadh m' anma
Chuir mi 's gach feith a's cuisle, deireadh a' bhata
Dhinn mi cho teann 's a ghabhadh ris a' chreig,
Sgiab mi leam m' airm, thug mi 'n duibh-leum ud thairis,
'S le stailceadh garbh de m' chois 'an coir mo chuil,
Shleamhnaich an sgoth air ais do 'n choire ghoileach—
Tuilgadh i air na tonnan, ma 's toil Dhe e!
Fhuair mise 'n so sabhailte as an stoirm,
'S o chumhachd dhaoine—rud 'is miosa fathast.

IASGAIR—'Fell, tha an Tighearna air miorbhuil shoilleir
Oibreachadh air do shon; cha 'n urrainn mi
Fathast ach gann mo shuilean fein a chreidsinn—
Ach, abair, c'aite 'bheil thu 'dol a nis?
Tearuinteachd cha bhi ann dhuit anns a' chearn so
Aon uair 's gu 'm faigh am Maor slan as a' ghaillinn.

TELL—Chuala mi e ag radh ri cuideiginn,
'Nuair bha mi 'm shineadh ceangailte 's a bhata,
Gu 'n robh e toileach dol air tir aig Brunnen,
Agus mo thoirt thar Suits do 'n daingneach aige.

IASGAIR—An ann air tir a theid e fad an rathaid?

TELL—'S e sin a bheachd.

IASGAIR—Folaich thu fein, mata,
Gun dail, a chionn cha dean am Freasdal
Do chuideachadh an dara uair o 'laimh.

TELL—Seol dhomh an t-ath-ghoirid thun Arth a's Cussmacht.

IASGAIR—Tha 'n rathad-mor a' dol thar Arth a's Stcinen,
Ach tha sligh' eil' is uaigneiche 's is giorra
Thar Lobherts, seolaidh 'n giullan agam dhuit i.

TELL (a' beirsinn air laimh air)—Dia a thoirt paigheadh dhuit. Mo beannachd leat.
(Tha e a' fhalbh, agus a' tilleadh air ais).
Nach robh thu aig an Rutli comh'ri cach?
Tha leam gu'n deachaidh d'ainm-sa ainmeachadh.

IASGAIR—Bha mi an sin, a's ghabh mi orm na boidean.

TELL—Nochd dhomh an caoimhneas so mata; gun teid thu
Gu Burglen; tha mo bhean gu truagh mu 'm dheighinn,
Inn's dh' i gu bheil mi tearuinte, 's am falach.

IASGAIR—Ach c'ait' an abair mi 'tha sibh a' teicheadh.

TELL—Gheibh thu m' athair-ceile leatha, 's feadhain eile
A chaidh fo bhoidean comhla aig an Rutli—
Biodh iad 'am misneach mhaith, a's biodh iad tapaidh,
Tha gairdean Tell 'na chomas fein a rithis;
Cha 'n fhad ach gus an cluinn iad tuilleadh umam.

IASGAIR—'D e tha 'n 'ur beachd? Innsibh gu saor dhomh e.

TELL—Aon uair 's gu bheil e deanta gheibh sibh fios air.

IASGAIR—Cuir air an t-sligh' e, 'Ienni—Dia 'dhol leis!
Bheir e gu crich an rud a chuir e roimhe.
(Tha iad a' falbh).

A' CEATHRAMH EARRANN. AN DARA ROINN.

Aros Attinghausen.

Am Baran 'na luidhe air beinge mhor, a faotainn a bhais. Bhalter Furst, Stauffacher, Melchdal, agus Baumgarten a' frithealadh dha.

Bhalter Fell air a ghluinnean laimh ris.

BHALTER FURST—Tha a chrioch air tighinn, tha e seachad leis.

STAUFFACHER—Tha leam-sa nach e coltas bais a th' air—
Seall, tha an iteag air a bhile 'gluasad.
Tha 'chadal ciuin 's tha aoigh thairis air 'aodann.
(Tha Baumgarten a' dol thun an doruis agus a' bruidhinn ri cuideiginn).

FURST (ri Baumgarten)—Co th' ann?

BAUMGARTEN—Bean Uilleam. Deanaibh guth rithe;
Tha toil aice an giullan fhaicinn cuideachd.

BHALTER FURST—An urrainn domhsa comh-fhurtachd a thoirt dh' i?
Am bheil e agam fein? Nach 'eil gach doruinn 'Sa bheatha so 'ga charnadh air mo cheann?

HEDBHIG (a' pucadh a stigh)—C'aite 'bheil mo leanabh? Leigibh leam,
Feumadh mi fhaicinn ——

STAUFFACHER—Cumaibh oirbh fein, a bhean! Cuimhnichibh gur e tigh a' bhais 's am bheil sinn ——

HEDBHIG (ga tilgeadh fein air muineal a' bhalachain)—Mo Bhalti fhein! A's tha thu beo agam!

BHALTER (a' cur a lamhan timchioll oire)—Mo mhathair bhochd!

HEDBHIG—Am bheil an fhirinn ann?
Nach d' thainig ni ruit?

(Ag amharc gu durachdach air).

'S a' bheil e comasach
Am b' urrainn e da rireadh feuchainn ort?
Ciamar a b' urrainn e? O, cha'n 'eil cridh' aige,
Air ceann a leimibh fein saighead a thilgeadh!
BHALTER FURST—Rinn e le goimh e a bha
'fasgadh anma.
Gun atharrach a'g' air, b'e pris a bheath' e.
HEDBHIG—O, na 'n robh cridhe athar ann a
chom,
Mu'n deanamh e a leithid sinn de gniomh
B'e 'm bas a roghnaicheadh e m le uair!
STAUFFACHER—Bu choir dhuibh freasdal gras-
mhor De 'a mholadh,
A threoraich e cho maith ——
HEDBHIG—An urrainn domh-sa
A dhi-chuimhneachadh mar a dh'fhaodadh
tachairt!
O, ged a bhithinn beo gu ceithir-fichead
Cha tig an latha 'leigeas mi a'm shuil e—
Am paisde chi mi 'chaoidh 'na sheasamh
ceangailt'
A's athair leis a bhoghra a tarruing air.
MELCHDAL—A bhean, am fios duibh mar a ruig
am Maor e?
HEDBHIG—O, cridhe garg nam fear! Ma theid
'ur n-uabhar
A ghortachadh cha'n fhiu leibh ni 'na dheigh;
'N 'ur corruich dhall, iobraidh sibh anns a
chleas
Cridhe na mathar agus ceann an leinibh!
BAUMGARTEN—Nach cruaidh gu leoir leibh 'cor
an duin' agaibh
Gun tuilleadh a chur ris le trod, 's cur-
iomchoir?
Nach 'eil smuaint' idir air a dheuchainn-san?
HEDBHIG (a tiomadadh agus a spleuchdadh air)—
Nach 'eil ach deoir ri thairgse agud-sa
'S do charaid ann an cas? C'ait' an robh thusa
An uair a cheangail iad an sar le iallan?
C'aite an robh do chomhnadh-sa an sin?
Gu socrach ghabh thu calla ri do charaid
'G a ghiulan as 'ur measg—Am b' ann mar sin
A laimhsich Tell 's na cuiseanan agadsa?
Seadh, an do sheas e a 'cur dheth, 's a bron
An uair a bha luchd-eich a Mhaoir ad dheigh,
'S air thoiseach ort an Loch, an caoir, a beachd-
aich?
Cha b' ann le deura faoin a ghabh e truas
dhiot,
A stigh de'n bhata leum e, cha robh guth air
A bhean no 'chlann, a's thug e fuasgladh
dhuit ——
BHALTER FURST- Ciod a bha ann ar comas-ne
a dheanamh
Gu 'thoirt o'n lamhan—aireamh cho beag
dhinn ann,
Agus as eugmhais airm?
HEDBHIG (ga tilgeadh fein air a bhroilleach)—
O, u' athair bochd!
Agus tha sibhse, cuideachd, air a chall!
'S an tir gu h-iomlan, chaill sinn e air fad!
Tha e 'na dhith dhuinn uile; ochan uise,
Tha sinne 'dhith air-san! Dia 'ga neartachadh,
Nach faigh eu-dochas aite ann a chridhe!
Caoimhneas aon charaid beo cha ruig am feasd
A sios d'a ionnsuidh 'n iochdar dubh an
daingnich—
Na 'n fasadh e gu tinn! O, 's cinnteach e!
Bheir duhhra tais a phriosain trioblaid air;
Mar fhraoch nan cruach, a chailleas dath a's
dreach
Ma theid a thoirt o'n bhruaich 's a chur 's an
uisneig
Cha tig e beo ach ann an suil na grein,
Ag ol mar iocshlaint anail ghlan nam fuar-
bheann.
Esan 'an geimhlean! 'S i 'n t-saorsa anail
anna,
Cha'n fhan e beo 'an tochar nan toll-dubh ud!
STAUFFACHER—Na gabh cho bras e. Ni sinn
uil' ar dichioll
Gu a phriosan fhosgladh dha.
HEDBHIG—Ciod a ni sibhse, a's gun esan agaibh?
Bha dochas ann fhad' sa bha Tell aig saorsa,
An sin bha caraid aig an neo-chionta.
'S Fear-comhnaidh aige-san a dh' fhuiling
ainneart,
Bheireadh Tell fuasgladh do gach aon agaibh,
Cha d' thug sibh uile comhladh fuasgladh
dhasan!
BAUMGARTEN—Cuisdibh! Tha e 'toirt carach-
adh air fein.
ATTINGHAUSEN (a suidhe suas)—C'ait' am bheil
e?
STAUFFACHER—Co?
ATTINGHAUSEN—Tha e g' am dhiobradh,
G'am threigsinn aig a mhionaid dheirionnach!
STAUFFACHER—'S e 'm fear og a tha 'na bheachd
—an deachaidh fios air?
BHALTER FURST—Chaidh cur g'a iarruidh—
Glaeaibh comhfhurtachd,
Fhuair e aithn' air a chuidhe, is leinn fein e.
ATTINGHAUSEN—Bhruidhinn e suas, thuirt sibh,
air son a dhuthcha?
STAUFFACHER—Le geire ghaisgeil.
ATTINGHAUSEN—C'arson nach 'eil e 'tighinn
'S gu'n toirinn dha mo bheannachd dheirionn-
ach?
Tha mi a faireachduinn na criche dluth.
STAUFFACHER—Ni h-eadh, a mhaighstir uasail,
rinn an cadal
Bhur n-urachadh, a's tha 'ur sealladh beo-
thail.
ATTINGHAUSEN—Far am bheil cradh tha beatha,
dh' fhag an cradh mi,
Tha m' amhghar air dol seachad, mar mo
dhochas,
(Tha e a' toirt an aire do 'n bhalachan)
Co leis an giullan?
BHALTER FURST—Thugaibh 'ur beannachd dha!
'S e m' ogha e, a's tha e 'nis gun athair.

(Tha Hedbhig agus am balachan a tuiteam
air an ghlinean fa chomhair an t-sean-
duine).

ATTINGHAUSEN—'N 'ur dileachdain tha mi 'g 'ur
fagail uile,
A h-uile gin agaibh—Mo thruaighe mi,
Gur h-e an sealladh deirionnach air thalamh
A fhuair mo shuil, mo dhuthaich a' dol fodha!
Lan chrich mo bhliadhn' a ruigeachd, agus leo
Gach dochas ait a' dol a sios uo'n uaigh leam!
STAUFFACHER (ri Bhalter Furst)—An leig sinn
falbh leis anns a mhuiad throm so?

Soillsicheamaid uair dheirionnach a bheatha
Le dealradh blath ar dochais—Air Triath
ionmhuinn,
Togaibh a suas 'ur n-inntinn ! Oir cha'n 'eil
sinn
Gu buileach air ar treigsinn, na cho caillte
Nach faodar fathast fuasgladh fhaotainn leinn

ATTINGHAUSEN—Co a bheir fuasgladh dhuibh ?

BHALTER FURST—Ar lamhan fein.
Eisdibh ! Tha na tri duthchanna air cordadh
Gu'n cuidich iad gu h-iomlan an luchd-foir-
neirt,
Tha 'n cumhnant naisgte ; thug sinn boid d'a
cheile.
Mu'n toisich cursa na bliadhn'-uir air ruith,
Thatar ri dol, le dluigh, au taic na h-oibre,
Gabhaidh bhur duslach fois 'an duthaich
shaor.

ATTINGHAUSEN—O, 'bheil a cho-bhoinn air a
co-dhunadh ?

MELCHDAL—Eiridh na tri duthchanna le cheile
Air an aon latha ; tha sinn uile deas,
Chaidh ar run-diomhair—gus a nis co-dhiu—
A ghleidheadh gu math uaigneach. Tha an
grunnd
Fo chasan an luchd-foirneirt, cosach, feallsa,
Lathan an riaghlaidh tha air an aireamh,
Cha'n fhaighear lorg 's an tir dhiu, 'n uine
ghoirid.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Ciod mu na daingnichean a th'
anns an duthaich ?

MELCHDAL—Air an aon latha tuitidh iad air
fad.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Am bheil na h-uaislean leibh
anns a cho-bhoinn so ?

STAUFFACHER—Tha fughair againn ri an
comhnadh-san
Ma thachras gu'n tig feum air. Gus a nis
Is iad an Tuath a mhain a ghabh na boidean.

ATTINGHAUSEN—An d' rinn an Tuath a leithid
sin do ghniomh
A ghabhail orra fein gun chomhnadh uaislean,
'Bheil uibhir mhuinghin aig an t-shluagh 'nan
neart fein ?
Faodaidh sinn triall a sios do 'n uaigh gu
soisneach,
Mairidh an sluagh 'n ar deigh—tre bhuaidhean
ura
Maise na Daonnachd cumar ar a h-adhart.
(Tha e a leagadh a lamh air ceann a
bhalachain, a tha air a ghluinean fa
'chomhair).
O d' cheann-sa, 'ruin, air an do sheas an
t-ubhal,
Brisidh a mach gu h-urar saors' is airde ;
Thuit na seann nithe, tha an linn air
caochladh,
Tha beatha nuadh ag eiridh air an laraich.

STAUFFACHER (ri Bhalter Furst)—Faic thus' an
t-soills' tha dearsadh as a shuil,
Cha'n e sin smaladh Naduir, a' dol as,
Ach briseadh faire beatha nuadh ag eiridh.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Bho an sean chaistealan crom-
aidh an uaisle 'nuas,
Le luchd nam bailtean theid i 'an co-bhoinn,
Oibrichidh iad maith a cheile laimh air laimh ;
'An Uechtland cheanna thoisich sin, 's 'an
Turgau,
Bearn uasal tha a togail a ceann flathail,
Freiburg, is baile diongmhalt dhaoine saor i,
Tha Zurich smiorail air a cuideachdan
A chur fo airm, mar fheachd air son a chath,
An aghaidh neart nam ballan bith-bhuan aca
Cumhachd nan Righre brisear ann 'na bhloigh-
dean.
(Tha e a labhairt nam briathran a leanas
mar aon a faicinn taisbein, a ghuth ag
eiridh mar aon air a dheachdadh le
spiorad faistneachd).
Chi mi na Prionnsaichean, 's na Tighearnan,
A tearnadh ann an acfhuinn-cogaidh greadh-
nach
Gu cath le Pobull neo-choireach nan Aireach.
Theid beatha 's bas gu dulan anns a chomh-
stri,
Theid ioma Bealach 's Gleann a dheanamh
glormhor
Tre aium nam blara fuilteach 'theid a chur.
Tilgidh 'm Fear-duthch 'e fein, le broilieach
ruisgte,
An aghaidh barr nan sleagh, mar iobairt
shaor !
Brisidh e iad, a's tuitidh blath na h-uaisle,
Togaidh, le caithream-buadh, an t-saors' a
bratach.
(A' deanamh greim air laimh Bhalter
Furst agus Stauffacher).
Seasaibh, mar sin, gu dluth ri aon a cheile—
Gu teann 's gu bith-bhuan—na biodh cearna
saor
Coimheach no doichiollach ri cearna eile—
Cuiribh luchd-faire air na beanntan agaibh,
A chum gu'n aon, 's gu'n tionail iad gu
h-ealamh
Na cuideachdean fa leth a tha 'n co-bhoinn—
Bithibh aointe—aointe—aointe.

Tha e a tuiteamh air ais air a chluasaig—na lamhan aige fathast, anns a bhas, a gleidheadh greim air lamhan a dha charaid. Tha Furst agus Stauffacher ag amharc air fad uine, 'n an tosd ; tha iad an sin 'ga leigeadh as, agus a tionndadh air falbh o 'n chuideachd, gu am bron a leigeadh a mach. Tha na seirbheisich a trusadh a stigh gu tosdach, agus a dluthachadh ris, le mulad agus cradh-cridhe air gach aghaidh ; tha cuid dhiubh a' dol air an gluinean, a beirsinn air a laimh agus 'ga pogadh. Am feadh a tha so a' dol air adhart, tha clag a bhaile a' bualadh.

Rudents, riusan air an ainmeachadh gu h-ard.

RUDENTS (a tighinn a stigh le cabhaig)—
A' bheil e 'lathair ? An urrainn da mo
chluinntinn ?

BHALTER FURST (fathast le 'aghaidh air a
tionndadh air falbh, agus le a laimh a
comharrachadh a mach mar a bha a chuis)—
Is sibhse 'nis ar Tighearn' 's ar Fear-dion.
Tha'n oighreachd so a nis fo ainm eile.

RUDENTS (a' toirt an aire do 'n chorp, agus a
seasamh, air a ghlacadh le cradh goirt
cridhe(—O, saoil an d'thainig m' aithreachas
cho anmoch
'S nach dean e math dha ?—O, a Thighearna
mhaith,
Nach fhaodadh e 'bhith air a cheadachadh
A chuisle a thoirt buille na dha 'thuilleadh,
Gu 'chumail beo ach gus am faiceadh e
An t-atharrachadh a thainig air mo chridhe ?

Rinn mise dimeas air a bhriathra dileas.
Am feadh a bha e 'siubhal anns an t-solus—
Dh' fhalbh e a nis, dh' fhalbh e gu siorruidh uam,
'S an dleasnas so mar fhiachadh orm neo-dhiolta?—
O, innsibh dhomh! An d' fhalbh e ann am feirg rium?

STAUFFACHER—A' caochladh, fhuair e fios air mar a rinn sibh,
Bhur misneach ann an labhairt bheannaich e.

RUDENTS (a' dol air a ghluinean lamh ris an t-seann duine mharbh)—
Seadh fhir-mo-chridhe! Laimh ri d' dhuslach beannaicht',
Do'n chre gun deo tha mi a tabhairt m'fhacail
Le d' laimh fhuair, ghaolaich paisgte ann am laimh-sa
Reub mi o m'anam cuibhrichean a choisgrich;
Air m' aiseag tha mi do mo shluagh 's do m' Dhuthaich,
O so a mach gu brath cha'n 'eil, 's cha bhi mi
Ach ann am Suisseach eadar chorp a's anam—
(Ag eiridh)—Tha sibh a caoidh 'ur caraid, athair gach aon—
Ach ged a tha, na cailleadh h-aon a mhisneach;
Cha'n i an oighreachd aige 'mhain a thuit orm,
Tha 'n spiorad aige 'tuirling orm a nuas,
Tha 'chridhe annam, bheir mi treise m' oige
A chum na h-oibre sin a choimhlionadh
Nach ruigeadh aois-san air, ged a bu mhath leis.
Aithriche coir, thugaibh, gach aon, 'ur lamh dhomh!
Melchdal, bheir thusa dhomh do thè-sa cuideachd!
O, smuaintich ort—Na tionndadh uam air falbh!
Gabh ri mo mhionnan, gabh ri m' bhoidean dileas.

BLALTER FURST—Thoir dha do lamh. Tha aithreachas a chridhe
A toilltinn gu'm biodh muinghin againn ann.

MELCHDAL—Mar neo-ni mheasadh am fear-duthcha leibh
Abraibh, ciod ris am faod sinn amharc uaibh?

RUDENTS—Na cuimhnich ann am aghaidh mearachd m' oige!

STAUFFACHER—Bithibh aointe—b' e so facal deirionnach
Ar n-athair ionmhuinn—Gleidhibh e 'n ar cuimhne.

MELCHDAL—So dhuibh mo lamh? Biodh fhios agaibh, Fhir-uasail,
Gur fhiach cathadh do lamh an Tuathanaich
Uibhir ri facal seasmhach duin' air bith.
Ciod e an Ridir as ar n-eugmhais-ne?
Ar n-inbhe tha na 's sine na 'ur té-sa——

RUDENTS—Is measail leam i, 's dionaidh mi le m' shleagh i.

MELCHDAL—An gairdean sin a chiosnaicheas an talamh
Ge cruaidh i, 's a bheir oirre toradh 'ghiulan,
Foghnaidh a threise—le bhur cead, a Bharain,
Gu broilleach duine fein a dhion, gu smiorail.

RUDENTS—Ni sibhse mis' a dhion, a's mise sibhse,
Mar sin tre aon a cheile bidh sinn laidir.
Ach ciod am feum air bruidhinn, le ar duthaich
'Na cobhartach, fo fhoirneart teann a choigrich?
Aon uair 's gu'm faigh sinn saor an grunnd o naimhdean
Ni sinn, an sin, gach cuis a reiteachadh.
(An deigh dha fanachd samhach tiota).
Cha'n 'eil sibh a' toirt freagradh? Ciod? nach toill mi
Fathast gu 'n cuireadh sibh 'ur n-earbsa annam?
'S fheudar, mata, a dheoin na 'dh' aindeoin oirbh,
Mi fein fhoirneadh a stigh 'n 'ur ruintean diomhair.
Cho-cruinnich sibh—Bhoidich sibh aig an Rutli—
Tha fios agam—fios air gach ni a rinneadh.
An rud nach d' earb sibh rium ghleidh mi dhomh fein
Mar urras coisrigte, gu dileas teann.
Cha robh mi riamh am namhaid do mo dhuthaich.
'S mise nach togadh lamh am feasd 'n a h-aghaidh.
Ach 's olc a rinn sibh dail a chur 'n 'ur gniomh,
Thuit Tell gu grad 'n a iobairt do 'ur mairneal.

STAUFFACHER—Ach mhionnaich sinn gu 'm feitheamaid gu Nollaig.

RUDENTS—Cha robh mi leibh, cha mho a thug mi boidean,
Ma dh' fheitheas sibhs' theid mis' an greim——

MELCHDAL—Ciod? Ni sibh——

RUDENTS—Mar aon de Aithriche na tire tha mi
A nis 'g am chunntas fein, 's i a cheud dleasnas
A tha mar fhiachadh orm sibhse a dhion.

BHALTER FURST—An duslach ionmhuinn so a chur fo 'n uir,
'S i dleasdannas is dluithe oirbh 's is naoimhe.

RUDENTS—Aon uair 's gu'm faigheamaid an duthaich saor
Chrunamaid e, 's e air a chaisil-chro!
O, 'chairde! Cha'n iad a mhain bhur cuiseansa
Ach m' fheadhain fhein air sgu am feumar cath
An aghaidh fear an fhoirneirt—Thugaibh eisdeachd!
Tha Berta agam air dol as an t-sealladh,
Gun fhios duinn chaidh a giulan as ar meadhon,
Air falbh mar chreich aig ainneart ladarna!

STAUFFACHER—Bha 'chridh' aig Gessler gniomh cho ainneartach
Gun sgath a dheanamh air bean-uasal shaor?

RUDENTS—Mo chairde! Bba mi 'gealltuinn duibh mo chomhnadh
Ach feumaidh mis' a thagradh uaibhs' an toiseach.
Chaidh ise 's ionmhuinn leam a spioladh uam,
Co aig 'tha fios c'ait' an do cheil a Bheisd i,
No ciod an t-olc a dh'fhaodas tachairt dh'i
Mu 'n lub a cridhe gu 'bhi air a chuibhreach'
Le ceanglaichean a bhiodh 'n an grain leatha!
Na treigibh mi; O, thugaibh dhomh 'ur comhnadh
Gu ise 'theasragainn—Tha gaol aic' oirbh,

Thoill is' o 'n duthaich e, gu 'm biodh gach gairdean
A tarruing, air a sgath, a chlaidheimh ruisgte ——

BHALTER FURST—'De 'ghabhadh sibh fo 's laimh?

RUDENTS—Cha 'n fhios domh ciod!
'S an dorchadas a tha 'g a folach uam.
'An goimh mo theagamh, 's m' eadar-chomhairle
Aon ni a mhain tha soilleir ann am inntinn—
O laraich bhriste cumhachd borb an fheirneirt—
A sin a mhain theid againn air a cl dhach.
Gach daingneach leagamaid gu lar a sios,
Ach as a phriosan bheir sinn i a nios.

MELCHDAL—Air adhart leibh! Leanaidh sinn sibh gu deonach.
C' arson a dh'fhagamaid gus an la-maireach
A chuis a ghabhas coimhlionadh an diugh?
Bha Tell aig saorsa 'n uair a bhoidich sinn
D'a cheile aig an Rutli, cha robh fathast
An tubaist chianail so air tachairt dha.
Tha feum na h-uair a tagradh riaghailt eilə;
Co 'tha cho meat' nach teid e 'n greim a nis!

RUDENTS—Armaichibh sibh fein, biodh deas air son na h-oibre
A chionn, na 's luaithe na a b' urrainn geola
Fir-gnothuich dol air sgeith, le sruth a's soirbheas
Ruigidh d' ur n-ionnsuidh teachdaireachd ar buaidh;
Cho luath 's a chi sibh lasair air na beannta,
Tuitibh mar ghaillionn Geamhraidh air an Namhaid,
Aitreabh an Fhoirneirt brisibh as a cheile.
[Tha iad a falbh.

AN CEATHRAMH EARRAINN. AN TREAS ROINN.

Bealach cumhann dluth air Cussnacht.

Tearnar o'n taobh cuil a muas eadar creagan.
Tha luchd-turuis air am faicinn air a' bhruthach fada mu'n tig iad am follais air an taobh beoil.
Tha creagan a' dunadh a stigh an t-seallaidh gu h-iomlan; air h-aon de na creagan a's faigse tha bile air a chomhdachadh le preasan agus faschoille.

TELL (a'tighinn am follais leis a chrois-bhogha)—
Roimh'n bhealach chumhann so feumaidh e tighinn!
Cha'n fhaigh e 'stigh do Chussnacht rathad eile—
Bheir mi gu crich a so e—Tha'n cothram maith,
Cumaidh na preasan fearn mi as a shealladh,
O 'n tom so amaisidh mo shaighead air;
Cuingead an rathaid cuiridh grabadh orra
Nach urrainn iad mo ruaig. Socraich do chuantas
A nis, Gessler, le 'd Chruithfhear, oir tha agad
Ri gabhail romhad, ruith do ghloine 'nach.
Gu ciuin, neo-lochdach bha mo chaithebeatha—
Riamh cha do thionndaidh mi an t-saighead agam
Ach ann an aghaidh beothaichean na coille,
Aon smuaint air mort cha d'thainig ann am inntinn—
'S tusa 'chuir sganradh orm a nead na sithe,
Gach boiune baigh a's caoimhneis a bha 'm chom
Gu gamhlas thionndaidh thu, 's gu nimh na nathrach;
Ri namhasan rinn thusa cleachdte mi—
Esau a ghabhadh cuims' air ceann a leinibh,
Air cridhe a Namh 's urrainn e amas cuideachd.
Mo bhalachain bheag, na broin, mo bhean mhath, dhileas.
'S fhendar an dion o'd chorruich-sa, a Mhaoir!
An sud, an uair a tharruing mi an taifeid—
'S mo lamh air chrith, a's le toilinntinn mhallaicht'
A thug thu orm a thionndadh air mo leanabh—
An uair a thraogh mo neart fo uamharr m' amhghair,
A dh' asluich mi gu diomhain ort mo chaomhnadh,
Cheall mi dhomh fein le boidean uamhasach,
Nach cuala neach ach Dia air Neamh a mhain,
Gur e do chridhe-sa an ath bhall-cuimse
A leiginn urchair air. An rud a gheall mi
'S a chuir mi romham ann an uair na doruinn,
Is dlighe naomh e, coimhlionaidh mi e.
Is tu mo Riaghlair, a's Maor mo Righ
Ach, an Righ fein, cha luathsaicheadh e
Eadhon dha fein an dol air adhart agads'.
Chuir e do'n tir thu a chum breitheanais
A thoirt—gu cruaidh, oir tha e diombach ruinn.
Cha b'ann a chum gu'n cuireadh tu an gniomh
Gach droch-bheart ghraineil, le toilinntinn mhortach,
Gu tearuinte, gun pheannas a thigh'nn ort;
Tha Dia ann a bheir dioladh 's peanas goirt.
Thus' thug an deuchainn chruaidh orm, thig a mach,
Mo stor thu 'nis, mo sheud is priseile—
Bheir mi ball-cuimse dhuit air nach do dhruigh Riamh guidhe geur an amhghair gus a nis—
Ach faicilichidh air cur 'nad aghaidh-sa.
Agus mo thaifeid dhileas, thusa cuideachd
A rinn deadh sheirbheis dhomh 's na cleasan aoibhinn,
Na treig mi 's an da-rireadh namhasaich so!
Cum diongmhalta do ghreim a nis, mo shreang mhath,
A chuir cho bitheanta an t-saighead ghuineach
Air sgeith dhomh anns am a th'air dol seachad,
A chionn, mur ruig an te so cridh' ar Namh
Cha'n 'eil te eil' ann air am faigh mi lamh.
(Tha luchd-turuis a' dol seachad, air an rathad).

Feithidh mi air an aite-shuidhe chloiche
A th'air a chur a chum gu'm faigh luchd-turuis
An sgios a leigeil tachd dinn ann an so—
Tha 'h-uile duine riamh a' gabhail seachad
Air an doin' eile mar nach buineadh iad
Do'n aon taobh-duthcha. Cha'n 'eil smid 'ga labhairt,
Cha'n fharraid duine ciamar a theid dh uinn—
Tha 'n so a' gabhail seachd, am marsanta
Le curam uallaichte, am Fear-turuis
Gun mhoran air a dhruim no ann a sporran,
Am manach crabhach, am Fear-reubainn duaichnidh,

Fear aighearach nan cleas, Fear giulain bathair
Le 'each trom-luchdaichte o thirean cein,
Oir bheir gach slighe sinn gu ceann an t-saoghail.
Tha 'h-uile gin diubh air a ghnothuch fein—
'S e am mort a' chuis 'tha mise as a dheigh!
Roimh so, 'n uair a bhiodh 'ur n-athair bho'n tigh,
Mo laochain bheaga, thogadh sibhse iolach
Aig tilleadh dha; a chionn cha d' thain' e riamh
Dhachaidh gun rud-eiginn a thoirt d' ur n-ionnsuidh.
Ma dh' fheudte nach biodh ann ach fluran boidheich,
No eun neo-chumanta, no saighead-shith—
Mar gheibhear air na cnuic 'na uaireannan,
Tha 'shuil an drasd air creach nach ionann idir,
Air taobh na slighe fhiadhaich tha e 'feitheamh,
Le mort a' snamh 'na inntinn: 'S ann air son
Beatha an namhaid 'tha e ri feall-fho ach.
Gidheadh 's ann irbhse 'mhain a tha a smuaintean,
Mar aig an am ud, tearnaidh e sibh fathast.
Gu 'r neo-chionta a dhion, a chlann bheag laghach
Tairngidh e'n taifeid aig' air Fear-a-chuthaich!
Tha mi a' sealg air sithionn neo-chumanta,
An gabh an sealgair umhail ged a dh' fheumar
Fad lathan, ann an dubhagan a' Gheamhraidh
Seapadh mu'n cuairt, a' toirt duibh-leum an namhais
Bho chreag gu creag, a' streap ri sgorran corrach,
'Ga ghlaoghadh fein gu tric le 'fhuil fein riu,
Gu earbag bhochd a ghlacadh: Tha 'an so
R'a chosnadh duais a's luachmhoire gu mor,
Cridhe an Namhaid sin a chuireadh as domh.
(Tha ceol iollagach air a chluinntinn fad as, ach a' tighinn na 's dluithe).
Fad fionn mo bheatha laimhsich mi ann bogha
A reir deadh chleachduinn sealgair a's fir-builg,
Dh'ionnsuich mi 'h-uile doigh's an cleachdar e,
Chuir mi an t-saighead tric 'an suil na targaid,
'S ioma duais bhoidheach a thug mise dhachaidh
Bho chleasan aighearach. Ach tilgidh mi 'n diugh
Urchair a chuireas cruu orra gu h-iomlan
Agus a bhuidhneas dhonh an duais a's airde
A tha ri 'choisneadh ann an cuairt nan sliabh.

(Tha banais a' gabhail seachad, agus a' dol a suas troimh 'n Bhealach. Tha feli a' gabhail beachd orra, a leigeil a chuidthrom air a bhogha. Tha Stussi, maor-coille, a' deanamh a suas ris).

STUSSI—'S e sin Clostermeier a Morlisachen
A tha 'n a fhear-bainns' an diugh: Duine beartach,
Cha lugha na deich airidhean a th' aige
Air feadh nan Alpen. Tha iad air an rathad
A thoirt Bean-na bainns' a mall a Imisee
'S ann aca 'bhios an roichd an nochd' an Cu-snach'.
Tiugainn! Tha 'n cuireadh air a thoirt gu saor
Do h-uile duine coir a thogras tighinn.

TELL—Cha b' fheaird' a' bhanais aoidh le inntinn throm.

STUSSI—Ma tha ni 'cur ort, tilg gu smachdail dhiot e!
Glac na thig ann ad rathad; tha na h-amannan
An ceart-uair cruaidh; mar sin, bu choir do dhuine
Solas a ghabhail 'n uair a gheibh e 'n cothrom.
An so tha banais, an snd tha tiodhlacadh.

TELL—'S tric 'bheir an darna h-aon mu 'n cuairt an t-aon eile

STUSSI—'s e doigh an t saoghail e. Tha driodfhortain
A' tachairt anns gach cearn: Tha beum mor sneachda
Air tuiteam ann an Glarus, agus cliathaich
Bhein Ghlairnis air dol fodha anns an talamh.

TELL—Am bheil na beanntan fein a' criothnachadh?
Cha'n 'eil ni idir air an talamh seasmhach.

STUSSI—Tha iongantais 'an aitean eile cuideachd,
Bhruidhinn mi an la roimh ri fear a Badein
'Bha, mar bu choltach, Ridire a' marcachd
A dh' ionnsuidh an Righ. 'Nuair bha e air a rathad
Thuinig sgaoth choinnspeach air, a ghabh do 'n each,
Lot iad cho gailbheach e gu 'n do thuit e sios
Marbh, air an lar, bho'n chradh a dh'fhuiling e,
A's dh' fheum an Ridir bochd an rathad a chois-eachd.

TELL—Bhuilicheadh gath air creutairean 'tha anmhunn.
(Arngart—bean bhochd—a' tighinn le croithein phaisdean, agus a' seasamh leo aig beulaobh a' Bhealaich).

STUSSI—Tha feadhain an duil gu 'r comhara a th' ann
Air mi-fhortan mor ri tuiteam air an tir.
Air gniomhara 'bhios dubh an aghaidh Naduir.

TELL—Tha 'n leith'de sin de ghniomharan a' tachairt
A h-uile la, gun chomhara miorbhuileach,
Air bith a thabhairt fios roimh laimh mu 'n deighinn.

STUSSI—Gu cinnteach tha, is math do 'n fhear a dh' fhaodas
Oibreachadh air a chroit 'an sith, a's suidhe
Aig taobh a theallaich f-in gun dragh gun iomagain.

TELL—Cha 'n fhaigh an duine 's fearr fantuinn 'an sith
Ma thu droch coimhearsnaich 'am mi-run ris.
(Tha Tell ag amhare gu tric le fiughair neo-shocair, ri mullach a' Bhealaich).

STUSSI—Slan leibh. Tha sibh a' feitheamh cuideiginn

TELL—'S mise tha sin.

STUSSI—Mo bheannachd leibh mata,
Coinneachadh solasach ri 'r cuideachd dhiubh!
Tha sibh de mhuinntir Uri. Tha fiughair ris
An Urramach, an Riaghlair as a sin an diugh.

FEAR-TURUIS—Cha ruig leas tuilleadh fiughair a bhi agaibh
Gu'n tig am Maor an diugh. Tha na aibhnichean
'N an tuil an deigh nan sputan uisg' a rinn e,
Tha h-uile drochaid riamh sguabta air falbh.
(Tha Tell a' seasamh a suas).

ARMGART (a' tighinn air adhart)—Cha'n eil am Maor a' tighinn!

STUSSI—An robh dad
A dhi ort leis?

ARMGART—Mo chreach, 's ann agams' a bha sin!

STUSSI—C'arson
A tha thu 'g ad chur fhein air thoiseach air
'S a bhealach chumhann so?

ARMGART—A chionn nach faigh e
A null na nall uam, feumaidh e mo chluinntinn.

FRIESSHARD (a' tighinn le deifir a nuas am Bealach, a' ghlaodhaich) -
Gabhadh a h-uile duine as an rathad
'S mo Thriath am Maor a' tighinn as mo dheigh
A' marcachd.
[Tha Tell a' dol as an t-sealladh.

ARMGART (le aoibhneas)—Tha 'n t-uachdaran a' tighinn!

Tha i a' dol adhart leis a chloinn gu taobh beoil an t-seallaidh. Tha Gessler agus Rudolf o Harras, air muin eich, a' tighinn 'n ar sealladh aig mullach a' Bhealach.

STUSSI (ri Friesshard)—Ciamar a fhuair sitb thairis air an uisge,
'S gu'n d'thug an tuil na drochaidean air falbh?

FRIESSHARD—Rinn sinne, 'charaid, cath an aghaidh an Loch,
'S beag suim a ghabhas sinn do thuil na'm beann.

STUSSI—An robh 'm bat' agaibh 's a ghaillionn uamharr' ud?

FRIESSHARD—'S ise bha sin? Cha teid e chaoidh a m'aire!

STUSSI—Hoch! Stad a's inn's dhuinn uime!

FRIESSHARD—Cha'n fhuod mi stad,
Tha bh' uam ruith thun a' chaisteil a thoirt sanas,
Gu bheil an t-uachdaran 'an so a' tighinn.

STUSSI—Na'n robh na bha 's an long nan daoine maithe
Gach duine is luch a bh' innte chaidh do'n ghrunnd.
Theid sguidhearan mar sud roimh thein 'a's uisge.
(A' toirt suil mu'n cuairt).
C'a te 'bheil fear-nam-beann a bha bruidhinn rium?
(Gessler agus Rudolf o Harras air muin eich).

GESSLER—Abair na thogras tu, 's mi seirbheiseach
An Righ, a's feumaidh mi a thoileachadh,
Cha b' ann a chum an sluagh a bheadaradh,
Na a bhriodal a chur e do'n duthaich mi:
Umhlachd, sin aithne-san; 's i smior na ceisde,
C' dhiubh 's iad na croiteirean na'n t-Iompaire
A tha ri bhi 'nam maighstirean 's an tir?

ARMGART—'S e so mo chothrom! Ni mi 'nis mo ghuidhe!
(Tha i a' tighinn gu gealtach air adhart).

GESSLER—Cuimhnich cha b' ann air sgath na feala-dha
A chaidh an Ad a chur a suas aig Altorf,
Na fathast, a chum cridh' an t-sluaigh a dhearbhadh,
'S aithne dhomh iad o shean. Ach rinn mi e
'Direach a dh' aon obair gu an ionnsuchadh
Na h-amhaichean sin ac'—a ghleidheas iad
Cho direach ann am lathair—a chromadh dhomh.
Chuir mi an t-aobhar oilbheum so'n an rathad
A chum gu'n glac an suil e, a's gu'n gleidh e
'Nan cuimhn' an Triath a b' aill leo dhichuimhneachadh.

RUDOLF—Tha coirean aig a' phobull mar an ceudna.

GESSLER—Cha'n am so gu an cur air a mheighthomhais!
Tha'n ceart-uair gnothuiche mora, cudthromach,
G' am bualadh air an inneinn: Tha e iomchaidh
Gu'n cioneadh cumhachd teaghlach rioghail Hapsburg.
An ni a thoisicheadh air mhodh cho cliuiteach
Fo laimh an Athar, chuireadh am mac air adhart.
Tha 'm pobull beag so 'na chnap-starra daonnan,
'S an rathad oirnn. 'S fheudar an ciosnachadh
Air aon doigh no doigh eile, mar a dh' fhaodas.
(Tha iad a' dol air an adhart. Tha a bhean bhochd 'g a tilgeadh fein a sios an lathair an uachdarain).

ARMGART—Trocair, a Mhoir-fhir! Tha mi 'guidhe ceartais!

GESSLER—Ciod air an t-saogh'l is ciall duit, a' tighinn air m' aodann
'An so air an rath'd-mhor! Gabh as an rathad!

ARMGART—Tha'n duin' agam 'n a luidh anns a' phriosan;
A dhileachdain a ghlaodhaich air son arain—
Tha mi a' guidhe oirbh gu'n gabh sibh truas dhiun,
A mhaighstir, ann am ar n-eighinn chruaidh.

RUDOLF—Co thu, a bhean? Co e an duin' agad?

ARMGART—Faladair bochd, 'tha fuireach air Beinn Rigi,
'S i 'cheird aige 'bhi gearradh an fheoir fhiadhain
Bho bheul nan slochd, 's air feadh nan stacannan,
Far nach bi 'chuidh' aig feudail cas a chur——

RUDOLF (ri Gessler)—Ceird bhochd a's mhuladach, air m' fhacal fhein!
Guidheam gu'n leig sibh as an duine truagh!
Eutrom no trom, ciamar air bith a choire,
Tha peanas trom gu leoir aige 'na cheird.
(Ris a' mhnaoi).
Theid ceartas a thoirt duit shuas aig a' chaisteal—
Theid eisdeachd riut, cha 'n aite freagarrach so.

ARMGART—Cha teid mi aon cheum as an ait'
sam bheil mi
Ach gus an toir am mor-fhear m' fhear air ais
dhomh!
'S e so an seathadh mios o'n 'tha e 'n sas,
'S is diomhain dha bhi feitheamh binn a
bhreitheimh.
GESSLER—A bhean, bheireadh tu, buaidh gun
taing orm! Tog ort!
ARMGART—Ceartas, a Mhaoir! Tha mi a'
tagradh ceartais
Is tu breitheamh na tir an ait' an Iompair'
'S an aite Dhe; coimhlion do dhleasdannas,
Ma tha thu fein an duil ri ceartas fhaotainn
O Neamh, deonaich an ceartas ceudna dhuinne!
GESSLER—Tog ort! A'm bhealladh na graisg
ladarna!
ARMGART (a' deanamh greim air srian an eich)—
Cha tog. Ni tuilleadh cha'n 'eil ri chall
againn.
A Mhaoir, cha'n fhaigh do chas dol ceum na's
fhaide
Ach gus am faigh mi ceartas—seadh, cuir
gruaim ort!
Sporchd orm gu fiadhaich fo do mhala
bhrunachail,
Cho fad 's a thogras tu—tha ar fu'angais
Air dol cho fada, tha sinn caoin-shuarach
C' dhiubh tha thu toillchte na diombach
ruinn.
GESSLER—A bhean, gabh as an rathad orm, air
neo
Saltraidh an t-each agam fo 'chasan thu!
ARMGART—Ma thogair! So!
(Tha i a' skaoladh na cbinne thun an lair,
agus 'ga tilgeadh fein air an rathad air
thoiseach air).
Rachadh e thairis oirnn,
Saltradh an t-each agad mi fhein 's mo chlann
Fo 'chruidhean, 's mi nach caraich as a so!
Cha so an rud 'is miosa 'rinn thu riamh——
RUDOLF—A bhean, tha thu air bainidh!
ARMGART (le tuilleadh deine)—'S fhada mhor
A ghleidh thu tir an Iompaire fo 'd shail!
O, cha'n 'eil annam-sa ach boiniomach!
Na 'm b' fhear mi dheanainn rud-eiginn a b'
fhearr
Na luidhe 'n so 'san uir a' glaodhaich riut.
(Tha ceol na bainnse air a chluinntinn a
rithis, bho mhullach a' Bhealaich,
ach, fann, a thaobh an astair).
GESSLER—C' ait' a bheil, mo ghillean? Ni mi
rud-eiginn
D' an gabh mi aithreachas, mur toir iad leo i.
RUDOLF—Le 'r cead, cha'n fhuigh na gillean air
an adhart,
Tha cuideachd bainnse 'dol roimh 'n Bhealach
so.
GESSLER—Tha mi 'am riaghlair tuilleadh 's
seimh do'n dream so—
Cha deachaidh ceangal fathast air an teang-
gaidh,
Mar sin, cha'n 'eil iad fathast fo ar smaig
Mar a bu choir, ach bidh e tur air atharrach
An deigh an ia-diugh. Cuiridh mi glas-ghnib
orra,
Brisidh mi 'n inntinn dhanarra so aca,
Bheir mise 'nuas an straic, cromaidh mi
fodham
Spiorad na saorsa. Bheir mi achd ur a stigh
Thar fad a's leud na tire. Bheir mi—
(Tha saighead a' dol troimh a chridhe,
tha e a' cur a lamh a suas ris, agus a'
dol a thuiteam. Le guth fann).
Gu'n deanadh Dia trocair a nochdadh dhomh!
RUDOLF—A Mhoir-fhir? Ciod? Co as a thainig
so?
ARMGART (ag eiridh)—Mort, mort! Tuitidh e!
Fhuair e urchair!
Faicibh an t-saighead, tha i 'n sas 'na chridhe.
RUDOLF (a' leum bharr an eich)—Iod an
gniomh oillteil a tha so air ta hairt?
A Thighearna! Mo chreach, a Kidire,
Chaidh air son trocair oir is duine marbh thu!
GESSLER—'S i saighead Tell a th' ann.
(Tha e a' sleamhnachadh bharr an eich,
agus tha Rudolf 'ga chuideachadh a
nunn thun an t-suidheachan chloiche).
TELL (ga leigeadh fein ris, shuas air mullach na
creige)—
Dh' aithnich thu 'n t-saighead,
Na h-iarr te eile! Tha na bothain saor,
An neo-chiontach tha tearuinte o 'd laimh,
Cha dean thu dochann air an duthaich tuill-
eadh.
(Tha e a' dol as an t-sealladh. Tha 'n
sluagh a' taomadh a stigh).
STUSSI (air thus' 's air thoiseach—De th' ann?
Ciod air an t-saoghal a th' air tachairt?
ARMGART—Chaidh saighead a chur ann am
Maor-an-fhearainn.
AM POBULL—Co anns an deach an urchair?
(Am feadh a tha a' cheud bhuidhionn de
chuideachd na bainnse a' tighinn thun an taobh
beoil, tha a' chuid ma dheireadh dhiubh shuas
air mullach a' bhruthaich, agus tha an ceol a'
dol air adhart).
RUDOLF O HARRAS—Falbhaibh, ruithibh
A dh' ionraidh cuideachadh, 's e call na fola!
Rachaibh air toir a mhortair! Ochan thu!
A dhuine thruaigh, agus 's e so is crioch
diuit;
Cha 'n eis-deadh tu ri 'm shanus ann an am!
STUSSI—Air m' fhirinn, tha e 'n sin gun deo 'na
laidhe,
Cho ban ri breid.
MORAN GHUTHANNA—Co e a rinn an gniomh?
RUDOLF—Am bheil na daoine air an ciall a
chall
Gu'n dean iad ceol thar mort? Cuiribh 'nan
tosd iad!
(Tha 'n ceol a' stad ann am prioba, tha
tuilleadh sluaigh a' tighinn dluth).
A mhaighstir, innsibh dhomh ma 's urrainn
duibh—
Am bheil ni a mhiannaichidh sibh earbsa
rium?
(Tha Gessler a' deanamh sanuis eiginn le a
laimh, an uair nach 'eil iad 'ga thuigsinn tha e
'gan deanamh thairis a rithis le tuilleadh braise).
RUDOLF O HARRAS—C'ait' am bu mhaith leibh
mi a dhol? Do Chussnacht?
Cha 'n 'eil mi 'tuigsinn; O, na bithibh diomb-
ach,
Coma leibh nithe talamhaidh, biodh 'ur n-aire

Socruichte air an t-siorruidheachd 'tha dluth dhuibh.

(Tha cuideachd na bainnse a' tarruing dluth, agus a' seasamh mu 'n cuairt, ag amharc air Gessler le oillt, gun chomh-fhulangas).

STUSSI—Seallaibh cho ban 's a tha e—tha 'm bas a snamh
Mu 'n chridh' aige—tha ceo 'tigh'nn air a shuilean.

ARMGART (a' togail a suas h-aon de 'n chloinn)—
Feuchaibh, a chlann, mar gheibh Fear-foirneirt bas !

RUDOLF O HARRAS—Mnathan a' chuthaich, 'bheil sibh gun mhothachadh,
Gu 'm biodh a leithid so de shealladh sgreataidh
'N a roic do 'r suilean ? Thoiribh lamh dhomh,
So, thugaibh cuideachadh—Nach 'eil duin' ann
A thairngeas an gath goirt a' bhroilleach leam ?

NA MNATHAN (a' seasamh air an ais)—
Gu'n cuireamaide corag air an duine
A bhualadh sios le lamh an Tighearna ?

RUDOLF O HARRAS—Mo mhallachd oirbh !
(A' tarruing a chlaidheimh).

STUSSI (a' cur a lamh air a ghairdean)—Ma bhios a chridh' agaibh !
Tha sibh aig crioch bhur tighearnais. Thuit am Fear
A bhruth air tir fo 'shail ; cha 'n fhuiling sinn
Tuilleadh co-eigneachadh a dheanamh oirnn,
Is daoine saor sinn,

UILE (le iolach)—Tha an Duthaich saor !

RUDOLF O HARRAS—An d' thainig e gu so ?
Bheil crioch air umhlachd,
'S air urram cheana ?
(Ris an luchd-leanmhuinn a tha a' drobhadh a stigh).
Tha sibh uile 'faicinn
A' mhuirt oillteil a chaidh a chur an gniomh
'An so. Is diomhain comhnadh 'sam bith iarruidh,
Is diomhain, mar an ceudna, toir a chuir
An deigh a mhortair ; tha curam eile oirnn—
Gun mhoille, greasaibh oirbh a stigh do Chussnacht,
Daingneach an Iompaire a ghleidhadh dha !
Chaidh, ann am prioba, ceanglaichean an dleasnais
Agus na riaghailt fhuasgladh, cha'n 'eil earbsa
Ri 'chur 'an dilseachd duine seach duin 'eile.

ARMGART—Deanaibh aite ! So na Manaich a' tighinn.
(Am feadh a tha'n luchd-airm a' falbh, tha sia Manaich a' tighinn dluth).

STUSSI—Cho luath 's a tha an iobairt marbh,
Trusaidh na fithith thun a chairbh.

NA MANAICH (a' seasamh 'nan leth-chuairt mu thiomchioll air a' mharbh, agus a' seinn ann an guth tiamhaidh, iosal)—
Is tric am bas a' deanamh sas,
Gu grad, air clann nan daoin'
Cha'n eisd e'n ghaodh, tha'n guidhe faoin,
Is gearr an triall 's an t-saogh'l,
An sean, 's an t-og—cha 'n fhaod iad feitheamh,
Deas no neo-dheas mar bhios am beatha
'S fheudar dhoibh comhail 'thoirt do 'n Bhreitheamh !

[Tha iad a' falbh.

AN CUIGEAMH ERRANN. A' CHEUD ROINN.

Aite fosgailteach, dluth air Altorf.

Aig an taobh cuil tha daingneach Ciosnach-air-Uri, leis na lobhtan-seasaimh mar annsan t-sealladh anns an treasamh Roin de 'n cheud Earrann. Air an laimh chli gheibhear sealladh a' fosgladh a mach air moran bheanntan, tha a' chrois-taraidh a' lo-gadh air gach aon diubh. Tha 'n fhaire direach a' briseadh ; tha cluig a' bualadh am fad' agus am fagus.

RUODI, CUONI, BHERNI, Maighstir nan Clachairean, agus moran eile de luchd-duthcha, mnathan agus clann mar an ceudna.

RUODI—Nach faic sibh a' chrois-taraidh air na beanntan ?

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—Cluinnibh fuaim nan clag a nall thar na coilltean !

RUODI—Ruagadh na Naimhdean !

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—Ghlacadh na Daingnicheann !

RUODI—Agus tha sinne, Muinntir Uri, fathast 'N ar tamh, a' leigeadh leis an Daingneach seasamh ?
An e gur sinne 'tha ri bhi air deireadh
Ann a bhi 'g ar gairm fein 'n ar popuil saor ?

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—An e gu'n leig sinn leis a' chuing sin seasamh
A bha ri ar co-eigneachadh ? A suas sibh 'Illean !
Gu lar leis !

UILE—A nuas e ! 'Nuas e ! 'Nuas e !

RUODI—C'aite 'bheil Stier, a Uri ?

STIER—Tha mi so.
Ciod a tha mi ri 'dheanamh ?

RUODI—Rach an aird
Gu mullach torr-na-faire, agus seid
A leithid de dhairibhich as an dudach agad
Gu'n duisg a h-uile gleann a's creag 's an duthaich,
A' freagairt do mhac-talla aon a cheile
A ghairm nam fear 'n an drobhan as na glinn
'S na braigheachan d'ar n-ionnsuidh.
(Tha Stier a' falbh. Bhalter Furst a' tighinn).

BHALTER FURST—Stadaibh ! Stadaibh !
A' chairde ! Cha 'n 'eil fios na forthais againn
Ciod a tha Suits na Unterbhalden ris.
Feitheamaid gus an tig teachdair' uapa-san.

RUODI — Feitheamaid ciod ? Tha Fear-na-foirneirt marbh,
Tha latha geal na saors' air eiridh oirnn.

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—Nach leoir leibh teachd-airean lasrach nan cruach,
A' togail smuid mu 'n cuairt oirnn air gach beinn ?

RUODI—So, thugaibh lamh, a h-uile gin agaibh,
Fir agus mnathan ! Bristibh a nuas na lobhtan !
Spealgaibh na boghachan ! Leagaibh na ballachan !
Na fagar leinn aon chlach dhiubh air muin cloiche.

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—So, 'Illean ! 'S iad ar lamhan fein a thog iad

'S ann dhuinn 'is aithne an cur as a cheile.
UILE—Tiugainneamaid, leagamaid a sios an Daingneach!
(Tha iad 'g an tilgeadh fein air an togail o na h-uile taobh).
BHALTER FURST—Thoisich an obair. Cha ghabh casg cur orra.
(Melchdal agus Baumgarten a' tighinn).
MELCHDAL—Ciod? Tha an Daingneach so fathast na sheasamh,
A's Caisteal Sharneu cheana ann an luaithre,
Agus tha 'n Rossberg thall na laraich cuideachd?
BHALTER FURST—An tusa 'th'ann a Mhelchdal, an i saorsa
A tha thu 'toirt d'ar n-ionnsuidh? Abair, gu clis,
Am bheil an naimhead air a ruag gu buileach
As ra tri Duthchanna?
MELCHDAL (a' cur a ghairdeanan mu thimchioll) — Tha 'n grunnd gu leir
Glan air a chartadh dhiubh. Deanaibh gairdeachas
A shean athair choir, anns a cheart uair so
Anns am bheil sin a' bhruidhinn, cha 'n 'eil tuilleadh
Fear-foirneirt ann an duthaich shaor nan Suisseach.
BHALTER FURST—O, innis domh, ciamar a chaidh lan-uachdar
Fhaotainn leibh air na daingnichean?
MELCHDAL—B' e Rudents
A thug a mach, le 'thapachd smiorail, Sarnen,
Streap mis', an oidhche roimh sin, Dun Rossberg.
Ach innsidh mi a h-uile car mar thachair.
An uair, aig teicheadh do na naimhdean as,
A chuir sinn teine ris an Dun gu sunndach,
Bha cheana 'ghris a' dhol 'na caoir gu neamh,
Ruith Dietelm, balach Ghessler, far an robh sinn,
A's ghlaodh e, fhad 's a bh'aige, gu 'n robh Berta,
Ban-tighearna Bhrunec, anns na lasraichean.
BHALTER FURST—Mo creach, an truaghan!
(Tha bruansgail air a chluainntinn, agus splaid nan sailthean a' tuiteam).
MELCHDAL—Bha i 'n sin fein
Air a toirt ann gu'n fhios aig ordugh Ghessler.
Leum Rudents mar gu'n deach e as a chiall—
Oir chuala sinn na puist, 's na staidhrichean
Cheana 'toirt geill, agus troi'n deatach thainig
Glaodh cruaidh na h-eiginn oirnn o'n Mhaldaig bhochd.
BHALTER FHURST—Ach tha i sabhailte!
MELCHDAL—'S a mhionaid ud
Cha b' e maol-sneimh a dheanadh feum, no seasamh
A'n eadar-chomhairle, ach clisteachd lughmhor
A dh' fhoghnadh! Mur biodh ann ach an duin'-uasal,
Bhitheamaid caonntach air ar beatha, dh fhaoidte!
Ach b' e ar companach e, 'an comh-bhoinn ruinn,
Agus bha gaol aig Berta air ar pobull—
Mar sin chur sinn ar beatha ann ar laimh
Agus, 'n ar leum, a stigh do 'n teine ghabh sinn.
BHALTER FURST—Ach tha i sabhailte?
MELCHDAL—'S ise tha sin,
Rudents a's mise, thug sinn i le cheile
A mach roi 'n lasair, agus air ar culaobh,
Le dairirich thuit an obair-fhiodh a stigh.
An sin, an uair a dh' fhairich i gu'n robh
I sabhailte, 's a thog i a suil gu Neamh,
An sin, thilg am Morair og e fein air m'uchd,
'S gun fhacal air a labhairt thall na bhos
Dhruideadh coimhcheangal eadar sinn 'n ar dithis
A rinneadh cruaidh a's diongmhalta tre theine;
'S a chaoidh nach brisear, troimh gach uile dheuchainn
A bhios 'an dan duinn.
BHALTER FURST—C'aite 'bheil Landenberg?
MELCHDAL—Taobh thall Bealach Bhrunneig.
Cha robh e 'm bheachd
Gu'm faigheadh esan a rinn m' athair da'l,
Dol as an duthaich so le 'shealladh aige.
Chaidh mi le toir 'na dheigh, a's rinn mi greim air.
Thug mi e dhachaidh leam; aig casan m'athar
Thilg mi a sios e, bha mo chaidhreamh cuisgte
Deas os a cheann; ach ghuidh an seann duine
Cho durachdach, gu'n deanainn trocaire air,
Gu'n d'thug mi 'bheath' air ais cha, mar a sgath-san.
Chaidh e fo bhoid nach tilleadh e do'n tir
Thug e a bhoid as ur, gun diogh'ltas iarruidh,
Ghleidhidh e iad—dh' fhairich e neart ar gairdean.
BHALTER FURST—'S maith dhuit-sa e, nach d' thug thu sal na fola
Air uair na buaidh', ach gu'n do ghleidh thu glan i!
CLANN (a' ruith mu'n cuairt le mireann fiodh, agus cabair as na lobhtan)—
Saorsa! Saorsa! Fhuair an duthaich saorsa!
(Tha dudach Uri air a seideadh le neart).
BHALTER FURST—B' i sin an Fheill! Cha dichuimhnich a chlann i
'S an latha 'm fas am falt cho gheal ris a bhainne.
(Tha na caileagan a' tighinn 'n an croithlean, a' ginlan na h-Aid air barr an stuib. Tha 'n t-ait' air a fionadh le slnagh).
RUODI—Tha so an Ad ris an robh sinn ri beiceadh.
BAUMGARTEN—Thugaibh 'ur comhairle, ciod a ni sinn leatha?
BHALTER FURST—Och, ochain fhein! Sheas m' ogha-sa fo 'n Aid so!
MORAN GHUTHANNA — Na ribeagan leatha, cuimhneachan an Fhoirneirt!
Cairibh 's an teine i!
BHALTER FURST—Cha chairich, leigibh le tha,
Ma bha i roimh so 'n a h-inneal-foirneirt,
Seasadh i tuilleadh 'm feasd mar fhianuis saorsa!
(Tha 'n luchd-duthcha, fir, mnathan, agus clann, a' suidhe 'nan letn-chuairt, air na cabair agus na sparran briste).
MELCHDAL—So sinn air ar baile-mor, co 'chuireas as sinn!

Le fuigheall cumhachd Ainneart fo ar casan !
Is glormhor mar a chaidh a thoirt gu crich,
A's mar a choimhlionadh gach ni fa leth,
Mar 'bhoidich sinn, mo chompanaich, 's an Rutli !

BHALTER FURST—Cha 'n i so crioch na h-obair, ach a toiseach.
Tha feum a nis air misneach, 's aonachd dhaingean.
Cha chnir an Righ dheth uine, creidibh mise,
Ann an tigh'nn oirnn, gu dioghaltas a dheanamh
Air bais a Mhaoir ; a's iadsan a chuibhticheadh,
Iomain air ais, 's an gleidheadh thainis oirnn
Le neart a' chlaidheimh.

MELCHDAL—Thigeadh e mata
Le airm a chumhachd, dh' fhuadaich sinn o'r meadhon
Ar naimhdean, gleidhidh sinn iad an taobh mach dhinn.

RUODI—Cha'n 'eil ach beagan bhealaichean 's an tir
Le 'r cuirp fein duinidh sinn gach bearn 's na creagan.

BAUMGARTEN—Aointe tha sin, ri 'cheil', le cumhnant sior
Roimh armailtean an Righ cha ghabh sinn eagal !

(Raosselmann agus Stauffacher a' tighinn).

RAOSSELMANN (a' coiseachd a stigh)—'S iad so breitheanais uamhasach an Tighearn.

AN LUCHD-DUTHCHA—Ciod a th' air tachairt ?

RAOSSELMANN—Is eagallach an linn 'S an d' fhuair sinn uil' ar cramachur !

BHALTER FURST—Nach innis sibh Ciod a ghabh aite ? O, th sibh' an so, A Mhaighstir Bheiner ! Ciod 'ur naigheachd dhuinn ?

AN LUCHD-DUTHCHA—Ciod a th' air t chairt ?

RAOSSELMANN—Cluinnibh, a's gabhaibh iongnadh !

STAUFFACHER—Bho aobhar-eagal mor chaidh ar cur saor ——

RAOSSELMANN—Chaidh mort a dheanamh air an Lompaire.

BHALTER FURST—Ochoin ! Ochoin !
(Tha an sluagh a' cruinneachadh mu 'n cuairt air Stauffacher).

UI E—Ciod ? Air a mhort ! An t-Iompaire !

MELCHDAL—Neo-choma ach ! Co uaith a thain' an naigheachd ?

STAUFFACHER—Tha an naigheachd fior. Thuit Iompair' Ailibeart
Aig Bruaig, le laimh a mhortair 's e Iain Muillear,
Duine cho creideasach 's a th' anns an duthaich
A thug an sgeul d' ar n-ionn-nidh a Schaffh usen.

BHALTER FURST—Co 'ghabh os laimh a leithid e ghniomh sgre mheil ;

STAUFFACHER—'S e dh' fhag cho greimheil i, an duin' a rinn i.
B' e Iain, mac a bhrathar, Diuc na Suabia
ghabh os laimh 's a thug gu crich an gniomh.

MELCHDAL—'Bheil fh os'ne ghluais e gu brath'r athir a mhort ?

STAUFFACHER—Bha 'n t-Iompaire a' gleidheadh oighreachd 'athar
Air ais uaith, 's e 'g a sireadh air gun stad.
Chaill e a h-uile foighdinn, a's chreid e
Gu'n robh e 'm beachd an Iompaire a gleidheadh
Air a shon fein, a's e san a chur dheth—
Ma dh' fhaoidte, le Ad Basbuig.—Ciamar air bith
Mar a bha 'chuis sin, dh' fhosgail an duin' og
A chluas ri comhairle a chompanaich
'S an Arm ; le triathan urramach
Eschenbach, Tegerfelden, Hart, a's Palm ;
Chomh-dhuin' e nach robh ceartas ann ri fhaotinn,
A's ghabh se air fein dioghaltas a dheanamh.

BHALTER FURST—Ach inn's dhuinn mar a bha, gu crioch a' gnothuich.

STAUFFACHER—Mharcaich an Righ a nuas o Stein gu Baden.
Gu dol thun Rheinfeld, far am bheil a luchairt ;
Bha comh-ris Iain agus Leopold,
An da phrionnsa, agus cuideachd fhlathail
De thriathan urramach, mar dhion, 'ga leantuinn.
Air dhoibh tigh'nn thun an aisig air an Reuss,
A stigh do'n bata dhrobh na mortairean,
Air dhoigh nach d' fhuair aon eile de'n luchd-leanmhuinn
Air bord comh-ris an Righ, a's dh' fhalbh iad thairis.
An sin, an uair a bha an t-Iompaire
A' marcachd troimh na dailtean—'Na luidhe fodhpa
Tha seann bhaile mor, a bh' ann 'an linntean
An iodhal-aoraidh—Agus sean Dun Hapsburg
Mu'n coinneamh, as an do chinn morachd a shli cho,
Chuir an Diuc Iain a bhiodag ann a bhroillech.
Shath Rudolf, Tighearna Phailm, an t-sleagh troimh a chorp
'S rinn Tighearn' Eschenbach a cheann a spealtadh,
Mar sin, thuit e 'n a fhuil air 'oighreachd fein
A's air a mhortadh le a chuideachd fein.
Chunnacas leo-san air taobh thall an uisge
Mar a chaidh dha, ach bha an abhainn mhor
Eatorra 's esan ; ni cha robh 'n an comas
Ach eigheach faoin a chaoidh 's na h-oillt a thogail.
Bha sean bhean bhochd aig taobh an rathaidmh ir,
'N a h-uchd-sa thug an Righ a suas an deo.

MELCHDAL—Esan leis am bu mhiann an saoghal gu leir,
'S gle thrath a chladhaich e an uaigh dha fein !

STAUFFACHER—Tha 'n tir mu 'n cuairt air fad air gabhail uamhais,
Gach Beulach anns na glinn tha duinte teann,
Tha h-uile Comunn fa leth a' dion an crich n
Sean Zurich fein, dhuin i na geataichean,
Ged 'sheas iad fosg ill' re deich-bliadhnafichead.
Tha, air an darna taobh, oillt roimh 'n luchd-mortaidh
A r an taobh eile, geilt roimh luchd-an-diogh'ltais.

A chionn, tha Ban-righinn Hungary a' tighinn,
Armaichte le binn-fogr idh 's ascaoin-eaglais,
'S cha 'n aithne dh' ise seirc, no grinneas faoilidh
An t-sliochd o 'n d'thainig i ; theid i 'gu 'dulan
'An dioladh bas a h-athar air sliochd nam mortair.
Cha bhi iad fein no 'n clann, no clann an cloinne,
Seadh, no an traillean—tearuinte o 'n Ban-righ :
Gu ruig an stairsneach aig an luchairtean,
Bhoidich i fianuisean a charna asda
Air uaigh a h-athar, agus i fein thalceadh
Mar ann an driachd a' cheitein anns an fhuil ac'.

MELCHDAL—Am bheil forfhais aca air na mortairean.

STAUFFACHER—Cho luath 's a choimhlion iad an gniomh, theich iad
A' gabhail cu g slighean eadar-dhealaichte,
Gun duil ri tachairt air a cheile tuilleadh—
Tha 'n Dinc og, Iain, air faondradh air an t-sliabh.

BHALTER FURST—Toradh cha d' fhuair iad ann an cois an cionta.
Cha ghiulain diogh'ltas toradh, 's ann air fein
A thig e beo : thu mort na sholas da
A's sa uichear a bhlas le grainealachd.

STAUFFACHER—Buanchd cha 'n fhaigh na mortairean o'n gniomh,
Ach faodaidh sinne toradh beannaichte
Na sith le lamhan glan, a bhuain o 'n drochbheart.
Chaidh uallach geilt ro-mhor a thogal dhinn ;
Tha 'n aimhaid mor na sa 'sa 'nis air tuiteam.
Th-id an t-slat rioghail, air a glanadh, thairis
A Teaghlach Hapsburg gu sliochd eiginn eile,
Cumaidh, an sin, an Rioghachd a suas a coir
Saor-thaghadh a dheanamh, mar a b' abhaist dhi.

BHALTER FURST agus moran eile—An cuala sibh dad ?

STAUFFACHER—Tha Morair Lucsenburg
Cheana air ainmeachadh le moran gluthan.

BHALTER FURST—'S math dhuinne gu 'n do sheas sinn firinneach
Air tiobh na Rioghachd. Tha duil a nis ri ceartas !

STAUFFACHER—Bidh feum aig an Triath ur air caird-an tapaidh—
Dionaidh e sinn o dhiogh'ltas Austria.

(Tha an luchd-duth h a' crathadh lamhan a cheile le toi inntinn).

Para Cleireach le Righ-theachdaire.

PARA CLEIREACH—Tha 'n so agaibh ceannardan coir na Duthcha.

RAOSSELMAN agus moran eile—A Chleirich, ciod 'or maighechd ?

PARA CLEIREACH—Tha 'n so sgriobhadh
A thug an Teachdaire d'ar n-iomnsuidh uile.

UILE (i Bhalter Furst)—Bitsibh an seula 's leigh ibh e !

BHALTER FURST (a' leughadh)—" Do dhaoine Co h annach Uri, Suits a's Unterbhalden,—
Failte, deadh-ghean, agus gach guidhe mai h, Bho an Ghan-righ Salasaid "——

MORAN GHUTHANNA—Ach ciod is ciall
Do 'n seon Bhan-righ, tha a rioghachd thairis ?

BHALTER FURST—" 'An am a deuchainn ghoirt, 's a bron m'r bhanntraich,
A's ann an troimh-cheile inntinn, thairis air
An t-siubhal fuilteach aig a Tighearna,
Tha cuimhne aice air an dilseachd dhluth
A nochdadh riamh o shean le sliochd nan Suisseach."

MELCHDAL—Cha robh aon chuimhn' aic' oirnn an àm a solais !

RAOSSELMANN—Tosd ! Leigibh leinn a chluinntinn !

BHALTER FURST (a' leughaidh)—" Tha i 'cur earl sa anns a' phobull dhileas
Nach amhairc iad ach leis a' ghrain as modha
Orra-san a bha ciontach de 'n ghniomh sgreataidh ;
Agus tha duil a's fhaghair aig a' Bhan-righ
Nach faigh na mortairean co-oibreachadh,
No cuideachdh aons na tri duthchanna ;
An aite sin a dheanamh, gu 'm a fearr leo
An toirt a suas gun dail do laimh an Diogh'ltair,
A' cuimhneachdh a' chaoi nheis a's an deadh-ghean
A fhuair iad, riamh o shean, bho Theaghlach Hapsburg."

MORAN GUTHANNA—Caoimhneas, agus dheadh-ghean !

STAUFFACHER—Fhuair sinn, gu dearbh, o 'n athair moran deadh-ghean ;
Ach ciod an cliu a bheirear ir a mhuc ?
An do chomh-dhaingnich e ar litir-saorsa,
Mur, gus a nis, a rinn gach lompair' eile ?
An d' thug e ceart-bhreith, a reir coir a's dlighe,
Gu dion a thoirt do 'n neo-chiontach 'n a aire ?
An d' rinn e uibhir 's eisdeachd ris na Teachdaireau
A chuir sinn ann an am ar teinn d'a ionnsuidh ?
H-aon de na nithe sin cha d'rinn an Righ,
Uibhir 's a h-aon cha d'rinn e air ar son,
Mur bhi'dh gu'n d'thug sin fein ar coir a mach
Le ar laimh laidir fein, bha esan coma
C'iu bhitheamaid 'an cruaidh-chas no nach bitheadh.
Buidheachas dha-san ? Cha b' e buidheachas
An siol a chuir e anns na glinn sinn againn.
Sheas e air ionad aeil, bha e 'n a ch mas
A bhi 'n a athair do gach pobull fuidhe ;
Cha b' fhin leis sin, bu doch t leis saothrachadh
Air son a chuideachd fein, a's faodaidh i idsan
Air son an d' oibrich e, a bhi 'g a chomeadh !

BHALTER FURST—Cha teg sinn iobach thairis air a thuiteam,
Ni mo a gleidheas sinn an t-ole 'n ar cuimhne
A fhuair sinn aig a laimh ; biodh sin fad' uaim !
Ach gu n robh sinne e 'dol a ghabhail os laimh
Diogh'ltas a dheanamh air son bas an Righ,
Nach d' rinn, air aon deigh na deigh eile, maith dhuinn,
No iadsan nach d' rinn cron oirnn a ghearleannuinn,
Cha 'n 'eil mar fhiachaidh oirnn, cha fhre gair dhuinn.
'S e tabhartas saor-thoil a bheir an gradh,
Fuasglaidh am bas am beo o dhlighean sear bh
Dha-san cha 'n ioc sinn tuilleadh—thu e marbh !

MELCHDAL—Agus ma tha a Ban-righ, ann a seomar
A gul ach gus an ruig a caoidh na Neamhan
Tha 'n sluagh 'n ar lathair, o amghar air an saoradh,
A' togail gaoir an taingealachd an aird—
Iadsan a bhuaineadh deoir, cuireadh iad gradh.
[Tha an Righ-theachdaire a' falbh).

STAUFFACHER (ris an t-sluagh)—C'ait' am bheil Tell? Cha 'n 'eil sinn ceart as 'eugmhais
Fear-oibreachaidh ar saorsa! 'S i a lamh san
A b'fhearr 'n ar measg; 's e a bu ghoirte 'dh' fhuiling.
Thigibh, a chairde, leam gun dail g'a shireadh,
'S gu'n cuir sinn uile failte air gu cridheil.
[Tha iad uile a' falbh.

AN CUIGEAMH ERRANN. AN DARA ROINN.

Taobh a stigh bothan Tell.

Tha griosach air an teallaich. Tha an dorus 'na sheasamh fosgailte, a toirt sealladh a mach air an duthaich.

Hedbhig, Bhalter, agus Uilleam.

HEDBHIG—An diugh fhein tha 'ur n-athair a tigh'nn dachaidh.
A chlann, a chlann! tha e beo slan, a's saor,
Agus tha sinne saor, 's a h-uile duine!
A's 's e 'ur n-athair-sa a shaor an duthaich.

BHALTER—Bha mise cuideachd ann, nach robh, a mhathair?
Chuidh saighead m'athar gle dhluth air mo mharbhadh
A's cha do chrith mi roimpe.

HEDBHIG (a' cur a lamhan timchioll air)—Sgadh, a laochain,
Chuidh d'aiseag dhomh air ais. An dara uair
Rug dh tu dhomh as ur. Da uair thairis
Chuidh mi ro 'shaothair mathar air do sgath!
Ach tha sin seach—tha sibh 'n 'ur dithis agam.
A's tha 'ur n-athair cuideachd a tighinn an diugh!
(Tha manach a tighinn thun dorus an tighe)

UILLEAM — A mhathair, faicibh—sin agaibh manach bochd!
Ciuinteach bidh e ag iarruidh deirce uaibh.

HEDBHIG—Thoir thusa 'stigh e, 's bheir sinn dha deoch-slainte;
Biodh fhios aige gur e so tigh an aoibhneis.
(Tha i a' dol a stigh, agus a tilleadh gu grad le biceir).

UILLEAM (ris a mhanach)—Thigibh a stigh a dhuine mhaith, a's bheir
Mo mhathair deoch dhuibh.

BHALTER—Thigibh, leigibh 'ur sgios
A's theid sibh air 'ur n-adhart neartaichte.

AM MANACH (ag amharc mu 'n cuairt air le sealladh neo-shocair)—
C'ait' am bheil mi? Co 'n duthaich a tha so?

BHALTER — An deachaidh sibh air seachran 'nuair nach fios duibh?
Tha sibh 'am Burglen, ann an duthaich Uri,
Far an teid duine 'stigh do gleann na Schach.

AM MANACH (ri Hedbhig, a tha a' tarruing air ais naith)—
'Bheil sibh leibh fein! Am bheil 'ur fear a stigh?

HEDBHIG—Tha suil agam a h-uile mionaid ris—
Ach ciod a th' oirbh a dhuine? Tha eagal orm
Nach e rud math 'sam bith a thug a so sibh.
Ach, co air bith sibh, tha sibh feumach, siuthaidibh!

MANACH—Ge mor mo chiocras, agus m' fheum air lon,
Cha 'n ith 's cha 'n ol mi gus an inn's sibh dhomh——

HEDBHIG—Na bean domh! Cum air falbh! Seas astar bh' uam
Ma tha thu toileach mi 'thoirt eisdeachd dhuit.

MANACH—Tha mi 'toirt boidean, air do theallach fhialaidh,
'S air cinn do leanabain chaoimh.
(Tha e a' cur a lamh air ceann gach aon de na balachain).

HEDBHIG—Cum bho na leanaba!
Ciod a tha d' bheachd, a dhuine? Cha Mhanach thu!
Cha Manach idir a th, annad? Cha'n 'eil sith
Fo 'n chomhdach agad-sa a' gabhail comhnuidh!
No coslas sith cha'n fhaic mi ann ad aogas.

MANACH—'S mi duin' is truaigh' a th'air aghaidh an domhain.

HEDBHIG—Truas laidir duisgidh mi-fhortan 's a chridhe!
Ach romhad-sa tha mo dhaobh-stigh a' dionndadh.

BHALTER (a' toirt leum as)—A mhathair, sin m' athair!
[Tha e falbh a mach 'n a ruith.

HEDBHIG—A Tighearna mhaith!
(Air ti dol a mach, ach air chrith, agus gun chomas carachadh).

UILLEAM (a' ruith an deigh Bhalter)—
O, m' athair gaolach!

TELL—So mi air ais, a chlann—
Ach c'aite 'bheil 'ur mathair?

BHALTER—Aig an dorus,
'N a seasamh, cha 'n urrainn i tighinn ceum na'a fhaide
Tha i air chrith le eagal agus sgios.

TELL—O, Hedbhig, Hedbhig, mathair chaomh mo chloinne,
Thug Dia dhomh comhnadh, cha'n 'eil tuilleadh comas
Aig Fear-an-fhoirneirt sgaradh a chur oirnn
(Tha am Manach a' toirt aire dhoibh).

HEDBHIG (a lamhan m' a muineal)—Tell, nach mis' a dh' fhuiling air do shon-sa?

TELL—Leig as do chuimhne sin, bi foist e ach, subhach,
Tha mi air ais 'an so. 'S e so mo bhothan!
Tha mi a ris am measg mo chuideachd fein!

UILLEAM—Ach, athair, c'ait' am bheil am bogha agaibh?
Cha 'n fhaic mi e.

TELL—Cha 'n fhaic thu tuilleadh e,
Le nithe naomha thu e taisgte suas,
Cha tionndaidh mi air damh-na-croic' e tuilleadh.

HEDBHIG—O, 'Tell, 'Tell!
(Tha Tell a' tarruing air ais, agus a leigeil le a lamhan tuiteam).

TELL—'D e 'tha 'cur eagal ort, a Bhean?

HEDBHIG—Ciamar—ciamar a thill thu? Am bheil do lamh—
Am *faod* mi beanntuinn rithe?
TELL (gu criidheil, misneachail)—An lamh sin
Rinn i thu fein a dhion, a's shaor i 'n Duthaich!
Gun gheilt gun fhiamh, gu Neamh faodaidh mi 'togail.
(Tha am Manach a' toirt carachadh ealamh, tha e a 'toirt an aire dha).
TELL—Co e am manach so?
HEDBHIG—Chaidh e a m' aire!
Ach bruidhinn thusa ris, tha e 'cur oillt orm.
AM MANACH (a tighinn na 's dluithe)—
An tusa Tell sin tre 'n do thuit am Maor?
TELL—Is mi cha 'n 'eil mi 'dol g'a chleith air duine.
MANACH—Is tusa Tell? Gu fior is i Lamh Dhe
A rinn mo threorachadh fo dhruim do thighe.
TELL (le a shuil g'a thomhas bho mhullach gu bonn)—Cha mhanach thu! Co thu?
AM MANACH—Marbh thus' am Maor
Oir rinn e eucoir ort—Mharbh mise cuideachd
Esan a dhiult dhomh ceartas—Bha e uibhir
'N a namhaid dhuits' agus a bha e dhomhsa,
Cuir mis' an Duthaich saor uaith ——
TELL (a seasamh air ais)—Is tusa—
Uamhasach!—A chlann! a chlann, a stigh sibh!
Rach thus' a stigh cuideachd, a bhean mo ghaoil!
Falbh, falbh! A dhuine thruaigh bu tusa——
HEDBHIG—Co e?
TELL—Na faraid dhiom! Bi falbh! Bi falbh a mach—
Cha 'n fhaod a chlann aon fhacal dheth a chluinntinn.
Tog as an tigh—Na biodh a chridh' agad
'Bhi fuireach fuidh an aon druim-tighe riu-san.
HEDBHIG—Mo chreach! Ciod a tha so! Tuigainnean aid!
[A' falbh leis a' chloinn.
TELL (ris a' Mhanach)—Is tusa Diuc na h-Austria—Is tu! Mharbh thu an t-Iompaire, do thriath, 's Brath'r-d'athar.
DIUC IAIN—Bob e de m' oighreachd mi.
TELL—Brathair de d'athair,
D' Iompaire mharbh thu! Agus tha an talamh
Fathast 'gad ghiulan, tha 'ghrian 'toirt dhuit a solus!
DIUC IAIN—Tell, eisd, m'an dean thu——
TELL—Tha do lamhan a' ruith
Le fuil bhrath'r-d'athar, agus d' Iompaire,
'S tha 'chridh' agad cas a chur ann am thigh glan-sa?
Tha 'chridh' agad d'aodann a leigidh fhaicinn
Do dhuine onorach, a's aoidheachd iarruidh?
DIUC IAIN—Bha fughair agam trocair fhaotainn uait-sa;
Rinn thusa, cuideachd, diogh'ltas air do Namhaid.
TELL—A dhuine thruaigh! Am bheil e comasach
Gu 'n deanadh tu gniomh fuilteach a ghloirmhiann
Le dleasnas athar a cho-mheasgachadh?
An do sheas thusa suas gu fior-ghloine
D'fhardach a dhion? Gu ceann gaolach do leinibh
A theasraiginn? No iadsan 'is dluithe dhuit
Agus 'is ionmhuinn leat, a choimhid teann
Bho'n olc a b' uamhasaiche 'b' urrainn tachairt?
Ri Neamh tuo lamhan glan tha mi a' togail,
Mo mhallachd bioodh ort fein a's air do gniomh—
Dhiol mise fiachan fiorghlan naomh na Daonnachd,
Thug thusa masladh oirre—Cha'n 'eil cuid
No pairt agam leat—Mhort thusa d' Fheardaimh,
Rinn mise Luchd-mo-ghaoil a threasraiginn.
DIUC IAIN—Tha thu 'g am fhuadach uait, gun chomh-fhurteachd
Agus as eughmais dochas?
TELL—'S ann a tha sgreamh air m' fheoil
Am feadh a tha mi' gleidheadh cainnte riut.
Bi falbh? A's gabh do rathad oillteil romhad!
Fag m' fhardach, comhnuidh ghlan na Neochiontachd!
DIUC IAIN (a' tionndadh gu falbh)—Mar sin cha 'n urrainn domh 'bhi beo na's fhaide,
Cha mhaith leam fantuinn beo!
TELL—Tha thu 'cur truas orm
Air a shon sin—A Thighearna Neimh? Cho og,
Agus bho shliochd cho uasal, Ogha Rudolf,
Mo Thriath is m' Iompaire, 'na Mhortair truagh
Air theicheadh, 'n a sheasamh air mo stairsneach
Mar dhiol-deirc a 'guidhe—ormsa, duine bochd!
[A' falach aghaidh.
DIUC IAIN—Guilibh ma 's urrainn duibh, cuireadh mo chor
Truas air 'ur n-anam—tha e uamhasach—
Is Prionnsa mi—co-dhiu 's e Prionnsa bh' ann am—
Cha b' urrainn domh mo mhiann mi-fhoighidneach
A cheannsachadh. Bha eud a' cnamh mo chridhe—
Chunnaic mi oige Leopold, mac-brath'r-m'athar,
Cruinte le urram, le fearann air a dhioladh,
Am feadh a ghleidheadh mise, a chomh-aoise,
Mar gu'm bu chileag mi, fo' oideachd thrailleil ——
TELL—A dhuine thruaigh, thuig d' oncle ciod a bh' annad
An uair a chiult e fearann 's daoine dhuit!
Gliocas a bharail ort dh' fhirinnich thu 'nis
Gu h-oillteil, tre do ghniomh mi uadurra.
C'ait' an do th-ich do chompanaich 's a chiont?
DIUC IAIN—Tha iad 's gach cearn e dh'ionnsuidh 'n deach am fogradh
Le spiorad diogh'ltais; sealladh dhiubh cha d' fhuair mi,
Bho 'n latha 'thachair gniomh a mhi-fhortain.
TELL—An aithne dhuit gu bheil an lagh an toir ort,
Gu bheil thu air do luibhairt 'suas do d' namhaid,
A's air do thoirmeasg do na cairdean agad?
DIUC IAIN—'S ann air an aobhar sin a tha mi 'seachnadh
A h-uile rathad fosgailte, 's tha geilt orm
Bualadh aig dorus, agus a tha mi 'fu'reach

'S na h-aitean fasail: Tha mi m' thuath dhomh fein,
Air allaban air feadh nam beann. Ma chi mi
Mo choltas fein 's an allt bheir e orm clisgeadh,
O, ma tha innidh throcair ann bhur com,
Na daonachd ——
(Tha e a' tuiteam a sios fa 'chomhair).

TELL (a' tionndadh air falbh)—Seas! Seas a suas air do chasan!

DIUC IAIN—Cha seas ach gus an sin sibh lamh bhur comhnadh.

TELL—An urrainn domh do chuideachadh? An urrainn
Peacach air bith combnadh a dheanamh riut?
Ach seas a suas—Ciamar air bith cho sgreamhail
'S a bha do dheanadas—Is duine thu—
Is duine mise mar an ceudna—Eirich,
Cha tionndaidh, Tell, gun chomhfhurtachd air falbh thu—
Ni mi na dh' fhaodas mi, 's na bhios 'am chomas.
(A' leum gu a chasan agus a' deanamh greim air lamh Tell).

DIUC IAIN—O, Tell, bho shlochd eu-dochais shaor thu m' anam!

TELL—Leig as mo lamh—Feumaidh tu teicheadh—An so
Cha ghabh thu folach—Na cuir ri d'chunntas e
Gu'n gabh thu cleith gun fhios, gheibheadh iad brath ort—
Caite am bheil e 'd inntinn dol? Co'n duthaich
'S am faigh thu fasgadh?

DIUC IAIN—Och, cha'n fhios domh sin!

TELL—Eisd ris an ni 'tha Dha 'cur ann am chridhe
A stigh do thir na h-Edailt gabh do thurus,
Gu Baile Pheadair; tilg thu fein aig casan
A Phapa, aidich dha do chiont',
Guidh air son trocair 's maitheanas do d' anam.

DIUC IAIN—Nach liubhradh esan mi a suas do'n Diogh'ltair?

TELL—Gabh ciod air bith a ni e mar o 'n Tighearn'.

DIUC IAIN—Ciamar a gheibh mi'n rathad do'n Tir aineoil,
Cha'n aithne dhomh an t-slighe, bhiodh eagal orm
Mi fein aonadh ri cuideachd choigrich air bith.

TELL—Innsidh mi 'n rathad dhuit—thoir aire mhath!
Diridh tu'suas a dh' ionnsuidh abhainn Reuss,
A tha' a taomadh bras a nuas o'n Bheinn.

DIUC IAIN (a' toirt clisgeadh air ais)—
Am feum mi amharc oirre? B ise 'n abhainn
A shruth ri taobh mo ghniomh!

TELL—Air beul slochd creagach
Tha 'n rathad a' ruith, agus tha moran chroisean
Mar chomharan air; chaidh iad sin a thogail
A chuma'l cuimhne suas air an luchd-turuis
A bh'air an tiodhlacadh fo bheuman-sneachd.

DIUC IAIN—Uamhasan Naduir cha chuir eagal orm
Ma gheibh mi ceannsal thairis air an doruinn
A tha gun tamh a' dusgadh ann am chridhe.

TELL—Aig cois gach crois a tha ri taobh do shlighe
Air tuiteam dhuit, le deoir an ionracais.
Aidich do lochd; an sin, ma theid gu math dhuit
Gu ceann slighe an uamhais; mur sput a' bheinn
A h-anail reodht' a nuas thar oir an DROM' ort
Thig thu gu drochaid a tha 'dol 'n a smur.
Mur tuit i sios fo uallach trom do chiont,
Aon uair's gu bheil i tearuint air do chulaobh,
Fosglaidh fa'd comhair dorus mor dubh creige,
R'amh cha do shoillsich solus latha 'stigh air,
Do gleannan soilleir, boidheach, ach na fuirich,
'An dachaidh sin an t-sonais—rach air d' adhart
Le ceuman cabhagach—coir cha'n 'eil agad
Air uine a chur seachad far a bheil sith
A' gabhail comhnuidh.

DIUC IAIN—O, m'fhear-cinnidh uasal,
Rudolf o Hapsburg! Agus 's ann mar so
'Tha d' ogha truagh ri d' Bioghachd-sa a choiseachd!

TELL—Mar sin, gun stad a' direadh, ruigidh tu
Braigheachan ard Bheinn Ghotard far a bheil
Na lochain sin a tha gu siorruidh lan,
Tha sruithean Neimh 'g an lionadh thun am beul,
Fagaidh tu'n sin beannachd aig tir na Gearmailt,
Sruth aoibhinn eile treoraichidh do cheum
A sios gu tir na h-Eadailt, far am faigh thu
Do bhoid a chomh-lionadh gu treibhdireach—

(Tha fonn Sreuda-nam-bo air a chluinntinn air a chluich sir aireamh mhor de dhuil aichean nan aireach).

Tha mi a' chluinntinn ghuthanna. Bi falbh!

HEDBHIG (a' ruith a stigh)—Tell, c'ait a bheil thu? Tha sin m'athair a' tighinn
Le cuideachd aoibhinn nan comh-bhoinnte uile.

DIUC IAIN (ga fholach fein)—Mo thruaigh mi! Cha 'n fhaod mi 'bhi air m' fhaicinn
A measg na cuideachd aighear.

TELL—A bhean mo ghaoil,
Cuir biadh a's deoch a sios do 'n duine so.
Thoir dha gu saor an rud is fearr a h-agad,
Na caoimhain tiodhlacan a dhoirteadh air
Tha turus fada roimh, 's cha 'n fhaigh e aoidheachd.
Greas ort! Tha iad aig laimh!

HEDBHIG—Ach co a th' ann?

TELL—NA farraid dhiom, 's an uair a dh' fhalbhas e,
Tionndaidh air falbh, nach faic thu c'ion a theid e!

Tha Diuc Iain a dol gu h-calamh a null far a bheil Tell, ach tha Tell a smeideadh, le a laimh, e dh' fhalbh

An uair a tha iad nan dithis a dol gu rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte tha an sealladh a caochladh, agus anns

AN T-SEATHAMH ROINN.

Chithear iochdar a' ghlinne mu 'n cuairt air tigh Tell air a lionadh le sluagh, a null a dh' ionnsuidh nan cnoc a tha 'g a dhunadh a stigh. Tha tuilleadh luchd-duthcha a' tighinn thairis air drochaid shuas air a bheinn, o 'm bheil an abhainn Schach a' taomadh 'na tuil. Tha Bhalter Furst a' tighinn leis an da bhalachan air laimh aige. Tha Melchdal agus Stauffacher a' tighinn air adhart, tha moran eile a' teannadh dluth air an culaobh. An uair a tha Tell a' tighinn am follais tha gaoir an iolaich ag eiridh o 'n t-sluagh anns gach cearn.

UILE—Tell! Mile failte! Ar dion thu, 's ar Fear-saoradh!

Am feadh a tha moran diubh a cruinneachadh mu 'n cuairt air Tell, cuid diubh a' cur an lamhan timchioll air, agus cuid eile a' breith air laimh air, tha Rudents agus Berta a' tighinn air adhart. Tha Rudents a' dol gu cairdeil am measg an luchd-duthcha. Tha Berta a' teannachadh Hedbhig r'a cridhe. Am feadh a tha so uile a' dol air adhart tha mac-talla nan creag 's nan gleann a' freagairt a' chiuil a tha na Buachaillean a' cluich air na dudaicheau aca. Air dha so uile stad, tha Berta a' seasamh a mach am meadhon an t-sluaigh.

BERTA—A mhuinntir Suits! A Luchd-duthcha 'an co-bhoinn!
An gabh sibh mise anns a' chumhnant leibh?
Mise, a' cheud neach a fhuair fasgadh uaibh
'An Tir na Saorsa. Ann bhur lamhan treun
Tha mi a' cur mo choirean. An gabh sibh rium
Mar bhur bean-duthcha, gu mo dhion 's mo chomhnadh?

LUCHD-DUTHA—Sinn a ni sin leir cuid 's le'r beatha!

BERTA—Na seadh!
Mo choir do 'n Fhleasgach og so tha mi 'luibhairt,
Le 'm laimh; Ban Suiseach shaor do dhuine saor?

RUDENTS—Agus tha mise a' cur saor mo thraillean.

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